CORONET

AUGUST 25c

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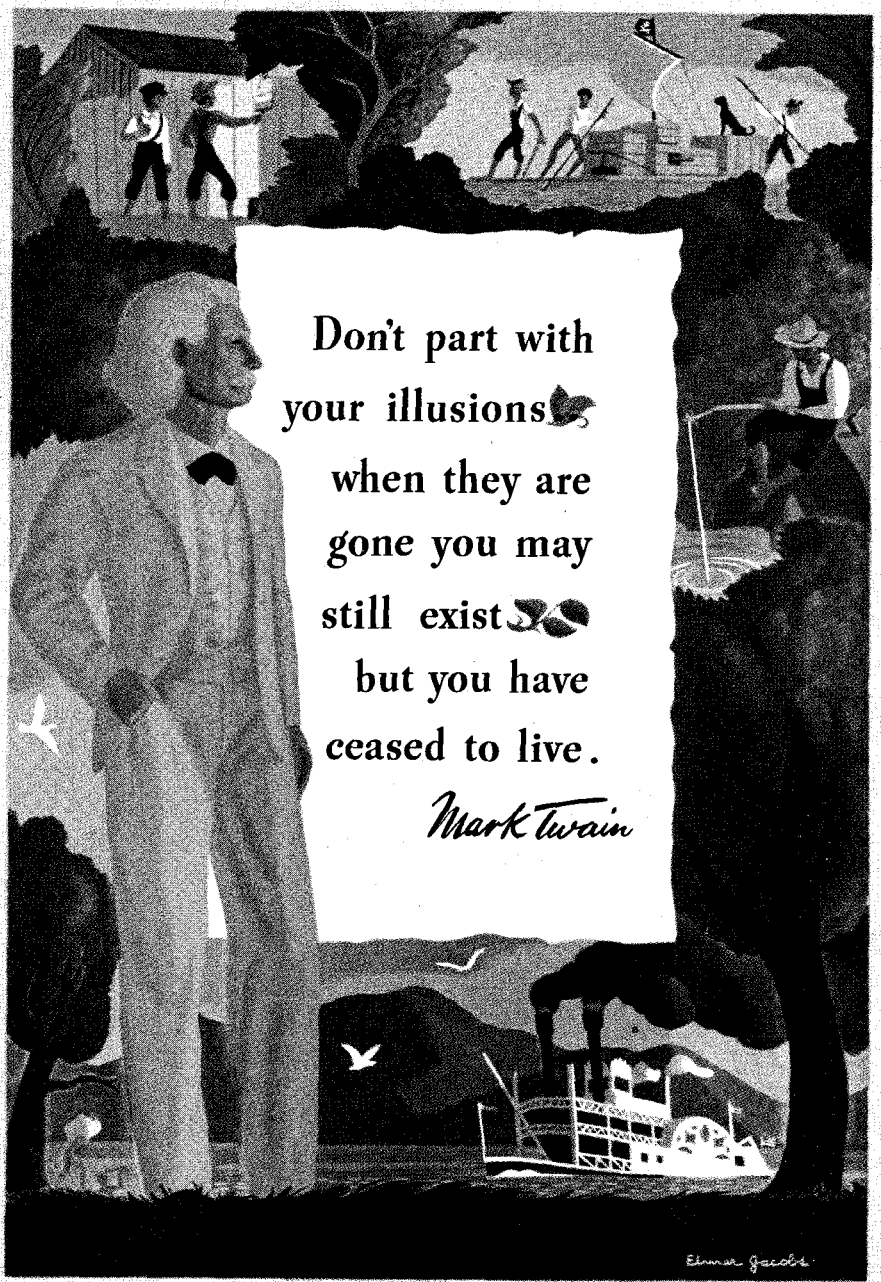

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CORONET

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Publisher: DAVID A. SMART
Editor-in-Chief: OSCAR DYSTEL
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CORONET, AUGUST, 1945 VOL. 18, No. 4; WHOLE No. 106

Coronet is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President, Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer; A. L. Blinder, Vice-President and Circulation Director. Publication, Circulation and General Offices, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions for the United States and possessions and Pan-American Union, $3.00 a year in advance; elsewhere $4.00.

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A young U. S. Merchant Marine cadet tells how America looks to him after three and a half years as a Jap prisoner

I Rediscovered America

by WILLIAM T. MITCHELL, *Cadet-Midshipman, USNR*

When the S. S. Capillo was sunk at Manila in December, 1941, Cadet-Midshipman Mitchell became a prisoner of the Japs. For three and a half years, until his recent rescue, he was cut off completely from the events of the world. In catching up with America, Mitchell also provides us on the home front with a review of some of the phenomena that have stolen upon us in these many crowded months. —THE EDITORS

I HARDLY know myself in the mirror. My hair is gray, some of my teeth are gone. My old clothes are pretty loose because of those forty pounds I lost. My dog growls at me and slinks away. My girl has disappeared and most of my friends have moved away. Strangers kid me, and call me "Rip Van Winkle." Tomorrow I'll be 23 years old.

My story doesn't seem very important. Yes, I was a Nip prisoner for more than three years. I was at Santo Tomás and Los Baños and those other places you've read about. But so were thousands of others, men and women who suffered more than I did, and whose experiences have sickened the world. I don't want to tell their story again. But I've been doing some thinking.

Today I was riding on a train south of San Francisco and there was a Marine sitting in front of me, just back from overseas. "I wonder where we are?" he said, peering out at the fresh, green countryside. "What do you care?" his buddy replied, "as long as it's the good old U.S.A."

That goes for me, too.

But it's not the good *old* U.S.A. It's a new country I never really saw before. I'm a stranger in my own land, and it gives me a queer feeling. I was nineteen when the Nips grabbed me at Manila, just a fuzzy kid. Now it's almost four years later and I'm home again. I feel as if I slept through those four years, until the morning somebody tapped me in my bunk on the ship, just outside the Golden Gate, and said: "Wake up, Bill. This is it!"

So this is it—the place I left 41 months ago. This is where I came in. Or is it?

Do you know how it sounds to hear people saying things in Eng-

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lish you can't understand? Do you know how it feels to have people stare at you blankly when you ask: "What's Willkie been doing?" or "What are pin-up girls?" Do you know how it feels to have other servicemen be impatient because you've never heard of radar, or flame throwers, or bazookas or Wacs? I do—and it has been an eye-opener.

But there is one compensation. I have rediscovered my own country, and my own people.

Just the other night, walking downtown with a friend, we passed a movie theatre advertising Deanna Durbin in one of her pictures, and I was suddenly depressed.

"That was certainly tough about Deanna Durbin dying and her husband committing suicide, wasn't it?" I said.

"What kind of a gag is that?" my friend said suspiciously.

"It isn't funny," I said, a little annoyed. "The Nips told us all about it. And Judy Garland, she died, too."

"Why, you dope," my friend started laughing. "Neither of them is dead. In fact, they're very much alive."

You may think this is a trivial incident. I don't even know Deanna Durbin or Judy Garland and they've never heard of me. But that good news gave me a tremendous lift, an unaccountable happiness. The Nips had lied to us, and I fell for it. You believe anything—almost—when you're cut off from your home.

WHEN I WAS a kid in high school I once spent an afternoon on the Midway at the San Francisco World's Fair. It was a dizzy, exciting experience for a boy—color and mystery and noise in every sideshow and tent. Now it is happening to me all over again with a new adventure every ten minutes.

Who's this Sinatra, for instance? I asked one of our neighborhood girls about him one night and she gave me a chill like a quick-freeze box. I thought perhaps he was in the Air Force and had a lot of Jap planes to his credit. Or maybe he was a ball player. "Why, Frankie's sensational," the girl said. "He sings." Okay—so he sings. And perhaps he's good, but most of us from Los Baños remember Bing too well—Bing on old cracked records we heard the Nips play once in awhile.

And what's all this talk about plastics and ultra-violet window panes and chemical clothes and baked beans with built-in sodium bicarbonate and post-war lavender plumbing fixtures? I'll sign on the dotted line right now. There's been a lot of kidding about American plumbing, but I'll never kick again. I wore the same clothes for three years, the tropical sun peeled the skin off m back, and we took our rare baths in muddy water in a Nipa hut. Americans have more luxuries than any people in the world—or am I telling you?

Americans also have whims and fads, and you can take it from me, who is just beginning to catch up, that they would baffle a doctor of philosophy.

There's jive jargon and the bobby-sox set. We accentuate the positive and we put gin in our rummy. We've got something mysterious called penicillin, and our taxi

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drivers are women. Moron jokes came and went and cuffs were left off the pants. We talk about postal zones and dehydrated food. We sell our goods with singing commercials (the first one I heard scared the wits out of me) and everything is copasetic. We worship Lauren Bacall (I've just discovered her!) and write plays about invisible rabbits. Many a night at Los Baños when no one cared if the sun ever rose again, we longed for some of this wonderful American nonsense.

YES, I'M learning about time, too. You feel its urgency and its impact in night clubs, restaurants, street cars, theatres and stores. Four years ago people went out to be entertained; today they're fighting destiny and the clock. Even women smoke furiously on the street, men and women hurry their pleasures, squeezing every hour as though it were their last. People shove, people snarl, people grin and take it. The black-and-blue mark is the home front battle star. But I'll never worry about time again. There was a seven o'clock curfew at Los Baños, and time was only the beginning of night, and the start of a new day.

I HAVE SEEN a new spirit in our people. To explain what I mean, let me tell you about something that happened the day I came home.

There was a drizzle of gray rain as our ship neared the California coast, and mist hung over the San Francisco hills like a shroud. But as we stood on the deck I saw something white and shining, and presently I knew it was the towering Easter Cross on Mt. Davidson. I pointed it out proudly to one of my shipmates, but he shook his head glumly.

"I never want to see another cross," he said. "I've seen too many of them on the ground, little white ones with names on them."

A week later, standing outside one of San Francisco's large churches, we saw men and women going in to worship. Some had mourning ribbons on their sleeves. Some had honorable discharge buttons. Some wore service-star pins, both blue and gold. We went in with them, and we've gone many another time since.

"I take back what I said about the Cross," my friend confided at last. "I guess it means life, too."

You can call it faith. You can call it hope, or whatever you wish. But I have seen this new inward light in the eyes and faces of Americans, and to me it means we're no longer locked up, selfishly, in our own small backyard. I know I'll never be an isolationist. I saw Filipinos risk death to help men and women they would never see again. You can't isolate a man's courage nor his soul.

I'm really not a Rip Van Winkle, of course. Because Rip came back to a friendless town and a suspicious people. I've come home to a warm-hearted place, and a family I never really knew. I was telling my father about my experiences one night, with all the trimmings.

"It was pretty tough, Dad," I said.

He nodded gravely and patted my shoulder. "Yes, Bill. I know how it was. I was a prisoner myself once—in the last war."

"What!" I said, open-mouthed

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with astonishment. "You never told me that before."

"No, I didn't," he said with a slow grin. "It just didn't seem like much."

TOMORROW is another day.

I've got a date for a driving license test, and I'll have to learn the wartime traffic laws. I have to call on my ration board, and I'm going to find out about this new miracle, plasma, down at the blood bank. I've got a list of twenty movies to see (they're old to you), and I want to take another sightseeing trip to the grocery store (but deliver me, please, from rice). I want to buy a copy of the new World Almanac (I read the 1941 edition five times at Los Baños and got sort of attached to it). I want to walk into a restaurant, for the fourth time this week, and say casually: "Fry two, over easy." I want to finish my course in the Merchant Marine Cadet Corps, and go to sea again.

But mostly I just want to stand on the busiest street corner in town, or sit in a crowded room—and watch and listen.

I've got to catch up with today.

Tricks That Won Trials

WILLIAM F. HOWE, the noted New York criminal lawyer, rarely lost a case, but he was once outsmarted by a young upstate attorney. Appearing for the defense in a homicide case, Howe concluded with an eloquent address to the jury. The young lawyer realized that he could never match Howe's brilliant arguments. Yet unwilling to give up without a fight, he rose and said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, I could see by your faces as you listened to the speech of my distinguished opponent that you have already made up your minds to acquit the defendant. But I am absolutely convinced of the prisoner's guilt. In an hour or so you will render your verdict of 'not guilty' and return to your homes. Early tomorrow morning I shall be in my private office, and Mr. Howe will come in smoking a big, black cigar. He will sit down, smile broadly and say, 'My boy, what fools those jurors were.' "

The verdict was against Mr. Howe.

IN ANOTHER HOMICIDE CASE, the defense lawyer claimed that during a blinding snowstorm the prisoner had collided with a stranger and a violent quarrel had ensued. When the stranger had raised a cane to strike him, the defendant had fired in self-defense. The case was going badly, and as a last resort the lawyer for the defense succeeded in having the cane brought into court. Instantly he raised it high in the air and crashed it down on a table in front of the district attorney, who leaped from his seat in fright.

"There!" exclaimed the lawyer. "I don't wonder you were frightened, Mr. District Attorney. My client felt the same when he saw the cane raised to strike him. Surely he was justified in using any means to save himself."

The prisoner was promptly acquitted. —ETHEL WELLMAN

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Ambassador Harriman is confident that he is a true friend of the Russians and that they know it

Diplomat to Moscow

by RICHARD E. LAUTERBACH

WHEN FUTURE historians set down the exact chronology of this war, they will discover that only one man was essential enough or lucky enough to have been present at every major Allied civilian conclave from Dec. 7, 1941 through V-E Day, May 8, 1945. That essentially lucky man was W. Averell Harriman, the United States Ambassador to Moscow. He has been in the background of such epic scenes as the high seas meeting where the Atlantic Charter was drafted, the White House visits of Winston Churchill, and the historic conferences which take their names from the cities Casablanca, Moscow, Cairo, Teheran, Yalta and San Francisco.

The occasion of the Moscow conference in the fall of 1943, was also the occasion of Harriman's diplomatic debut in Russia. The success of that parley insured, from the outset, the success of Harriman's ambassadorship. Actually, though, he had been in high standing among the Soviets for almost two decades.

For Harriman, the curious road from polo fields and country estates to Moscow had been paved with manganese. Back in the twenties his banking firm had invested heavily in Russian manganese at a time when the young, friendless Soviet state badly needed foreign capital to develop its resources. This was one reason why the mass-minded millionaire was acceptable to the Kremlin when Franklin Roosevelt nominated him as U. S. envoy in 1943. The other reason was probably more immediate: the Russians felt that Harriman had Roosevelt's ear and would be able to circumvent some of the diplomatic red tape which had encumbered previous ambassadors.

Another maturing Harriman asset in Moscow is his lean and learned 27-year-old daughter, Kathleen. Besides her natural attributes Kathy has acquired a goodly amount of Russian since her arrival in the USSR about two years ago. Her father, whom she calls "Averell," has not had time to learn the language. While Kathy's Russian is not fluent, she can twist her tongue through a

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short social conversation on the weather, war, skiing, eating, drinking and dancing. To the Russians, Kathy's linguistic talent makes her by far the most acceptable American hostess ever to occupy Spaso House, the Ambassador's residence.

Harriman has another highly prized charm for the Russians. In a country where a diplomatic secret is not something printed in tomorrow morning's gossip columns, Harriman's inherent silence is doubly golden. Once I asked him whether he had been delivering the personal messages which had been flowing between Stalin and the White House, he authorized the following: "The Ambassador is the channel of communication between the United States government and the Soviet Union." This was the most specific information any reporter ever prodded out of Harriman on this subject.

Although not talkative, Harriman is not unsocial. He considers mixing as part of his job. He throws himself into a party with the same dogged, nervous concentration which he uses at a pool game or drafting confidential cables. In Moscow, an American is not socially acceptable until he has withstood Russian parties. Harriman is now a seasoned veteran of Russian drinking bouts which sometimes last for five or six hours.

During the war the Harrimans have not had many parties. For the most part Spaso House, although it is the Ambassador's residence, is all business. The glittering grand ballroom which Bill Bullitt built has been converted into office space for the expanding staff. The spare bedrooms upstairs are nearly always filled by the constant influx of distinguished visitors, including a parade of generals, diplomats and even tourists like Eric Johnston and Ed Flynn. No matter what impression they had of Moscow, they all left convinced that the administration of the Embassy's affairs is in capable hands.

Physically, Harriman's hands appear inept and fumbling. Like the rest of the man, they are a paradox. He is athletic but not graceful, cordial but not warm. He is 54 but looks younger. Madeleine Carroll once named Harriman among America's ten most handsome men. He is six foot one, weighs 170 pounds and looks like a pipe advertisement. He has straight, gray flecked hair worn in a smooth pompadour. His shaggy eyebrows fringe what Madame Litvinoff calls "sheepdog eyes." He might have made a fortune with his tweedy good looks, but his father thoughtfully left him one hundred million dollars and the Union Pacific Railroad.

His full name is William Averell Harriman. At Groton, where he was a classmate of Eleanor Roosevelt's brother, they called him "Bill." In 1913 he graduated from

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New York-born Richard E. Lauterbach, a graduate of Dartmouth College, traveled extensively through the Soviet Union in 1935. He returned to Russia in 1943 as Moscow correspondent for Time and Life magazines. What Lauterbach has to say about Russia's attitude toward Ambassador Harriman and his daughter Kathy comes from his own direct observations and from talking with the Russian people. His almost unrivalled acquaintance with how the Russians live and think makes him exceptionally well qualified to write on this subject.

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a seat in a Yale eight-oared racing shell to one on the Union Pacific's board of directors. For many years Harriman divided his time between making money on Wall Street and goals on Meadowbrook's polo field. By 1928 he had achieved success at both, judging from his list of directorships and his eight-goal polo rating. He played in the international matches against Argentina that year and survived some equally rough riding in the next year's Wall Street crash.

With the advent of the New Deal, Harriman switched from mating Labrador retrievers to mating the conflicting interests of business, labor and government. He served the Roosevelt administration on a series of alphabetic boards from NRA through OPM. The early months of the war found him in London as a Lend-Lease expediter with the diplomatic rank of Minister. He performed his duties well enough to win the confidence of Roosevelt and Churchill.

WITH HARRIMAN in his suite at London's Dorchester appeared Kathleen, his second daughter. As an undergraduate at Bennington College she had been the leader of what one of her friends calls "the sweatered, string-pearled, smart-roadstered, unpolitical-minded, rich-kid set."

When Kathy and her father arrived in Moscow, many American residents had definite misgivings about this Park Avenue team. Among other things, Embassy employes feared Kathy would be a willful young lady who would make a nuisance of herself like the Hollywood version of a pampered debutante. Today it is agreed that Kathy is unspoiled, that she can pull her own weight around the Embassy.

Last year a baffled GI from Kansas, still vainly trying to figure out how he joined the Army to fight and wound up as a clerk in Russia, sighted tall, slim and pretty Miss Harriman at a Spaso movie. He whistled long and low. "A regular Gene Tierney," he said, and then added, "with money."

Kathy works in spurts without salary, helping out the Embassy's press department. She puts news cables into readable English and does some editing. She also has time to act as her father's hostess, plan exhibitions at Soviet galleries, ski in the winter, play badminton in summer, and attend Moscow's many theatres. An expert skier, Kathy competed in U. S. tourneys while at Bennington. In Moscow she finished third in a downhill race.

As a result of her placing in the Moscow ski meet, Kathy was written up in the Soviet press. No American woman with the exception of Mrs. Roosevelt is as well known in the USSR. Even Averell became convinced of this last summer. He went to Central Asia to meet Henry Wallace and everywhere he was asked pointedly: "Nice to see you, but why didn't you bring your daughter?" This fame is difficult to understand since the Russian press has no society column and Kathy has not traveled widely in the Soviet Union. She did join a correspondent's tour to Katyn Forest in the winter of 1944 to inspect exhumed Polish corpses. That trip landed her in the Soviet newsreels. Perhaps the sight of

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Kathy's expensive clothing silhouetted against the bleak background of the opened mass graves accounts for her indelible impression on Russian minds.

In Moscow Harriman's closest acquaintance is Sir Archibald Clark Kerr, the 64-year-old British envoy. Harriman devotes very little time to the rest of the diplomatic corps, usually turning down dinner invitations because of the pressure of work. His main relaxation is an hour of exercise before dinner and an hour of pool afterwards. The co-worker who sees most of the Ambassador is bespeckled, 36-year-old Bob Meiklejohn, who has been his secretary for eight years. Meiklejohn is listed by the State Department as "Ambassador's assistant" and by the Navy (he's a lieutenant) as "Naval Attache." Actually he is everything from valet to special consultant. His job is not easy since Harriman is the kind of man who never carries cigarettes and matches at the same time, who expects things to be done before they are begun, and who is never satisfied with the results.

In two years as Ambassador, Harriman has had many sessions with Marshal Stalin. But on most matters he is content to see Molotov or one of his aides. Unlike some of his predecessors, Harriman does not believe in pressing the Soviets for little concessions. This attitude may be appreciated by busy, overworked Moscow officials, but it has not over-endeared the Ambassador to his own staff. He has refused to carry the ball for them on numerous personal problems involving conflicts with Soviet authority. Most of these are cases in which Embassy employes or U. S. officers have married Russian citizens and want to bring them back to America. While Bullitt, Steinhardt, Davies or Standley might have been moved to plead the cause of love at the Kremlin, Harriman makes it a rule not to intervene. His counter to all such personal requests is: "Will this immediately help U. S.-Soviet relations?"

For all his position, wealth and good looks, W. Averell Harriman is in many respects an unhappy, uncertain, insecure, frustrated human being. But if he is confident about anything, it's this: that he is a good and true friend of the Russian people and that they know it.

Little Men, Big Fury

THE WORKINGS OF the Japanese mind are strange indeed. During the fight for Manila a Yank on patrol spotted one of the Japs' small-gauge railroad locomotives pulling a trainload of supplies. Suddenly the engine gave out, and the train came to a sputtering halt.

As the American watched in wonder, an officer ordered the Nips from the cars and gestured toward some long bamboo poles along the tracks. The soldiers scuttled off and returned with the sticks. Then, in mounting fury, they proceeded to beat the locomotive that had failed them.

—GENE SHERMAN

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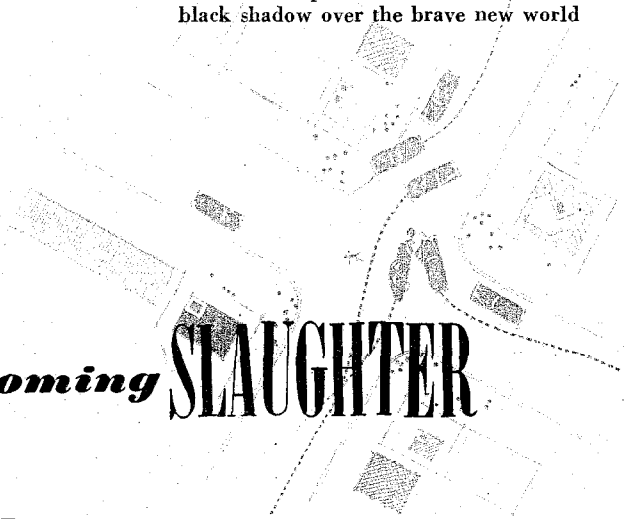
The combination of bad roads, old cars and inexperienced drivers casts a black shadow over the brave new world



The Coming SLAUGHTER

by BERTRAM B. FOWLER

THE MOTORING public, these last few years, has been fed a vast amount of glorified hoopla. Vivid pictures by painters and writers have promised us super-highways where magnesium automobiles with transparent plastic tops zoom across the country at fantastic speeds in perfect safety.

It's a cinch that in time we can build the super-highways. What's more, we can build into them the safety factors that will—in time—allow for hundred-mile-an-hour speeds. Engineers assuredly can design the cars to travel at those speeds.

But right now is the time to climb down off our roseate clouds of dream stuff and soberly take stock of what we have, and objectively appraise what we may expect to have in the immediate future. Traffic experts, enforcement agencies and safety councils have been devoting considerable time and thought to the situation. The summation of their findings has caused them to raise a crop of gray hairs.

Unless we take drastic steps to acquaint drivers with the crying need for safety, the nation will pay in a horrifying death rate. Moreover, it will be a death rate that will dwarf even the casualties we are suffering in this most murderous and devastating of all wars. Even today, with relatively little driving, auto injuries outnumber war casualties three to one. And since Pearl Harbor, autos have killed 89 thousand, more than one-third as many Americans as have been killed by enemy guns. We will pay for our post-war driving spree

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in millions of injuries, a huge percentage of them leaving the victims with permanent disabilities.

Let's take a look at the motor vehicle accidents in 1944. In that year 24,300 persons were killed and 850 thousand injured;70 thousand, of the 850 thousand injured, were left with some permanent disability. Yet the 1944 toll was 39 per cent below that of 1941. But don't let's get complacent about that drop until we look at some qualifying figures. According to the best available figures, four million units of transportation left the roads in those three years. The gas shortage and the critical shortage of tires entered the picture—remember? Wartime restrictions cut driving speeds to 35 miles an hour.

THIS IS the state of affairs that prevails today. But when the war ends and restrictions of gas and travel are lifted a few million Americans are going to want to be going places—but fast. Many of them will want to see if the old jalopy still has the stuff to hit sixty or seventy.

And you might as well make up your mind that it will be the old jalopy. For, as the manufacturers have told us, it is going to take the automobile companies at least two years to catch up to the demand for new cars. And it will probably be three or four or more years before you see even the ghost of those fancy futuristic models that the lads have been dreaming up.

Now what about the condition of the highways? Construction of new highways, beyond those needed by the military, long ago came to a standstill. Old highways, pounded by the heavy loads of wartime trucking, have not been properly maintained. Add to this the fact that traffic departments of the police have been denuded by the services. During that period of transition from war to peace the absence of adequate traffic control is going to add to the slaughter. It is going to take time to get veteran traffic policemen out of the Army and back on their motorcycles. It is going to take much longer to train the army of necessary replacements.

But that's only part of the picture. Children are used to playing in streets virtually untraveled in wartime. And don't forget that in most places anyone can get a driver's license to slam about in almost any kind of car. And then there is a whole generation of youngsters who have been waiting for a chance to learn to drive and go bouncing over the roads.

Keeping the above painfully in mind, suppose we now take into account the official figures that show two primary causes of accidents to be mechanical defects and tire failures. Hence it will be seen that, with millions of added drivers whizzing along bumpy, ill-maintained highways in shaky, rattletrap cars, we have a made-to-order situation that spells SLAUGHTER AHEAD in the biggest and blackest letters.

While it is likely to be at its bloodiest on highways jammed with vacationists and pleasure-seekers, the scythe will sweep through the cities, too. Many large towns already are experiencing frightful conditions of traffic congestion, even with the reduced number of

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cars that are now operating. Only a few cities can meet the demand for adequate parking facilities. Street cars run rigidly down the center of streets, juicy hazards when the steel rails become slippery with rain or ice.

THESE, BRIEFLY, are the facts. And they add up to an overwhelming amount of sudden death and crippling accidents. We've got to do something about it, and begin to do it *now*. What are we going to do? Let's take a look at what thousands of experts on the subject consider "musts."

The most immediate needs you will find in the box on the opposite page. And all the way along we must keep in mind such ultimate goals as interstate highways and off-the-street parking.

New York's famous Fifth Avenue presents a glaring example of this latter need. The Avenue is comparatively narrow, yet half the invaluable traffic space is taken up by rows of parked cars with the result that moving traffic crawls in a nightmare of slow motion.

Thus it becomes apparent that the city must work out ambitious depressed or elevated traffic routes, or else get really tough and ban all parking in the metropolitan area. In this case the visitor, commuter or shopper would have to leave his car outside the zone and ride some public conveyance to the point of business or visit.

Naturally people won't like this. But the problem is so acute that, barring a plan of off-the-street parking, the motorist will have to take it—and try to like it—if city traffic is to function at all well.

The anachronism of the street car is an unnecessary one. The streets could handle more traffic safer with the car tracks gone, while the city could still utilize the power-line overhead. Dozens of cities already have made the switch to trackless trolleys with happy results. The trackless trolley, running on silent rubber tires, can pull up at the curb to load and unload while still utilizing the cheap power in the lines above. Moreover their passengers stand no chance of being tossed to the pavement by the motorist who only saw a green light—and didn't stop.

A Federal plan for interstate highways, another ultimate safety aim, already has been set up. Work undoubtedly will begin as soon as the end of the war releases manpower and necessary equipment. Many people believe that the building of these super-highways will take from ten to twenty years, though improved road-building equipment may shave several years from those estimates.

Into these highways undoubtedly will go all the necessary safety factors. To maintain the speed that is being talked about, most hazards will be eliminated. On several of our main highways, built just before the war, this already has been done. Getting rid of intersections and grade crossings is comparatively easy when you are building roads to carry many lanes of traffic in each direction.

But the appearance of these national highways eventually will present a hazard in itself, unless states and communities complete the job by showing individual drivers the need to slow down as

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Here's What Needs To Be Done

1. Build safety into all new highways and improvements.
2. Provide competent traffic engineering services in every state and city.
3. Rebuild depleted police forces and train their personnel.
4. Inspect all vehicles periodically at official inspection stations.
5. Provide specialized handling of traffic cases in court.
6. Keep dangerous drivers off the road through driver license examination and improvement programs.
7. Get the facts, through accident reporting and analyses.
8. Teach safety, including safe driving, in all schools.
9. Inform and instruct all adult drivers and pedestrians.
10. Enact and enforce uniform, modern traffic laws.

—National Safety Council

What Is Your Community Doing?

they come off the speedways. Don't forget the psychological factor involved—a driver accustomed to whizzing along at seventy or better is going to carry some of that high-speed freedom with him when he emerges onto the so-called secondary highways.

Another important goal is the uniform enforcement of traffic laws. Such regulations as road signs, stop signals, hand signals, highway line-markings and the like have been fairly well standardized. But apprehension of and penalties for violations of these rules vary enormously from state to state and county to county. In one community a driver who runs a stop sign may have his license revoked for six months, while a hundred miles away the same mistake would draw only a warning.

To enforce existing codes of traffic regulations there must be a thoroughly trained and capable body of traffic officers, sufficiently large to cover the given territory. Traffic courts and judges must be uniformly firm in dealing with violators all through the country.

But it is with the motorist himself that the biggest job must be done.

A whole generation of drivers must be trained, while others are re-trained. Requirements and examinations for permission to drive must be just as tough as the situation demands. It has been pointed out by the Better Vision Institute of New York that there are millions of drivers on the roads today whose vision is not clear enough and far enough to allow them to drive at high speeds.

Yet there are states which, right up to the war, set up no stiffer re-

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quirements for a driver's license than that the applicant have the price of the license in his pocket. Turn these drivers loose on the post-war highways, super or not, and every such license becomes almost a death warrant for some hapless motorist or pedestrian.

Herein we have given merely the broad outlines of a situation that spells disaster and death if something is not done about it. The cost will be high. The Federal government is talking in terms of one billion, five hundred million dollars for their interstate highway system. It will take many more billions to bring state and municipal roads up to the necessary high standards. It will take still more billions to build the kind of enforcement army we will need from coast to coast. And it will take many millions to weed out the unfit drivers and impress on the others that the machine under their control is as potentially dangerous as the tanks the boys rolled over the face of Europe.

The bill will be huge. But we will pay it—or else. We will pay it because our children at this moment are being held as hostages. Either we will spend the enormous sum required or have the hostages executed or maimed for life.

Gluttons in the Wild

ONE OF THE WORLD'S biggest appetites in a small package is the white ant of Australia. U.S. Army Signal Corps men constructing telephone lines in Australia were told wooden poles wouldn't do. Metal poles were necessary. Unconvinced, the Americans set a span of wooden poles near a regular line of metal poles as an experiment. In four months not a wooden pole remained. They had been eaten to the last splinter by white ants. —*Hello*

SOME CREATURES of nature have appetites so prodigious that even the heartiest eaters among men are mere pikers in comparison. The stomach of a killer whale, that twenty foot terror of the sea, has been found to contain as many as fourteen full-grown seals.

An eight-pound wall-eyed pike caught in a northern lake had a two and a half pound sucker in its gullet and still went after more food. In the stomach of another medium-sized pike nine young ducks were found.

The insect world has its voracious feeders. One specimen of the praying-mantis ate three grasshoppers, each almost an inch long, a daddy-long-legs and then attacked another mantis.

A large dragon fly ate forty house flies in less than two hours, and when its own tail was bent around and placed in its mouth it started to eat that.

But the insect-devouring mole and the common shrew, a mouselike creature, are the champion eaters of them all. The mole eats approximately its own weight every day. A captured shrew, put in a box with two others of its kind, killed and ate both of them in less than eight hours. The digestive juices of these tiny animals work so swiftly that if they went without food for even a few hours they would starve to death. —JIM KJELGAARD

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Out in the Pacific you not only get the heat, you get all of the trimmings as well

So It's Hot in Chicago

by SIDNEY CARROLL

"IT SAYS HERE," says Pushky, "that it's hot in Chicago."

Pushky sits beside me on a hilltop about a hundred miles north of Manila. He sits cross-legged above his foxhole, reading a one-page Army newspaper called *The Guinea Pig*. Pushky, like all the men up here in the lines, reads his daily "Pig" with hunger in his eyes. He reads it once, he reads it over again. Those first two times he reads quickly. But on the third time around he takes his time, and then, like any man mulling over the morning news, he makes passing comments. His white eyeballs glance quickly at me out of his filthy face and he says, "It says here that it's hot in Chicago."

Consider for a moment the spectacle of Pushky sitting next to me. He is a dark youth, with bull shoulders, hardly any neck at all, and chin whiskers just like Abraham Lincoln's. I suppose that at one time in his life Pushky's round flat face must have been scrubbed and clean, but it takes a nice stretch of the imagination to assume that this greasy, bearded, mud-caked, sweat-soaked, powder-stained apparition who sits next to me astride his foxhole ever had a bath in his life. He's been in the lines for sixty days, has Pushky. I have never seen a dirtier man in my life.

But it is not dirt that worries Pushky or me on this fine Sunday morning. In the lines you take the dirt for granted, like you take the maggots, and the smell of dead Jap, and the K rations. All those things you learn to take. All the tortures inflicted on skin and stomach you learn to take if you're like Pushky—if you've been fighting up hills and down hills for sixty days. But there is one thing you never learn to take, and that is the thing which eats at us, envelops us, obsesses us on this bright Sunday morning.

That one thing is the heat.

It is overwhelmingly hot on this hilltop. Pushky's herringbone-twill garments are wet through and through. Though we sit in the shade of massive jungle fauna, sweat gushes from the very pores in his scalp, and down his face and into the grimy lines in his neck—and this bull-headed, bull-necked boy of approximately 22, unshaven, unbelievably dirty, sits cross-legged above his foxhole and reads a newspaper which tells him that his pals in Chicago are suffering from the heat.

Pushky looks over at me once more and clucks his tongue. "Says here," he repeats, and he points with his finger, "that it's hot in Chicago. Ain't that just awful?" He runs his hand across his forehead and collects a load of sweat on

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his index finger, and snaps the sweat at his precious newspaper. "Poor little Chicago," says Pushky.

THE THERMOMETER in Chicago may be reaching new heights, but—have you ever felt the heat in the Philippines? I mean in the hills about 150 miles from Manila, in the hills overlooking Baguio? It comes in the morning in a big lump and settles on the hillsides like something solid. It is as thick as fog, but it is not fog. It is wonderfully transparent. The sensation is quite uncanny. All day long you move in a mist that is not there—a great wave which you never see. It is simply heat, and so hot that it makes everything ooze out of you—your strength, your appetite, even your fear.

It is not a burning heat, it is more of a blistering heat. What's the difference? Well, say you stick your finger into boiling water. When you jerk it out you feel the burning heat. Then, for a moment, there comes a coolness. Then, in the next moment, comes the second attack of heat, and that lingers. That's the blistering heat. That's Filipino heat.

I am not one to hand out gratuitous little tidbits on how to treat your men folk when they come back from the wars. But this one little piece of advice I feel impelled to give you: don't ever complain about the heat. You in sweltering Chicago, or New York, or oven-hot Tucson, or Savannah—you don't know what heat is. But your soldier boy, the one who's been in the Pacific, he's an all-time expert on the subject.

In the Pacific, you get not only the heat, you get all the trimmings. You get the mosquitoes, the flies, the spiders, the sand ticks feasting on your face and your neck and your arms. You keep slapping, and that makes it all the hotter. You get the smell of putrefaction all around you. You get coral sand in your eyes and mouth and between you and your underwear, and it rubs against you like sandpaper. All this comes with the heat, at no extra charge.

There are other fanciful forces of nature to contend with, things that come with the climate. Take the rear areas of New Guinea, for example. Take the charming little hell-hole known as Hollandia. It is a boiling pot of a harbor, and around the harbor is dry land covered with a kind of red clay. All day long the tropical breezes, nice warm breezes, keep lifting this dust off the top soil and blowing it into your face.

Hollandia is also nice and humid. You step outside into the sun and in a few minutes your clothes are soaked with perspiration. Then the red dust starts to caress you, and it is so fine that it filters through your clothes and onto your skin and even into that, and the net result is that on a slightly breezy day in Hollandia you can take a shower, get all gussied up in clean clothes fresh from the laundry, step outside for a short stroll in the noonday sun, and after you've walked about two hundred paces you look like the Red Death itself. You need another shower, and you might as well send those clothes back to the laundry.

That's on land. Let's say you're on a ship. It's a crowded ship, and

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there's not enough room for all you GIs out on deck at one time. So you take turns going up there during the daylight hours and sniffing the ocean breezes. When it's not your turn on deck, you stay down below.

During the daytime that's not too bad, because you can open the portholes and you can talk, or read, or shoot craps to take your mind off the heat. But at night—ah! at night. That's when you have to close the portholes, when you're all down there in your bunks, a couple of hundred men to a room, sleeping in layers. You have to keep the portholes locked tight. There's not the hint of a breeze in the joint, and after the snoring begins it seems as if there's not a breath of air left in the whole world. You find yourself flopping in your bunk like a fish out of water. You lie naked in your bunk and you listen to the room getting hotter. Along about four a.m. you make up your mind to murder the maniac who invented Turkish baths. If you manage to fall asleep, you can bet you'll have bad dreams.

I REMEMBER a Marine on a hospital ship. He had been wounded in the neck and his whole head was covered with bandages. The sick bay he was in was like a furnace warming up, and this Marine was in one of the top bunks, where the heat lies heaviest. Somehow or other he'd managed to get hold of a bayonet knife. There was sudden bedlam over in his corner of the room and when the pharmacist's mates ran over to him they found this man with the bandages on his head like a turban trying to carve a hole in the steel bulkhead over his head with the knife. "Air!" he was groaning, "Air, air! air!" And every time he said it he would jab at the bulkhead with the knife.

Is it hot in Chicago? Listen: long ago I read in a book that one of the hottest temperatures ever recorded was 117 degrees. But I was in Hollandia when it hit 120 in the shade, and if the weather bureau wants to make something of it I have several thousand witnesses to back me up, including two Chaplains who will take their oaths on their Bibles. They were both heat prostration cases.

AND IS THE humidity in New York insufferable this summer?

I saw a fat kid sitting in a foxhole on a place called Angaur Island. His helmet was on the ground and his head was bent over the helmet. The perspiration was rolling off his head and neck like water coming from a tap—drip, drip, drip, making little splashes in the helmet. Does that sound improbable? Then listen to the impossible: every five minutes or so the fat kid would have a little puddle of sweat in his helmet. He would dip his hand in and scoop it up and use his own sweat to bathe his own brow.

How about St. Louis? That's another tough town in the summer. I spent a hot week in St. Louis once. I thought it was hot then. But I've been in a tank since then. In a tank you roast, and while you're roasting you think of all the lovely cool places of the earth—places like St. Louis.

So when your soldier boy comes home, don't complain about the heat. And, by the same token, don't

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complain about the cold. The men who have been dwelling in the hot countries for the past few years will be very fond of the wintertime, and they'll feel offended if you malign it. On a ship once, in a sweltering wardroom where the salty sweat ran down your arms and your shoes were always scrunching because they were so sweat-soaked, I heard a conversation that went something like this:

The Lieutenant said: "Know what I'd like right now? I'd like to be sitting in somebody's ice house."

The Chief Engineer said, "Naked."

The Lieutenant said, "Naked. Sitting on one of those four hundred pound cakes of ice."

The Chief Engineer said, "I'd have an electric fan blowing down my back."

"And I'd be eating an ice cream soda."

"And my feet in a pail of cold water."

"And a nice draft whistling down my back."

"And a little rain leakin' in."

"Yeah. Providin' it was snow."

The Chief Engineer said, "Yeah." He ran his limp handkerchief down his forearms. "You know," he said, "I think that's what I'm fightin' for."

Fact Parade

TO "RUN LIKE A DEER" is an oft-quoted simile. But the Tarahumare Indians of Mexico can outrun a deer. Disdaining firearms or bows and arrows for the hunt, they chase a deer for days on end until the animal drops dead from exhaustion, while the Indians remain comparatively fresh.
—JOSEF S. CHEVALIER

THOUGH THE EFFECT of wind is commonly visible, it is also possible to see the wind itself. Hold a straight-backed saw upright with the straight edge uppermost, and lean it vertically with the wind. Then sight along the upper edge towards a white object. If the wind is moderately strong, it can be seen pouring over the edge like water over a dam. This phenomenon is due to the irregular densities in the air which in turn cause irregular fractions of the transmitted light.
—ELLA FIELDS SCHWERDT

BIRDS, PARTICULARLY THE WOOD PEWEE, often compose the songs they sing, according to Dr. Wallace Craig, a musician and student of bird lore. After listening to bird songs since boyhood, Dr. Craig has concluded that wild life, too, has its Irving Berlins, and that there is a Tin Pan Alley in every well-populated tree.
—EVELYN DOBBS HYND

OUR COLONIAL forefathers smoked in church. The practice wasn't banned until a number of nervous ministers got together and protested against the noise made by the flint and steel then used to ignite the tobacco. Since that time there has been no smoking in American churches.
—SIMPSON M. RITTER

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It's a short step from easy money to uneasy money and from there to evil money

Look Out for Easy Money

by CHANNING POLLOCK

ON A LOVELY SUNDAY in March, I was standing at the curb in New York, waiting to cross Broadway at 89th Street, when a man hailed a taxi and climbed aboard. "Coney Island," he said. "Any good restaurant."

That ride, which would have cost five cents in the subway, must have come to almost as many dollars. I wasn't surprised. After Pearl Harbor, my cook, who had refused a vacant room and bath in my flat, and maintained her own establishment, based her plea for more wages on the statement that her cab fares to and from work amounted to more than seven dollars a week. Not long ago, I met a taxi owner who, before gas rationing, had driven two reckless spenders from New York City to Dallas, Texas. Of course that's unusual, but the fact clings to my mind as an example of what happens in opulent periods.

This is such a period, and reckless spending is commonplace. The threat of inflation is so real that I can add nothing to the pleas already made by business and government. High cost of living follows the cost of high living as a hound-dog follows a rabbit.

Amsterdam Avenue in New York is a street of inexpensive shops. Before one of these, early last spring, I saw fresh asparagus priced at $2.60 a small bunch. Returning an hour later, I found the markers changed to read three dollars. "That's a rise of about fifteen per cent in an afternoon," I remarked to the amiable chap who runs the place.

"Sure," he replied. "There are only a few bunches on the market. If there are more people willing to pay $2.60 than there is asparagus, why naturally the price goes up until there's more asparagus than there are people willing to pay the price."

That's a simple lesson in economics. When the supply of *any one thing* is limited, the cost becomes whatever buyers, who insist on having that one thing, are willing to pay for it. There are two ways of learning this lesson, only one of which is dependable. Our government can, and does, put a ceiling on prices. That works until people want the thing so much, and respect law so little, that they patronize black markets. The other way—the dependable one—is to quit buying whatever you can do without—certainly, to quit buying luxuries you never thought of before.

At the present rate of expenditure, our government will soon have run up a debt of three hundred billion dollars for war material, and most of that money has gone into the pockets of its citizens. The flow into our pockets may stop when this

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war ends, as it did after the last war. The heavy taxes we've been paying probably won't. In the face of this, and constant appeals to our patriotism, retail sales last year amounted to 69,275,000,000 dollars—a jump of 79 per cent since 1938.

We spent close to a billion dollars on cosmetics and in beauty shops, and more than a billion-and-a-half on movies. I haven't the figures on expensive raiment and other luxuries, but I *have* a newspaper clipping recording that sales of champagne in one New York community increased 380 per cent in the two years following Pearl Harbor. Recently, I attended a luncheon at which this costly fluid flowed like the proverbial water. My host was a rich man, but that doesn't lessen the current danger of lavish expenditure.

Within a month, I have known men of average income to pay 35 dollars for a shaving brush, 90 dollars for a hat, and 165 dollars for an evening at a night club. A friend reports that one of the girls in his office recently parted with 42 dollars—more than a week's pay—for a bottle of perfume, and an acquaintance who clerks in a shop tells me that they have sold several hundred glass-and-silver spears for removing cherries from cocktails at $1.60 per spear.

WHERE DO people get the money? One answer, of course, is that a great many of us spend every penny we earn. Another answer is that, in this period of general affluence, our subways, street cars and buses are full of advertisements proposing to lend money without security and at a huge rate of interest. This rate usually is seventeen per cent—nearly six times the average—and since advertising is expensive, there must be no lack of the improvident willing to pay its cost. Temporarily, at least, our government has stopped installment buying, which used to mortgage the futures of a large number of our population. Before the war, one could purchase almost anything for a few dollars down and a few more dollars a month.

When three different firms garnisheed my manservant's wages, he had *eleven* such involvements, calling for monthly payments in excess of his entire income and making a total indebtedness equal to that income for several years. On these terms, George had obligated himself to pay 85 dollars for a suit of clothes that might have been had from a reputable firm for about half that amount.

When I asked, "Why don't you put aside the installments first, and then buy the clothes?" George stared at me in astonishment. Why shouldn't he have what he wanted when he wanted it?

Among other things that George wanted, and bought, were a wristwatch with a gold link-band and a suitcase fitted with silver toilet articles. It is interesting that none of the dozen people to whom I related this story thought it in the least remarkable.

Another gauge of public spending is our increased addiction to games of chance. Gambling is a universal vice, of course, explained by many urges other than the need of, or desire for easy money. However, among the voluminous records sent me by J. Edgar Hoover,

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chief of the FBI, I find abundant evidence that in a large number of cases—perhaps a majority—that need or desire *does* explain it. Fairly typical is the record of a former bank teller: luxurious living, an effort to pay debts by playing the races with money "borrowed" from his cash-box, then two years in a Federal penitentiary. Even when easy money isn't the motive, gambling may be symptomatic of the recklessness of our age—the kind of recklessness that is a booby-trap in the path to happiness.

In my boyhood, my father bought a weekly newspaper that insured his livelihood, and he told me he'd made the down payment with money accumulated by walking to save carfare. It is possible that he was serious; ten cents a day comes to over thirty dollars a year, and at compound interest and the rates common then, savings doubled themselves fairly soon.

Even now, it's possible to save to advantage. You can get a radio priced at fifty dollars, for instance, without cost to yourself, by investing 150 dollars in a Series-E War Bond, and letting it become two hundred dollars.

No one for whom I am responsible ever endured privation. Ever since I paid debts incurred through the fatal illness of my stepfather, I have set aside twenty per cent of *every* week's wages I've earned. In addition, I've set aside the greater part of every increase in my income. To my way of thinking, money can buy nothing better than independence and future security.

Certainly reckless spending at this moment is like playing with dynamite. Aside from war needs, and the danger of inflation to which I have referred, we *must* remember that war-booms end with the war, and what happened when the last one ended.

Reckless spenders were responsible for the last depression, and there can be another like it, or worse. Have you forgotten the men selling apples on street corners? Have you forgotten the bread-lines, and the people begging jobs at *any* wages, and the friends who had to sell the car and move to a much cheaper flat? Do you like going on relief, or living on the meager return from social security, or tossing on your pillow wondering where the rent and tomorrow's dinner are to be found?

Maybe fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrong, but at least that many Americans are making some bad mistakes with their money these days.

Slip of the Pen

WITHOUT A DOUBT the inimitable O. Henry was a master of his a-b-c's, but he slipped up on a matter of simple arithmetic. In the lead paragraph of his magnificent Christmas story, *The Gift Of The Magi*, he wrote: "One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies."

—HENRY S. GALUS

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Our Human Comedy

Some lighter moments from the drama of everyday life

Not all comics are in the comic strips, nor all comedians on the stage. Everyone stars in many a merry incident. Believing that these amusing moments should be passed on, we present these bite-sized bits of life, love and laughter.—THE EDITORS

AT THE CHICAGO Democratic convention last year, a newspaperwoman was, by mistake, assigned the hotel suite which had been reserved for Senator Byrd. All through the first evening the phone kept ringing with calls from people looking for Byrd. The following morning the girl was awakened by a pounding at the door. When she peeked out, there was a delegation of Virginians looking for the senator. Closing the door, she whispered coyly: "The senator is still in bed."

—JAMES HARRIS

CHAPLAIN Orvil T. Unger, stationed in India with the Air Transport Command, was driving around the base in a staff car while his jeep was being repaired. It happened to be the day that Lord Louis Mountbatten, Commander of the Southeast Asia Command, was there on an inspection tour. The chaplain stopped to pick up a couple of GI hitchhikers, both of whom failed to notice his insignia. Impressed with the automobile, one of the GIs remarked, "You must be pretty important to rate a staff car, Captain."

"Oh, they're usually pretty good to anyone who works for the Lord," Chaplain Unger replied.

"Do you actually work for Lord Louis?" asked the GI in awe.

"No, son," was the answer. "I work for his Immediate Commanding Officer." —MARK SCHINDLER

DURING THE WAR in Europe the American consulate in Lisbon was one of the busiest in the world. Refugees often had to wait weeks to see the consul and secure their passport visas.

One morning, early in June, 1941, a venerable patriarch from eastern Europe arrived with his wife and eight children. The appointment clerk scheduled them for the earliest possible date, June 28th. The next day the patriarch returned with his brood. "The consul will not be able to see you until the 28th," the clerk reminded them.

"Thank you very much," was

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the reply, and the family went away.

From then on the group arrived each morning. On the 28th the consul granted their visas. Puzzled, he asked the old gentleman why he had persisted in coming every day when he knew the appointment was still weeks off.

"Honorable sir," answered the immigrant, "I had heard that in some cases appointments were postponed. I thought that if your clerk became tired of seeing us he would feel as if he had postponed my appointment many times and would be sure not to postpone it when the 28th came." —JACOB CHAITKIN

ONE WASHINGTON HOTEL has a new method of waking sleepy guests so that they get to their appointments on time. The bellboy knocks on the door at the designated hour. "I have a message for you," he announces.

The guest jumps out of bed to open the door. "What is it?" he asks excitedly.

With a smile the bellboy explains, "It's time to get up, sir."
—PIERRE YDOBON

TIME PASSES slowly in lonely New Guinea outposts. One evening a bored trio of GIs decided to test their luck at the old game of Russian Roulette. They brought out a .38 revolver, inserted a bullet in one of the six chambers and spun the cylinder. The bullet had one chance in six of falling into firing position.

The first GI put the muzzle of the gun to his forehead and pulled the trigger. The firing pin clicked on an empty chamber. The second soldier repeated the procedure—with the same result.

The third fellow was not so lucky. The cylinder had stopped at the correct position, and the gun fired. The bullet grazed his skull, but fortunately the wound was not serious.

When he had recovered, the soldier was brought before a Court Martial. To prevent reoccurrences, the judges resolved to give him a stiff sentence. But they could find no regulation prescribing punishment for playing Russian Roulette. After considering and discarding one solution after another, the judges at last agreed upon a legitimate charge, or so the story goes, and the GI was convicted.

The charge? Wasting ammunition! —EDWARD W. LUDWIG, JR.

SOME YEARS AGO, Christopher Morley, the author, received a letter from an organization attacking him because he had endorsed a supposedly anti-Communist novel. He telegraphed his reply, "I assume your principal objection is to the chapter where Commissar Dlugash, Georgian renegade, makes his burlesque of Stalin. Would your committee approve if this passage were canceled? Time short. Please reply by wire."

The chairman's reply was: "Other passages equally objectionable to one you mention."

Morley promptly revealed that there was no such passage. The committee had never read the novel it attacked.—MAX HERZBERG

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A Tribute to Will Rogers

SOUVENIR

It was late in the afternoon of August 16, 1935. People were going home from work and complaining about the heat. When the news came in from Point Barrow that Will Rogers had been killed in an airplane accident, one woman in a drugstore said, "It's not true," then she looked around helplessly and sat down with tears in her eyes. That scene was multiplied thousands of times that afternoon. Today, ten years later, most of those people can remember just where they were and what they were doing when they heard about it. The accuracy of their memory proves how big and solemn the news was.

The editors of Coronet gratefully publish Mrs. Rogers' account of her last night with Will.

Of course I did not know it was our last evening together. The California night was cool, and as we sat in the grandstand at Gilmore Stadium, I remember thinking there was something incongruous about a rodeo under floodlights. I missed the sunshine and the hot smell of cattle. But Will was having a good time. Since the old Indian Territory days when he had taken part in them himself, Will had never lost his delight in rodeo contests. Even tonight he could not stay away, although his suitcases were packed and he was taking the eleven o'clock plane to San Francisco on the first leg of his flight to Alaska.

Sitting there in our box, I watched him grin and wave to the contestants as they rode by. Will knew most of the boys in the show, and one by one, as the evening wore on, the old timers came over to shake hands with him.

Someone gave Will a little wood-and-paper puzzle while we sat there. Quite unconsciously he toyed with it throughout the evening. It was a mannerism I knew so well, and which was so much a part of him. His restless hands could never stay still. Then, when the show was over, I saw him stuff the puzzle in the pocket of his coat. The printed program went there too.

Will had a habit of keeping little things. He never played a theatre without saving the program, never attended a dinner or banquet without bringing home the menu card. His pockets, like those of a boy, always held trinkets or souvenirs of one kind or another.

Just ten days later Will and Wiley Post crashed on the boggy tundras of Northern Alaska. An Eskimo runner brought the news to Point Barrow, and a rescue expedition set out.

In Will's pockets, when they found him, were the stub of a pencil, a picture of our daughter, Mary, clipped from a newspaper, a few coins, a knife, a dollar watch, the program of the rodeo that night—and the fragments of the little wood-and-paper puzzle.

—Mrs. Will Rogers

From the book Will Rogers, published at $2.50 by Bobbs Merrill Publishing Co., Indianapolis, Indiana;
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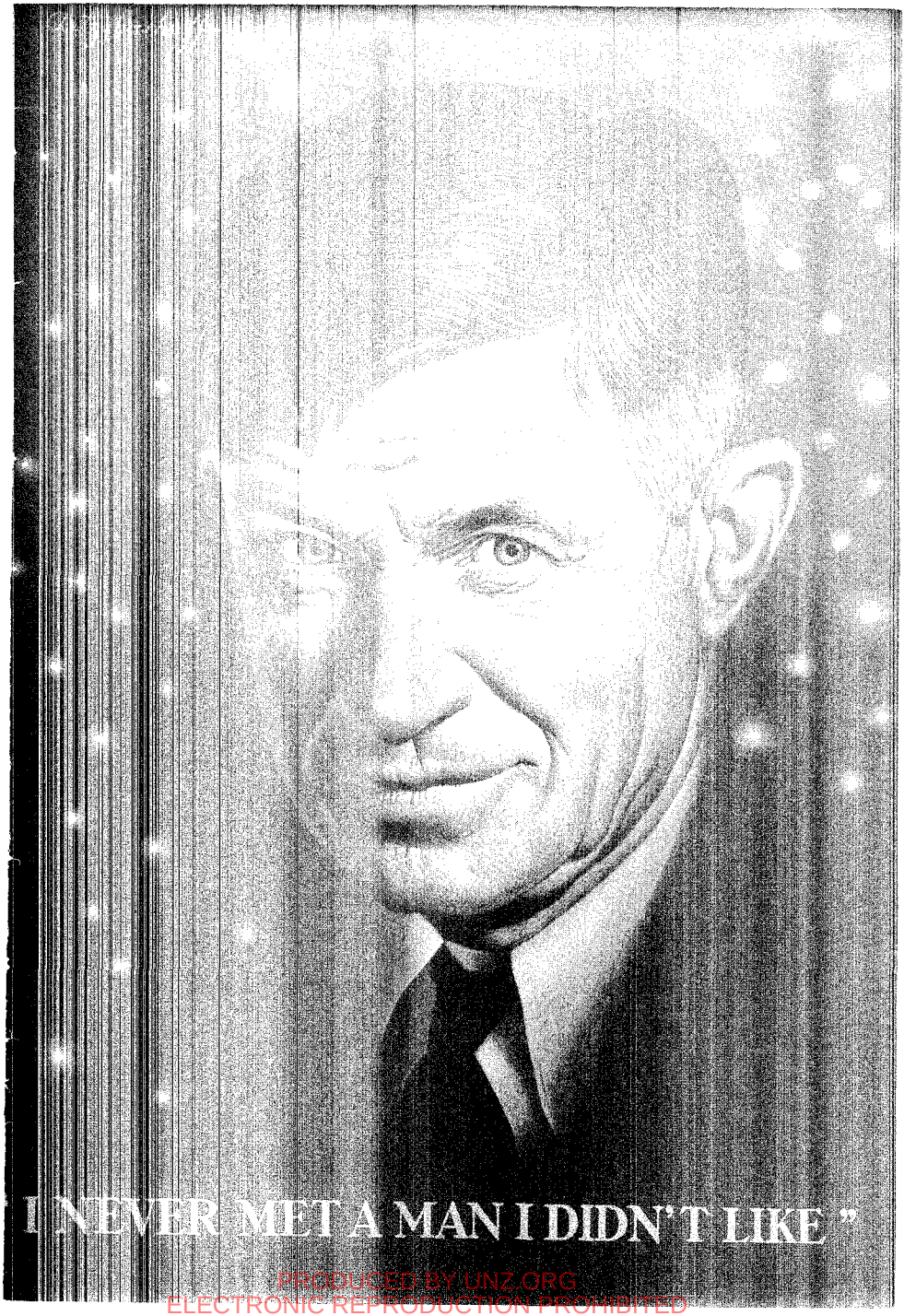

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The Moonlight Sonata

His first letter came—today!

"My Darling . . .

". . . it was night, and I'd been flying through pretty rough weather. I was tired, and my nerves were pounding. There were flashes of lightning and the drumming of the rain on the roof of the cockpit, and through it all I was remembering those last precious moments with you . . . moments only a few weeks away. Memory and desire in a plane, battling against the rain.

"And then, suddenly, the storm was gone—and in its place were big billowy clouds, lit by the most wonderful moon I've ever seen. There was silver in that moon—silver in the clouds—silver sprinkled everywhere on the ocean below me. I began to hear music.

"Let me explain.

"The roar of an airplane motor is a tremendous volume of sounds, varying in pitch and intensity. Against this noise the finger of one's imagination can trace any melody it wants to hear. That's how my phantom orchestra began to play. Softly at first, and then swelling with soft warmth. It was serene and flowing music, in perfect harmony with the patterns of moonlight about me. It was the music of Peace. Familiar music it was, half memory, half desire, and when I recognized it I saw your face in the silver clouds. Because it was your favorite music. It was the *Moonlight Sonata.*"

This painting by Ben Stahl, inspired by Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*, is the first in a series of favorite American artists interpreting musical masterpieces.

I read it through, just once, and folded it, and placed it close to my heart. All day long I have been touching it, feeling it, not reading it.

Tonight I wear the dress he loves best. I have come to the window beside the piano. I can look down and see the city like an endless ocean. And when I look up I, too, see a silver sky, and silver stars. And as I look, transfixed between memory and desire, a music comes forth. Clear! Real! A phantom music, but familiar. The *Moonlight Sonata.*

Are we, then, so many miles apart . . . my darling? If you, in your four-motored noise-making monster can look out and see a star and hear the Moonlight . . . and I, suspended above the brutal sounds of the city, can see the same stars and hear the same celestial music . . . are we, then, so very far apart?

—J. Holt

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In Hollywood, where movies and makeup go hand in hand, Ingrid Bergman is the one star who still appears sans rouge or lipstick

Bergman the Beautiful

by CAMERON SHIPP

IN HOLLYWOOD, where failure to address even the most distinguished personages as "darling" or "doll" is a confession of social inferiority, almost no one calls Miss Ingrid Bergman anything but "Miss Bergman."

She is the only actress in the motion picture industry who has not at one time or another been addressed as "sweetheart," "baby," or "hey, you." Even the redoubtable Bette Davis, who is "Bette" to everybody, including strangers, once endured the affectionate title of "Slim." It does not occur to Miss Bergman that she is being neglected. It has certainly never occurred to Hollywood to neglect Miss Bergman. As one astute member of the press puts it, "When you meet her, you want to roll over like a cocker spaniel puppy, hoping she will stir you with her toe."

She has that effect on most males. Another admirer once went into a long hypnotic silence after having lunched with the lady, then announced that she was like a girl next door—if you lived in heaven.

It's a new kind of a love affair between Hollywood and Ingrid Bergman in which Hollywood plays Romeo at the foot of the balcony and Miss Bergman plays a Juliet who never invites him up.

Shortly before she won her Academy Award, she arrived for one of her infrequent visits to the Selznick publicity department. The department wore its neat suits that day and had practiced not putting its feet on desks. Bergman interviews are rarer than blizzards in Beverly Hills.

She wore blue slacks and a loose sweater. She came in the side door, unannounced, and her sudden, friendly "Hello!" was disconcerting. Her hair was awry. She smelled of fresh sea water. Her cheeks were smick-smack pink, her lips were slightly parted, she was a little breathless.

"I've been swimming," she said. "I'm not late, am I?" She was on time to the moment. She is never late for anything.

There were some new pictures of her, taken by a famous photographer, and they required her approval. They were being handled

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of her favorite words. She stayed in Sweden, married Lindstrom, became a star on stage as well as screen, and had a baby. She had heard things about Hollywood, and she was doing all right in Sweden, wasn't she? Seven year contract? Miss Bergman should say not.

She finally was induced to come over on a one-picture deal. That picture was the American version of her already successful *Intermezzo*. The rest, as they say, is screen history.

IT IS NO accident that she has never played the same kind of role twice. She wants and gets variety. In *Spellbound*, she is a psychiatrist; in *Saratoga Trunk*, she is a Creole vixen; in *Gaslight*, she was a wife on the verge of insanity; in *Casablanca*, she was the beautiful foil for Humphrey Bogart's tough love-making; in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, she was a bad girl; in *Rage in Heaven*, she was a refugee; in *Adam Had Four Sons*, she was a governess; in *Intermezzo*, she was a pianist; in *The Bells of St. Mary's*, in which she is now working with Bing Crosby, she is a nun. Her next picture, *Notorious*, will see her involved in international intrigue under the direction of the mystery specialist, Alfred Hitchcock, after which she is scheduled to do the life of Sarah Bernhardt.

She is frankly worried about the Bernhardt role and would prefer delaying the picture for a number of years. "It's the kind of thing I want to do when I grow up," she explains. She is 28, at the height of her powers, and she will do Bernhardt because David O. Selznick and all her advisers consider her amply adult for any role.

As an actress, she takes her work seriously, thoroughly understanding the entire picture before she considers playing in it. She learns her lines on the typewriter, using a portable with secretarial skill. She acquired the touch system when she was studying English, having discovered that she memorized better when she wrote her words down in clear type.

She "scouts" leading men and directors like a big league baseball manager. Bing Crosby may not know it, but Ingrid has seen every picture he ever made. She sent for them all, sat for long hours in a Selznick projection room watching him act.

"I have to get acquainted with him," she says. "When I was going to do *Casablanca* with Bogart, I looked at all his pictures first, and when I met him, it was very easy to work with him. I also find out about directors that way, too. Besides, I like pictures, and so does my husband, so it's all a lot of fun."

The Lindstroms' daughter, Pia, is six years old, and attends public school. "We are going to have trouble about her," Ingrid says. "I have always treated her like a grown-up, and my husband says that is all wrong, and I will regret it. I see what he means. Pia is beginning to treat me as her equal. When I go to pick her up at school, she bawls me out if I am a minute late, and she does not treat me with a great deal of respect."

Pia is a made-up name, "P" for Peter and "I" for Ingrid. She is a beautiful child, precisely the image of Ingrid herself at the age of six. She is not smitten by the fact that

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her mother is a motion picture star, and for a very good reason.

"I thought I had better teach her that my work was hard work," Ingrid explains. "So I get her up at six o'clock sometimes and take her to the studio with me, all day. She sees what hard work it is getting into costumes, having your hair fixed, rehearsing, doing scenes over. She knows the director is absolutely boss, and when I do something wrong, she scolds me."

Ingrid wants to work all the time, a phenomenal ambition for Hollywood stars, who ordinarily complain that their bosses are Simon Legrees. During a recent lay-off of unusual length, she toured the country on behalf of War Bonds.

"They wanted me to do such dramatic, solemn things. Instead, I did a sketch Ben Hecht wrote for me. It was very funny. There were fifteen parts, and I played them all, with sound effects."

Her favorite part?

"A train whistle. Ben wrote in a train whistle for me, and that was a great deal of fun. Like this: Who-o-o-oe-e-e-o-o-o." She can make like a train whistle, all right.

But the happiest period of her life in America was a few months she spent in Rochester, Minnesota, when Dr. Lindstrom was attached to a big hospital there. She was a housewife, she played with her little girl, and she went skiing every day.

And she was not called "Miss Bergman." She was called "Mrs. Lindstrom," and she likes that.

Nuggets in Jest and Earnest

A RETURNING GI greeting the Statue of Liberty: "Put your torch down, honey—I'm back!"—FRANCES BENSON . . . Prayer of a Negro soldier: "Oh, Lord, don't let nothin' get hold of me that you an' me both can't handle."

A ROMANTIC MOMENT in a recent motion picture brought this comment from an enraptured bobby-soxer: "And when the sailor kissed her, she kissed him right back and seconded the emotion!"—PHILIP JEROME CLEVELAND . . . Explaining his tardiness, Mortimer Snerd muttered in his husky voice, "My mind began to wander and I followed it."—EDGAR BERGEN, NBC

EXPERIENCE is what you have left after you have lost everything else. *The Communiqué* . . . Happiness is that peculiar sensation you acquire when you're too busy to be miserable. —*Scott Field Broadcaster* . . . Of all the things you wear, your expression is the most important.—*Banana River Peelings* . . . Women like a strong silent man because they think he is listening.—*Sourdough Sentinel* . . . The best place to find a helping hand is at the end of your arm.—*Eglin Eagle* . . . A rich man is the one who isn't afraid to ask the clerk to show him something cheaper.—*Apache Sentinel* . . . Friends are folks who dislike the same people.—*Sibert News*

THE PIONEERS blazed the trails and their descendants burn up the roads . . . Lots of people get credit for having a nice personality when they're just proud of their teeth.—*Hutchinson Habit* . . . It's all right to sow a crop of wild oats as long as you don't thresh them out in court.—*The Bull Horn* . . . Many a person thinks he has an open mind when it is only vacant.—*Bam* . . . The best ten years of a woman's life are between 28 and 30.—*The Howitzer*

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Special Feature

ON A NOTE OF TRIUMPH

By Norman Corwin

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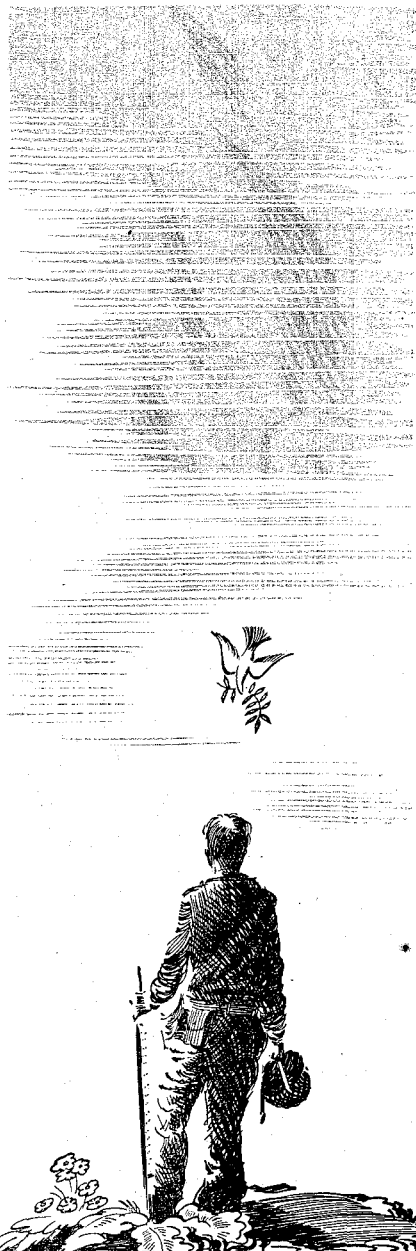

ON A NOTE OF TRIUMPH

By Norman Corwin

FOREWORD: *On a Note of Triumph* is Norman Corwin's first experiment with the translation of a radio work into a form expressly intended for the eye. At 35, he has long enjoyed a reputation as radio's most creative artist. In this special V-E Day program his original talents have devised a literary form that blends elements of the essay, the play, the novel, the epic poem. In one sense he has written a celebrational piece—the "Triumph" referring to our victory over the Germans; in another, it is a kind of super-questionnaire, asking the sharpest questions of the day and answering them. Like all of Mr. Corwin's works, it is a magnificent, turbulent and beautiful piece of writing.

So they've given up.

They're finally done in, and the rat is dead in an alley back of the Wilhelmstrasse.

Take a bow, GI,

Take a bow, little guy.

You had what it took and you gave it, and each of you has a hunk of rainbow round your helmet.

And how do you think those lights look in Europe after five years of blackout, going on to six?

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Brother, pretty good. Pretty good, sister.

There's a hot time in the old town of Dnepropetrovsk tonight,

And it is reasonable to assume the same goes for a thousand other cities, including some Scandinavian.

It can at last be said without jinxing the campaign:

Somehow the decadent democracies, the bungling bolsheviks, the saps and softies,

Were tougher in the end than the brownshirt bully-boys, and smarter too:

For without whipping a priest, burning a book or slugging a Jew, without corralling a girl in a brothel, or bleeding a child for plasma,

Far-flung ordinary men, unspectacular but free, rousing out of their habits and their homes, got up early one morning, flexed their muscles, learned (as amateurs) the manual of arms, and set out across perilous plains and oceans to whop the bejeepers out of the professionals.

This they did.

For confirmation, see the last communique, bearing the mark of the Allied High Command.

And now listen to the voice of the Conqueror

The men of the hour, of the past ten years and the next twenty.

I'M A PRIVATE FIRST CLASS IN AN ARMY OF ONE OF THE UNITED NATIONS. IF YOU DON'T MIND, THERE ARE SOME THINGS I'D LIKE TO ASK.

His name and rank and nationality don't matter much: could be a Tommy or a Yugopartisan: a Red Army pilot: could be a GI.

FIRST OF ALL, WHO DID WE BEAT? HOW MUCH DID IT COST TO BEAT HIM?

WHAT HAVE WE LEARNED? WHAT DO WE KNOW NOW THAT WE DIDN'T KNOW BEFORE?

Who've you beaten?

Well, let's get hold of him and see.

Lead him in and prop him up like a tomato plant before your eyes.

Now: Look at this rubble of a man: ragged, broken, blond Nordic hair matted with pure Aryan blood, deaf from blast and blind from smoke, chin down, tail between his legs.

I'm a soldier. I'm a little man. I merely obeyed orders.

Whose orders?

The party's.

Who elected the party?

I did.

He's meek now. He answers questions.

He stands before you gunreft, palms empty, steel whip confiscated;

Wounded, defenseless, thrown upon your tender mercies,

The quality of which, he trusts, shall not be strained.

Excerpted from the book, "On a Note of Triumph," published at $1.50 by Simon and Schuster, Inc., 1230 Sixth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y. *copyright, 1945, by Norman Corwin*

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Now:

If you spin your memory about, so that it picks up the winter of a not-long-bygone year:

It was the year Broker's Tip won the Kentucky Derby,

And Cal Coolidge was found dead on his bathroom floor,

And 3.2 per cent beer was proclaimed morally fit for Americans to drink.

It was 1933.

Fine. Go back to it:

Look at our German now:

Fat and sassy, swastika on his armband, cobblestone in hand, ready to advance the cause.

This has been a good week for the little man who obeys orders, and prosperity fills his jowls and biceps,

For his Fuehrer was appointed Chancellor last Monday,

And on Wednesday . . .

Open the door! Open!

. . . raids on the homes of leaders of the opposition parties.

And on Thursday . . .

You are forbidden by decree to publish any further editions as of today!

. . . suppression of the opposition newspapers . . .

And on Sunday . . .

Henceforward it shall be deemed a crime against the state, punishable by law, to make any criticism whatever of Reichschancellor Hitler.

Heil Hitler!

All this in the first week they were in the saddle.

Every week thereafter, for twelve inbreeding years of 52 weeks each year, week in, week out:

The looking-around-carefully before speaking:

The leather heels on the doorstep, and the bell ringing insistently at three in the morning:

You're under arrest. Put your clothes on and come with me.

Tear his beard out by the roots! If his face comes off with it, all the better.

Last week, pillage; this week, murder; next week, burn the books, don't overlook the Bible.

The men who were masterless but free, now have a master but no freedom.

Hunger and poverty and a couple of big industrialists were enough to get them started,

And fancy treasons, foreign and domestic, kept them going:

Also, cruelties to make skin creep on the sweating scalp:

Now spit out your teeth, pretty one, and tell us—who else was in your trade union?

The conscript children: putrescence in the classroom: scum injected in the growing arm:

My father last night said to my mother that he hates Der Fuehrer.

Good boy. Where do you live, Hans?

Last week; purge; this week, putsch; next week, break a treaty, form an Axis, give a hitch to Franco.

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This week and every week, the staggering lie:

Nations stripped and tortured like a captive girl, while sidewalk superintendents stand by, around the world, and look on, fascinated.

Even as they watch, of course, death warrants issue to themselves and to their sons.

Extra: double feature: Austria and Anschluss:

And the corpses of the suicides of gay Vienna are sanitarily disposed of.

Next week, umbrella dance at Munich—Salome bearing the head of John, the Czech.

And coming soon, too soon, Lavish Spectacle: Millions in the Cast: Curtain Going Up:

POLAND DEVOURED BY LIGHTNING AND LOCUSTS IN 18 DAYS!

Eastward, look, the land is bright! You can read an occupational order by the flare of the burning church

(Sixteen hundred of the townspeople are locked in there, but their screams have sizzled out, the children's being the first to cease).

Now if you will step along, this way, please, being careful not to trip either over the rubble of treaties or the ruins of Rotterdam,

We will have a word with the same little man who last month pasted Denmark and Norway in his scrapbook:

Heil!

Will you explain why Rotterdam was bombed and thousands of its people killed *after* the city had surrendered?

Ja, sure. Schrecklichkeit.

Frightfulness?

Ja. That was our plan.

You mean Schrecklichkeit is an official policy of the German High Command?

Ja.

Mm. You seem to be feeling pretty chipper.

Holland fell to us in four days. Denmark in one.

And France?

We will be in Paris before the end of June.

And war was glorious,

And the best champagnes of France were poured on the tables of the schutzstaffel,

The finest grades of Danish bacon sputtered in the skillets of loyal party workers,

Paintings from the Louvre hung tastefully on the walls of Berchtesgaden,

And the iron ore of Sweden alloyed well with the bauxite of Spain.

The music was but stimulating and the performance but continuous,

With a minor fanfare for the push-overs in the Balkans in the month of April,

A flourish for the Isle of Crete in May,

And in June, the sound of another broken treaty:

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Bryansk, Odessa, Rostov, encirclement of Leningrad, siege of Moscow, Russia staggering under the bulletins of D.N.B.

And the sale of Russian-German dictionaries boomed in Leipzig, city of books and culture,

At about which time the little man took another swig of captured vodka, stripped another carload at Lublin, herded naked men, women and children into hot showers to open their pores for the gas chamber,

And then sat back in his barracks and listened to waltzes on the loudspeaker in the prison yard.

Later, in conformity with the predictions of seasoned military observers, the Russians were crushed at Stalingrad, and that was the deciding blow.

Hitler, the giver of orders, said so himself: said no power on earth could push the Wehrmacht back from Stalingrad: and who could doubt the word of him in whom God hath manifested Himself?

What Hitler hath put asunder, no man could join.

And that was that,

And the Century of the Uncommon Aryan opened up ahead,

And Germany was promises.

The little man no longer was a little man.

He was a Colossus who stood with one foot in Rhodes and the other in Finland.

He clapped his hands, and a tanker went down off Atlantic City, aflame.

He blinked his eyes and there ensued mighty thunder, and Tobruk was his in a day.

He inhaled, and a million slaves trembled in his galleys.

Nothing like him ever was.

His brand was on the soul of his victims,

And the planet fitted in his palm.

THIS IS THE MAN YOU HAVE BEATEN.

We return you to the Conqueror,

To the boy with the questions on his mind,

To the man of the hour, the man of the year, the man of the next twenty years:

SO THAT IS THE MAN WE HAVE BEATEN. HOW MUCH DID IT COST TO BEAT HIM?

How much did it cost?

Well, the gun, the half-track and the fuselage come to a figure resembling mileages between two stars:

But these costs are calculable, and have no nerve-endings,

And will eventually be taken care of by the federal taxes on antiques, cigarettes, and excess profits.

However, in the matter of the kid who used to deliver folded newspapers to your doorstep, flipping them sideways from his bicycle,

And who died on a jeep in the Ruhr,

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There is no fixed price, and no amount of taxes can restore him to his mother.

His mother sits in a room with a picture tonight, and listens to the clock ticking on the mantelpiece, and remembers, among other things, how he struggled with the barber when he was getting his first haircut, and how she tried to calm him.

And the thoughts of the mother are tall, straight thoughts,

And they burn like candles, quietly and slowly,

And they trail into smoke and are lost in shadows.

And if you wish to assess the cost of beating the Fascists, you must multiply the number of closed files in the departments of war, by the exchange value of sorrow, which is infinite and has no decimals.

And the reasons for mourning in Denmark are the same as they are in Ohio,

And the cost is not figured in krone any more than it's measured in dollars.

There are, of course, the lesser entries in the book:

The amputated leg and the artificial eye have cost somebody something:

Shall the balance sheet be balanced?

By whom? How?

No combination of savants and learned cogs, holes punched in cards and electric motors,

No brow containing Euclid could be else than baffled by the simplest problem of the cost of hunger in a baby's bones.

Have you paid something of the cost?

Well, you're not through paying and the bill's not settled,

For in this way and that, for the rest of your days,

The cost will appear—it will present itself in the form of deductions from the paycheck;

In a surplus of widows and fatherless children;

In the tubercular lung of the stunted girl;

In babies never to be conceived on lovebeds never lain in;

Again we return you to the Conqueror, man of the text-books of millenniums ahead:

BUT WHAT DO WE KNOW NOW THAT WE DIDN'T KNOW BEFORE? WHAT HAVE WE LEARNED OUT OF THIS WAR?

For one thing, Evil is not always as insidious as advertised

But will, upon occasion, give fair warning, just as smoke announces the intention of flame to follow.

Never has disaster had so many heralds as this war:

Cassandra spoke from every lecture platform, and the notices were posted high and low:

A cabinet minister resigned at Downing Street, protesting;

A President cried, "Quarantine!"

Moscow sent food and guns to Barcelona;

A housewife of Duluth boycotted German goods;

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It was no furtive tapping on the window sill at night,

But clamorous pounding in the public square,

Blow after blow, like a monstrous dropforge,

Beating into shape the time to come.

And the time came, and the prophecies matured:

Fire and brimstone, dropping from the sky, were educational:

There were tongues in torpedoes; sermons in bombs; books in the running battles.

Whatever was learned, was learned the hard way,

Between blood transfusions and last rites.

Each lesson fell trip-hammer hard, with a bang that killed a citizen or two somewhere:

WE'VE LEARNED OUT OF WORLD WAR II THAT WE'D LEARNED NOTHING OUT OF WORLD WAR I.

WE'VE LEARNED THAT NATIONS WHICH DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY WANT WILL GET WHAT THEY DON'T WANT.

WE'VE LEARNED THAT OUR EAST COAST IS THE WEST BANK OF THE RHINE, AND THAT THE DEFENSES OF SEATTLE BEGIN IN SHANGHAI.

WE LEARNED AT MUNICH THAT A SOFT ANSWER DOESN'T TURN AWAY WRATH: THAT IF YOU OFFER YOUR OTHER CHEEK TO A FASCIST YOU'LL GET YOUR HEAD BLOWN OFF.

WE'VE LEARNED THAT A NEWSPAPER RIGHT AT HOME CAN LIE WITH A STRAIGHT FACE SEVEN DAYS A WEEK, AND BE AS FILTHY AND FASCIST AS A HANDOUT IN BERLIN.

WE'VE LEARNED THAT THOSE MOST CONCERNED WITH SAVING THE WORLD FROM COMMUNISM USUALLY TURN UP MAKING IT SAFE FOR FASCISM.

WE'VE LEARNED THAT THE GERMANS CAME CLOSE TO WINNING THE FIRST TIME, EVEN CLOSER THE SECOND TIME, AND MIGHT DAMN WELL WIN IF WE GIVE THEM A THIRD TIME.

WE'VE LEARNED THE VALUE OF ALLIES IN A WORLD WHERE ANY WAR IS SOONER OR LATER A WORLD WAR.

WE'VE LEARNED THAT FREEDOM ISN'T SOMETHING TO BE WON AND THEN FORGOTTEN. IT MUST BE RENEWED, LIKE SOIL AFTER YIELDING GOOD CROPS; MUST BE REWOUND, LIKE A FAITHFUL CLOCK; EXERCISED, LIKE A HEALTHY MUSCLE.

These and many more—

These are the lessons our sons and brothers have turned to dust to teach us:

And whether Victory will stick, and the dead be not made fools of,

Depends on whether what we learn is held close and constant as a catechism,

Come summer and prosperity, come winter and the wolf, come ebb tide and come flood.

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Unknown, unsung, but highly paid are these backstage craftsmen of the funnypapers

The Comics Are a Serious Business

by ALLEN SAUNDERS

COMIC STRIPS have been rather widely read since the days of "Happy Hooligan." But their present universal popularity dates back only a score of years to the day in a Chicago tavern when the idea of continuity strips was born.

The men around the luncheon table that day assured Sol Hess that he had lost his mind. Use comic strips to tell continued stories? Absurd! There wasn't room in a newspaper panel only six columns in width to cram all the necessary elements of a fiction story. No one would follow a narrative told in daily driblets.

The skeptics included some of America's leading writers and cartoonists—Ring Lardner, J. P. McEvoy, Clare Briggs, Frank King and Sidney Smith. Sol Hess, a wholesale dealer in diamonds and watches, whose hobby was the creation of what the comic writers' trade today calls "gags," returned to his store. He started outlining a story about a designing woman, the Widow Zander, who was to complicate the domestic life of Sidney Smith's "The Gumps"—and launch a new trend in the nation's reading habits.

Newspaper readers accepted the affair of the wily widow with instant enthusiasm. Hess composed fewer and fewer strips ending with an explosive "Pow!" and a backward nip-up. He ran Andy Gump for Congress. The campaign of "the candidate who wears no man's collar" completely stole the political show that summer. During those tense days readers snatched hourly editions of the Chicago *Tribune* from the hands of circulation truck drivers to get the latest report on the mythical contest. As a piece of journalistic buffoonery, it was one of the coups of the century.

That was 23 years ago. When Hess died in December of 1941, he had lived to see the continuity trend make a complete misnomer of the term "comic" strip. One by one, joke-a-day comic strip artists deserted their gag-files and began wrinkling their brows over treatises on plot, suspense and characterization. It was not easy, however, for the clown to play Hamlet. Good "gag" men and pen technicians were not always good yarn spinners. So there came into being a new type of professional writer, the author of comic strip continuity.

Fewer than forty of these unique craftsmen are given credit by name on the strips whose destinies they guide. Many others labor behind the scenes in the darkness which surrounds ghost writers, while the cartoonist takes the bows. The royalties, however, are shared equally between the two creators.

Publicly recognized or not, the

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men who write your comic strips take themselves seriously. They follow techniques as rigid as those employed in radio scripts, movie scenarios, or straight fiction, borrowing some elements from each of these.

Dialogue is written before the pen-and-ink players step on their little stage to speak it. The writer prepares his material from four to sixteen weeks ahead of publication, usually typing the dialogue and a description of the action for each day's strip and mailing the scenario to the artist. Mailing is necessary, for most teams, oddly, work far apart. For example, Glenn Chaffin, who writes "Flyin' Jenny", and Weare Holbrook, author of "Clarence," have never even met the artists with whom they work. Down on a Mexican rancho, Charlie Plumb draws "Ella Cinders" from scripts written by Fred Fox in New York. Renny McEvoy writes "Dixie Dugan" in Hollywood and mails the script to the artist in the Catskills.

There are almost as many ways of writing a strip as there are authors. Quite a few strips come out of long, complicated and noisy story conferences more than faintly suggestive of Hollywood at its maddest, with writer, artist and advisers sitting in. I can, and often do, lean over Elmer Woggon's shoulder in Toledo, Ohio, while he is drawing our "Chief Wahoo and Steve Roper." But my pencil layouts for "Mary Worth's Family" are mailed every week to the artist, Ken Ernst, in Albany, Wisconsin.

"Buck Rogers'" artist, Dick Calkins, writes the continuity, then calls in John Dille, who created the strip, Dille's son Jack, and Richard Yager, an assistant. Only after deeds of the 25th century hero have been vigorously debated are they committed to paper and ink.

Even more involved are the preparations for the adventures of "Don Winslow of the Navy." The creator, Lieutenant Commander Frank V. Martinek, dreams up characters and continuity. He turns his ideas over to a research director, who lays out the copy and hands it over to a preliminary artist. The finished drawing is done by Leon Beroth, an old Navy man, whose signature appears on the published strip.

STRIP WRITERS are unanimous in their insistence on good taste in the preparation of comic strip continuity. They recognize and avoid a wider list of editorial taboos than perhaps any other type of professional story-teller.

Heroes never drink intoxicants. Indeed, they are seldom permitted even the solace of smoking. At least one paper, the Salt Lake City *Deseret News*, cuts out of strips any pipe, cigar, or cigarette, even when it leaves the smoker's empty hand poised face high, holding an invisible match.

Generally forbidden, too, are controversial political or religious issues, divorce, unflattering reference to race or nationality (with obvious exceptions in the case of the Japs these days); excessive physical brutality, corpses, sex, profanity, (although Joe Palooka's big guerrilla pal, Bateese, swears luridly in French and is allowed an occasional "tam"), certain slang terms, like "lousy"; poor sportsmanship, allusions to living celebrities, and references to our Fourth

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of July (in deference to Canadian customers) are also forbidden.

Gunplay has long been frowned upon, even in adventure strips, but there are rugged hold-outs on this point. Chester Gould has firmly maintained from the start that Dick Tracy could not cope effectively with maldoers if his armament was limited to stern words and a threatening gesture toward a hidden holster. And since Pearl Harbor there has been a noticeable tendency to let lead fall where it may in dealing with the nation's foes.

Chronic headache among strip writers is the problem of picking names for new characters. In a melting pot nation of 130 million souls, it seems that any combination of alphabetical characters makes up somebody's surname.

One day, in my own comic strip, "Mary Worth's Family," I fabricated a name for a villain. He was a ratty orchestra leader and I took his first name from a similar character in a Broadway play, *Pal Joey*. For a surname, I turned "mandolin" into Mandola. And no sooner had the first strip in the episode been released than a letter arrived from a Texas city: "My friends are wondering . . . You see, my name is Joe Mandola and I play the fiddle in a dance band here . . ."

Gould sometimes manufactures names by spelling appropriate words backwards. One of his recent villains, a drama critic, was tagged Amard. And I have little doubt that he has since received letters of protest from representatives of a real Amard family.

The strip writer has to pick his way among these myriad pitfalls. He holds his breath as he opens the paper each day lest he find that a competitor's comic strip has started the identical plot which his own artist is now turning out for release two months in the future. And he strives to chart a story course which will interest intelligent adults without baffling ten-year-olds.

His responsibility is definite. To sell tomorrow's newspaper, he must tell a serial story with the brevity of a telegram. Few writers permit themselves more than a hundred words of combined dialogue and narration in a single day's strip. Yet each day's installment must make clear what has gone before, move the story forward one step and end on a peak of suspense. If it fails on any of these counts, it must make way for a new strip that will not fail.

The next time you chuckle or gasp at the exploits of your favorite comic character, remember the scene backstage—scores of gray-haired, nail-biting plot planners, anyone of whom will tell you that writing comics is a serious business.

Single-minded

HORACE GREELEY, one of the most famous American editors, stubbornly insisted that the word "news" was plural. He is said to have once wired a reporter, "Are there any news?" Back came the answer from the wise hireling: "Not a new."

—JOLLY DAVIS

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Bert E. Dewey can locate any sleeping car in the country in fifteen minutes

Admiral of the PULLMAN *fleet*

by WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

HIS NAME IS Dewey, and they call him "Admiral" because he is a wizard at maneuvering fleets. Not fleets of ships, but fleets of Pullman cars—these are the units which the ace strategist of the sleeping-car world juggles with uncanny skill and speed. Since Pearl Harbor he has furnished sleepers to transport 29 million fighting men, landing them safely and comfortably at their destinations.

Before the night of December 7, 1941 had settled down, wires were crowded with telegraphic orders to ship thousands of the armed forces to the Pacific Coast. Admiral Dewey was given instructions to assemble 180 Pullmans at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, near Chicago, inside of 24 hours. He stripped trains and railroad yards within three hundred miles of Chicago for the needed cars and, by the morning of December 8, they were fully stocked with bedding and supplies, ready to haul seven thousand men westward.

That was just one emergency in the life of this trim, gray-haired, 73-year-old veteran of 56 years as a railroader, most of it spent in enabling people to sleep while they travel. One of his achievements was to provide beds for thirty thousand people at a Shriners' convention in Washington several years ago. Threatened with having to walk the streets all night, their problem was solved when Dewey preempted 1,100 Pullman cars in the neighborhood of Washington, recalled porters by telephone and telegraph, and put the wayfarers snugly and happily to bed.

Alert and sparkling, Bert E. Dewey is constantly thrilled by his job. He'd rather tackle the impossible than to have a T-bone steak in these days of rationing. When he has solved a tremendous problem, he grabs a few hours' sleep, and is ready for more. He started "Pullmanizing" in the days when sleepers had wooden bunk-beds, with mattresses stacked in the corner of the car in the day time, and smoky coal stoves providing the heat. Ever since, he has been working continuously at top speed, as if he were eternally launching a bond drive.

Recently, when conditions were

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critical in the Pacific, rush orders came to get three divisions in southern states on their way to fight the Japs. From his headquarters in Chicago, the Admiral combed an area five hundred miles square for the needed six hundred sleeping cars. By dawn the next morning they were lined up in long trains at the various camps, completely crewed and stocked.

DEWEY takes pride in handling up to a million fighting men a month in more than half the Pullman cars of the country, yet without seriously disrupting civilian travel. Every two minutes and 48 seconds, a Pullman car is loaded with uniformed men—an average of 39 men to a car. The average trip is four days long, with five hundred miles of travel a day.

Chatting about his intricate job, the Admiral compares himself to a six-foot guy in bed trying to snuggle under a four-foot blanket. "By tucking my knees up under my chin, figuratively speaking, and by turning in my toes and hunching my shoulders down around my ribs, I manage to get under. But some days there isn't even four feet of blanket."

A veteran at moving troops in three wars, Dewey says that this has been by far the toughest. Although he has 8,340 sleeping cars at his fingertips, twice that number would not be enough. He therefore concentrates on the war effort. How much this job is intensified is shown by the fact that whereas only twenty per cent of military travel in World War I was in sleeping cars, 88 per cent of all troop movements are now being made in Pullmans, requiring 65 per cent of the available total.

Pullman cars are scattered all over the land, some in stations, some in railroad yards, and others traveling. The Admiral can locate any one of his pawns within fifteen minutes without leaving his desk. He denies any infallibility, however. "One time we lost a standard Pullman sleeper for eleven months right in one of the biggest terminals in New York," he said sheepishly. "Our report showed it was there, fully stocked, waiting to be hooked onto a through train. Yet it wasn't on the train, and it was missing from the terminal. We thought it might have gone astray on another train on a different line. Talk about manhunts — we went on one protracted car-hunt and nobody could find it. It was finally located by chance. An alert brakeman, going through a freight storage yard nearby where old cars awaited demolition, saw a car which, although it was begrimed with dust and cinders, looked out of place. It was the lost Pullman."

The brown-eyed Dewey with his robust moustache is a railroader whom his fellow employes swear by, not at. He came up the hard way by starting out at fifteen years of age as an office boy and flunky at three dollars a week. At seventeen he got his first railroad job as a clerk in the Buffalo office of the Wagner Palace Car Company, which later merged with Pullman. He worked at different times as records clerk and as relief man for the ticket seller. Finally he was assigned to the operating department, where he worked up to superintendent of car service, which

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he has been for fourteen years.

He got his baptism in war railroading in the Spanish-American conflict about 1898. That is when he experienced what he calls his "toughest night." He was hustled out to a fort near Omaha to get a shipment of men on their way to the Philippines. He landed there at seven a.m., and worked continuously until five o'clock the next morning, by which time he had cleaned the camp completely of its soldiers and supplies. He had put a hundred cars of men and equipment under steam and sent them on their way. Without food or sleep, he then walked two miles to catch a street car back to the city!

IN THE golden days of the small income tax era, private cars were numerous. Supervising them was one of Dewey's headaches. Pullman used to own 24 private cars, which were rented out at 75 dollars a day each, plus eighteen full fares. This included the service of a porter, a cook and a waiter, and accommodations for twelve. Many industrial barons scorned any other form of travel. Today only two private cars are in service, and they are idle much of the time.

A private car is really a palace on wheels where you are "king" for as long as you have the price. You can luxuriate in the overstuffed chairs of the parlor-observation room or refresh yourself in the shower-bath. You can have your choice of handsomely-appointed private bedrooms, sleeping length-wise in one or cross-wise in the other. In the dining room you can entertain twelve elaborately. Couches are part of the furnishings, and five private rooms afford accommodations for your guests.

Dewey is proud of the fact that he has been assembling presidential trains without a mishap since the time of William McKinley. The average presidential train consists of five or six cars. Franklin Delano Roosevelt traveled far more than any other president, two trips a month from Washington to Hyde Park, N. Y. being routine.

Those flowery names you see painted on the sides of Pullmans have a lot of meaning. Each name is a key to the type of the car. For example, all cars named after a mountain, such as "Mt. Hope," are observation cars containing ten sections. Cars with names beginning with "Lake" contain ten sections, a drawing room and two compartments. A Pullman with such a name as "Point George" contains ten sections and two drawing rooms.

A unique code system gives Dewey greater speed in his work. Every Pullman official and employe has instant access to a code book that lists the names of colors, tools, reptiles, trees, musical instruments and the like. Each of these words stands for at least a sentence and often a paragraph of information. For example, the code words of different names for fish refer to rates, tickets and reservations. The names of colors deal with ticket reports and collections. The names of reptiles give light on supplies, while the names of trees carry information about passes. Churches are concerned with lost articles, while musical instruments supply information about sanitation and repairs. Ornaments relate to dead-head

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movements, while plants tell of car repairs.

If you should glance at a Pullman official's desk and read something like, "Gander Saxophone Lizard," the message, decoded, reads, "We need extra cars for service. Change blankets. Forward at once material ordered on requisition."

About seventy Pullman cars are being used daily for hospital trains. Dewey assigns the most modern and best equipped Pullmans to this job. A special berth makeup is employed for their convenience. The finest of personnel has been assigned to the hospital trains, and conductors and porters vie with each other in courtesy and thoughtful care of wounded men. Hospital cars are given priorities over all others.

The world's greatest have moved across America swiftly and smoothly, but the Admiral takes pride in the fact that the humblest passenger is accorded equal courtesy. And if the thirty thousand soldiers that are loaded nightly in his caravans sleep soundly, Dewey also sleeps well. Beyond retirement age, he is in for the duration and is hitting the ball with greater vim and accuracy than ever before.

Salesmen of the Law

THE OLD-FASHIONED policeman of the stage and comics swaggered along with his club looking for trouble. He was full of authority. His threatening voice threw fear into the people. If he ran into an obstreperous character he cowed him with the club. He was always ready for a fight.

This was the public conception, merited or unmerited, of the old-time policemen. Of course, only a few were like that, but their stern methods of law enforcement seemed to color the popular idea of the whole force.

Lately people have come to know and like a new kind of policeman. He uses an altogether different technique. If he meets a tramp on the street, he determines whether the man is actually suffering, then helps him find food and shelter. He kids with the youngsters on their way to school and enjoys it when they respond by kidding him back.

If he's called upon to oust an unruly customer from a tavern, he doesn't burst in blustering and waving his club. Instead, he walks quietly over to the fractious one and says: "Hello, Joe, how're things going?" He makes it a personal conversation, and his voice remains low and pleasant. He becomes a salesman for law and order while remaining a gentleman. He'll absorb an unfair volume of insults while so doing, for his one aim is to get the unruly person out and on his way home.

So with praise, cajoling and wise salesmanship, he gets Joe to thinking that maybe it's time he called it an evening. Soon the two are outside in the fresh air, and Joe has completely forgotten that two minutes before he wanted to fight the whole world.

The modern policeman doesn't threaten anybody, doesn't want to dominate, prefers to win his way and the law's way by playing second fiddle to the human, often childish instincts of the public. Conflict and friction have no place in good policemanship.

Today's policeman would no more invite trouble than a wise salesman would start a vicious argument with a customer. —JAMES T. MANGAN

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After twenty years of testing and practice, radiophoto is finally coming of age

Radiophoto Comes of Age

by HOWARD WHITMAN

ONE OF THE most significant documents of our generation arrived in Los Angeles from China late in 1942 and threw representatives of the Navy, the OWI and the Associated Press into frantic befuddlement. It was a radiophoto of a message from Chiang Kai-shek to President Roosevelt. Being written in Chinese, nobody was on hand just then who could read it.

Tramping through the foggy streets of Los Angeles' Chinatown at two a.m., they finally located a laundryman who could translate the characters. Surrounded by envious neighbors whom he had rudely awakened to witness the event, the laundryman read off in proud and pompous tones the Generalissimo's greetings to the late President and felicitations upon the linking of China and the United States by radiophoto.

On the surface there seemed very little to get excited about. But the importance of this message lay in the fact that Chinese communications would now be like greased lightning.

Under the old-fashioned telegraph system, orders had to be translated into numbers, (a different number for each of the nine thousand characters of the Chinese language) sent over the wire, and then translated back into characters at the receiving end. Now, however, with the miracle of radiophoto, you just slam a complete picture of the original message over the air waves and it arrives exactly as written seven minutes later.

How's it done?

We start with an ordinary five-by-seven-inch photograph, like the one of your Aunt Sarah. We wrap it around a cylinder on the sending machine much the way you might wrap it around a rolling pin. This cylinder starts revolving and as it revolves an "electric eye" scans the picture, starting at one end and working down to the other end at the rate of one inch per minute.

What is an electric eye? Well, in this case it is a photoelectric cell that converts light impulses into electrical impulses. When the electric eye scans the picture it is merely looking it over, so to speak, with a sharp pinpoint of light. This light hits the whites, blacks and grays of the picture on the revolving cylinder and reflects them back into the electric eye, where these various degrees of light are converted into various degrees of electricity.

Thus the sending unit is putting out a steady stream of electrical impulses corresponding to the whites, blacks and grays of the photograph.

This stream of electrical impulses goes over a wire, just like the electrical impulses of an ordinary tele-

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phone call, to a radio transmitting station. There it is shot out into the air in the form of radio waves, the very same kind that bring you the voice of your favorite commentator.

At the receiving end a strip of picture film is wrapped around another cylinder and this cylinder is revolving in exact synchronization with the cylinder on the sending unit. As the electrical impulses are received they are fed into another electric eye, converted into light impulses, and shot out on a tiny pinpoint beam at the turning film.

The receiving eye travels along the length of the film exactly as the sending eye travels along the length of the picture, and when seven minutes are up you have a complete negative on the receiving machine. It is developed and printed exactly as you would a negative out of your Brownie camera.

RADIOPHOTO has already demonstrated its versatility and its possibilities. Take these examples:

A patient was suffering from a heart ailment in Atlantic City, N.J. Two photographic charts of his heartbeats were transmitted to a heart specialist in Chicago. Within an hour he telephoned back his diagnosis — possible only after a look at the chart.

General James G. Harbord, of the Radio Corporation of America, signed a check for one thousand dollars in London. It was radiophotoed to New York and cashed a few minutes later by the Bankers Trust Company.

A criminal was caught in New York. There was a question about his identification. His fingerprints were transmitted to Chicago and in a matter of minutes his identity was established.

It is fitting that radiophoto should come of age in 1945, for it is just 21 years old. In 1924 the American Telephone and Telegraph Company had developed a crude and experimental device for sending pictures over telephone wire. They took some scenic views of Cleveland—the Public Square, the High Level Bridge, the Public Hall and transmitted them to New York, where they were reproduced 44 minutes after they were taken in Cleveland. With heraldic enthusiasm they were blazoned over the pages of the New York *Times*.

Ten years of experimentation followed. Veterans tell the story of one picture of King George V that was radioed from England. It came out with the usual heartbreaking fuzziness. Photo men scrutinized it carefully and they were baffled. What was that grayish blotch on his left side, just above his waist? Somebody said it was probably a medal, the royal order of something-or-other, so a retoucher was told to fix it up. And the King's chin was bare as a baby's. Apparently he had shaved off his famous beard.

Later the painful truth of the matter came out. Through some quirk in transmission the monarch's beard had come out in the wrong place. That was it, that grayish blotch they had made into a medal!

The OWI completely ringed the Axis powers with radiophoto. With receivers in 22 cities, including Stockholm, Moscow, Lisbon, Casablanca, Johannesburg, Cairo, Istanbul, Kunming, Chungking, and

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later in Brussels, Paris and Rome, the OWI kept the air alive with American prowess and honest news in the form of radiophotos.

In the political storms that are bound to buffet the world of tomorrow, radiophoto will bear watching. It is a powerful instrument for truth. Seeing is believing, and an honest photograph swiftly transmitted can lay to rest a hundred reams of rumor, lies and propaganda. It can also nail down, indisputably, some of the cold truths that certain Americans do not like to face.

A case in point is the Nazi concentration camp atrocities, which were scoffed at in many circles until the radiophotos of Buchenwald, Belsen and Dachau came through.

Radiophoto dramatically placed its stamp of truth on the death of Mussolini. Yes, he was reported dead, but millions had their doubts until radiophoto showed him stretched out in a gutter in Milan and then hanging by his heels like a stuck pig.

And from now on, you can count on radiophoto to bring you the truth from all over the world—and to bring it to you quickly.

Deadly Secrets

IN 1895, THE DISCOVERY of a revolutionary new explosive called fulminate brought an offer of 100 thousand dollars from the German government to the English inventor Sawbridge. Samples tested revealed the power of fulminate would treble the range of a bullet and revolutionize modern warfare. But Sawbridge gave first option to his own country. Just as England was about to seal the contract, word came that Sawbridge's laboratory had been blown up—and the scientist with it. He left no records whatever, and although experts painstakingly searched the debris, they failed to discover the secret.

LUIGI TARANTI, an Italian priest, developed a method of making stained glass which rivaled the lost process of the ancients. Abandoning the holy orders, he set up his own workshop from which came some of Italy's finest stained glass windows. But a year later, in 1862, he was found dead of blood poisoning. His death was traced to the pigments used in the secret process he had guarded so well that it went with him to the grave.

ANOTHER VICTIM of his secret was Adams, the inventor of the miracle metal thallium. Seeking to produce a metal as hard as steel but only half its weight and price, he experimented with electrical processes for more than five years. Thallium was the result. Once its properties were demonstrated, orders for thousands of tons began to pour in from railroad companies. But it was too late. Adams' mind had broken under the enormous mental strain of his research, and he was confined to an asylum. He had kept no records, and refused to reveal the secret which was buried with him two years later.

—JEROME GREGG

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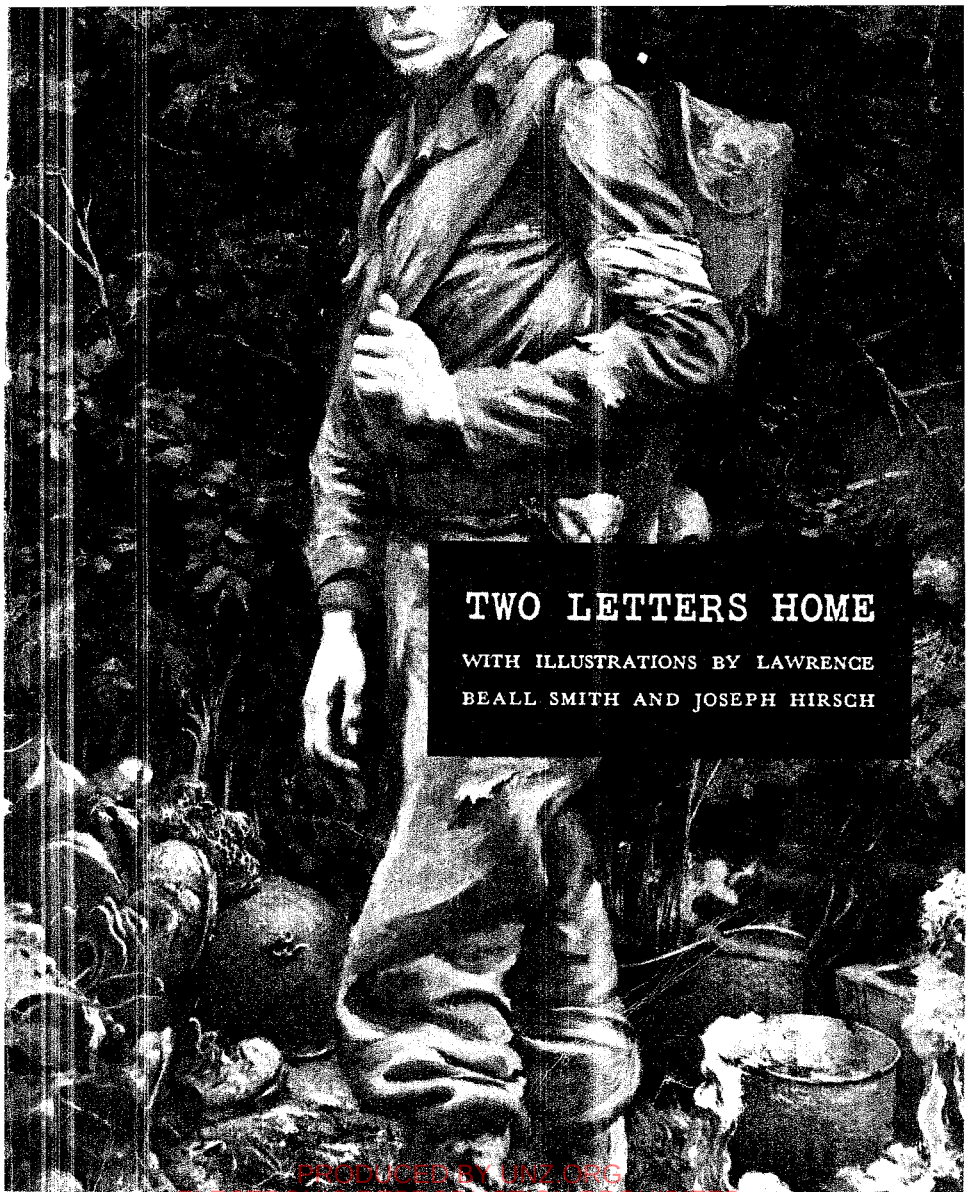

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From a Medical Corpsman

Few of us here at home know the violence that is the battlefield. These *Two Letters Home* convey the weariness and fear and courage that filled the hearts of two soldiers under fire—of one as he brought aid to the stricken and of another lying helpless in the bloody mud.

Lawrence Beall Smith has seen a lot of war while traveling as artist-correspondent for the Abbott Laboratories. Some of his best work includes on-the-spot action pictures of the medical front in England and in France during the Normandy campaign.

Here his pictures supplement a letter such as might have been written by a medical corpsman to his mother answering her query, "What do you do?" His story leaves little to the imagination.

Dear Mom:

I'm going home!

I've pinched myself again and again to make sure I'm not dreaming. Tonight I've had out all your swell letters, and believe it or not I read every one of them over again.

Have you any idea how many times you asked me to write and tell you all about what I was doing? Almost every letter. Sometimes it would be: ''By the way, son, just what does a medical corpsman do?'' And then again: ''Can't you tell us a little more in your letters? We know you must be careful not to give anything away, but—'' And so on. Well now that it's over, I can tell you, I guess. There are about 700,000 of us, if you throw in the nurses, the doctors, and all the medical administration boys. We did everything. By that, I mean we went everywhere the Infantry went. Sometimes we would go out on patrols—in the dark. Snipers had less chance of getting us. We moved on our stomachs mostly, until we found a wounded man, lying out there all alone. Then we'd have to show ourselves while we gave him emergency treatment and that wasn't always healthy, if you get what I mean.

The one big difference between us and the Infantry, as I see it, is that they were able to carry guns—and we couldn't. There we'd be, practically rubbing shoulders with the enemy night after night—and we couldn't shoot back.

I guess those were about the only times I wished I was in the Infantry instead of the Medical Corps.

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When I was assigned to the Air Corps in England, I found out there is another kind of job for medical corpsmen.

There we had to do a lot of waiting—sweating it out along with the mechanics. Every time a flight of big bombers would take off, loaded down to the gills with surprise packages for Berlin, we'd be out there on the field—half-frozen in the dawn air.

If the planes got off all right, we'd have ourselves a gallon of coffee—and wait. There would always be plenty to do when they got back.

Looking back at it, I guess I was a whole lot safer, there in England. Certainly I was a lot less scared.

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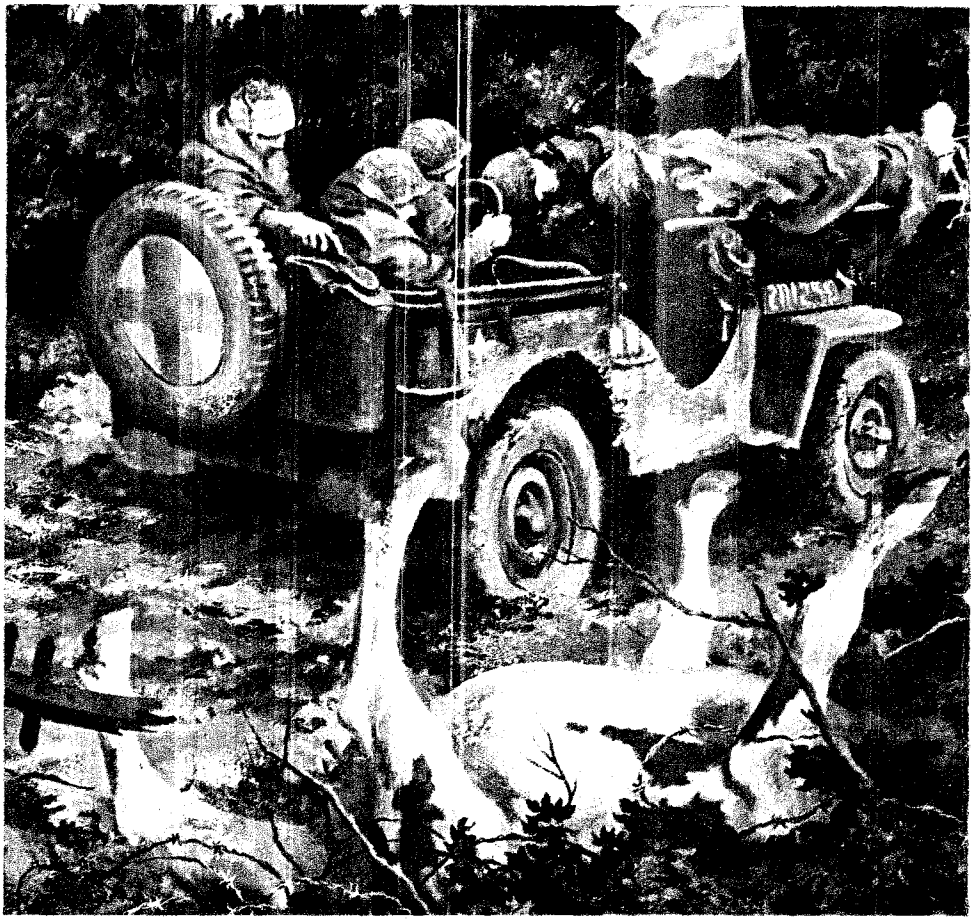

But nothing in England was like the time in Normandy when I was driving a jeep-ambulance.

My jeep was pretty busy those days, carrying wounded men back to our Aid Station. I could carry two men easily. But sometimes when we were especially busy, I would lash two more *on the hood. Then back to the Station. Then out for more.* All day long. The ground was so rough we couldn't avoid some bumping. But only once in a while would the poor guys on the hood cry out in pain—they are the bravest guys in the world, I can tell you.

We were under fire constantly, and what with dodging shell holes and fallen trees, I had my hands full.

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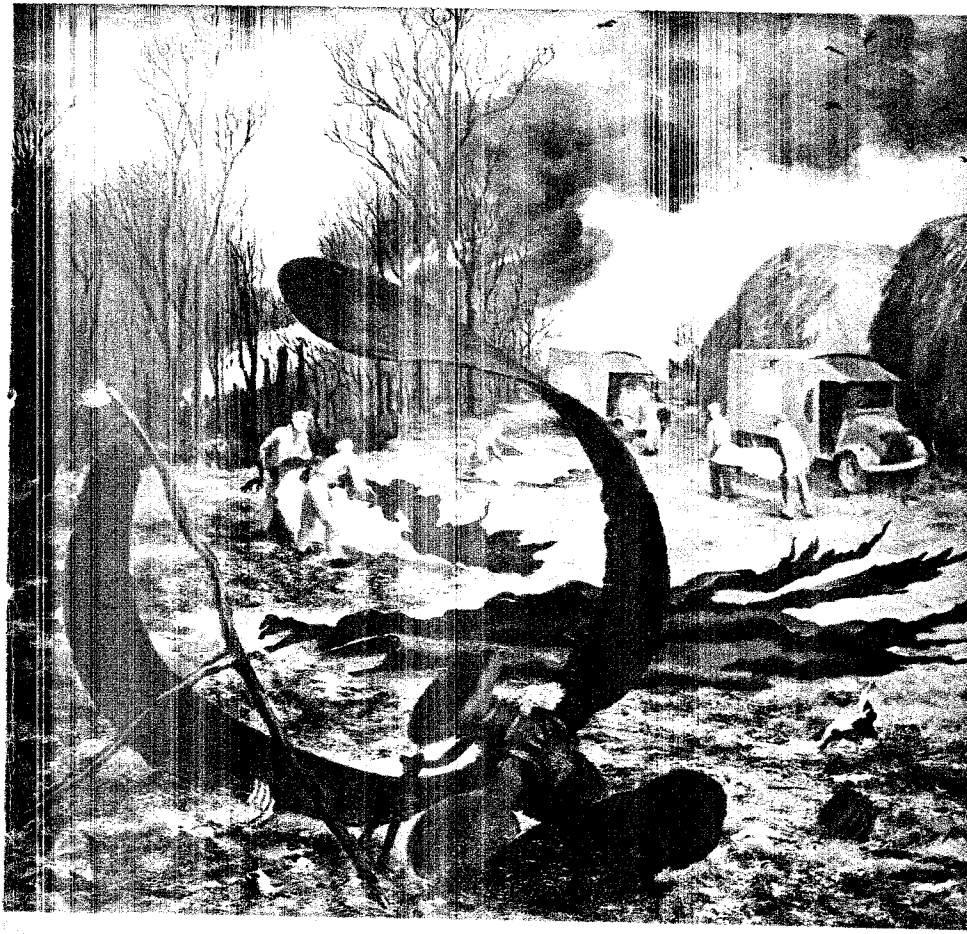

But don't get the idea my Air Corps medical service was ALL waiting. Once in a while a ship didn't make it.

One day, there was a big B-17 making its first flight. Moreover, it had a new crew of kids—ten of them.

No one knows what went wrong. About half the ships were off safely, and then suddenly it happened. It was terrible.

When it crashed there was a terrific explosion—we could feel it in the ground under our feet. And then we were in our trucks and away.

It was too late to do much good, but we tried anyway. There wasn't anything anyone could do for that crew of ten men. It was their first—and last—mission.

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I guess when I tell you what I have done, I am pretty much telling you what all the medical corpsmen have been doing. It's the same Medical Corps, and all of us in it have done whatever we could to make it easier for those who were hurt.

The men who did the fighting appreciated it, too.

Of course, some patients weren't always so patient. They wanted to be sent home—or to be sent back into action. Anything to avoid just sitting around all day doing nothing.

I remember one bunch of airmen in England particularly. There they were—a bunch of guys who really were lucky to be alive at all—and what was bothering them the most?

They wanted to be back in the air!

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In France I spent much time right around the field hospitals, doing our Medical Corps version of K. P. You'd be surprised what these calloused hands of mine can do—from emptying bed pans to bundling dirty bandages. Not what you would call pleasant work, but somebody has to do it (it says here).

We got to know the French people pretty well, especially the kids. After a big battle many of the people found their homes in ruins. Then they would move in with us.

The kids were after two things—chewing gum and cigarettes. One of their favorite tricks was to bring in flowers they had gathered to give to the wounded men. What they really wanted, though, was to swap the flowers for gum.

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The busiest time I had was on D-Day, when we landed on a beach in Normandy. Our landing craft was an LST, and we poured out on the beach right along with the tanks, trucks, men and supplies. I never saw so much smoke and dust in my life, and the racket was something to hear!

Our job that day was to move with the men, dropping out whenever there was work to be done—and getting the wounded back to the LST.

When I returned a few hours later, they had scrubbed the decks of the LST clean, set up all sorts of makeshift beds and operating tables, and it looked more like a hospital than a landing attack vessel.

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I hope that answers your questions a little. When I get home, I will be glad to tell you more, boring you for hours with anything you want to know.

Oh, yes, two other things:

One is that I've often wondered whether the people back home who donate blood know how much it is needed—and how much good it does. I've seen men, again and again, so close to death you could actually see their faces turning grey. And then we would mix blood plasma and distilled water and start it into their veins—and you could practically watch life flow back.

We medical corpsmen wouldn't have been able to do nearly so much good without that blood. I hope folks know that and won't let down.

It's needed just as much out in the Pacific.

The other thing is that I wanted to thank you again for all the cigarettes you've sent. I got all of them—or at least I received the packages. A lot of the smokes went to the wounded boys who needed them.

That's just about the first thing they want, and their expressions when they take that first long drag is thanks enough!

You've probably guessed from all this, and from the few things I've told you before, that I like this work.

It's been a wonderful feeling to be able to do men some good—to make them feel a little better—to help them on the road back to recovery.

And besides, they tell me my bedside manner—even when I didn't have time to shave for a few days—is something out of this world.

Just call me Doc.

Love,

Bob.

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From a Wounded Soldier

These scenes of the Italian campaign were painted from life—and sometimes from death—by 35-year-old Joseph Hirsch. His ability and wide experience qualify him well for this work. His War Bond poster "Till We Meet Again" and his Naval Medicine series for Abbott Laboratories have justly received wide acclaim.

Accompanying these paintings is a letter which, although hypothetical, is typical of those written to "Dear Mom" by wounded men. Woven through his story of shocked surprise, pain, and sincere admiration for his rescuers is the strong thread of courage which has made America great. And as always the thought is not for himself, but for Mom—"Don't you worry, Mom. I'll be all right."

Dear Mom:

I am all right.

I don't know what you have been told—they said merely that they would let you know and tell you not to worry. I hope you weren't too scared—I have thought a lot about that, and hoped they weren't too vague.

I know how your imagination works, especially where my health is concerned.

The main thing is that I'm quite okay now—just a little the worse for wear temporarily. I guess I'll limp for a little while—and maybe need a small face-lifting job to make me real pretty.

Maybe while they're at it they can do a complete job and make me look like Van Johnson.

I had to get wounded to find out just how important a guy I am in this man's army. And I feel, first of all, very lucky—and also very grateful.

If you could only see the treatment I've gotten right from the first, Mom! It seemed as though they had called off the war the moment I was hit. As though someone shouted: "Hey, fellows! Stop everything. Junior's been wounded."

They didn't really stop anything of course. But the way these medical guys work—the enlisted men who first helped me on down the line—the nurses and doctors—well, every case seems to be a special one to them.

What a bunch! But I'm getting a little ahead of myself.

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You might just want to know how it happened.

The first thing I thought was that I had been killed.

It's amazing how clearly I can remember so much. I had been under cover during a bombardment—and when it began to let up I stood up to look around. The way you do after being caught in a thunder shower. That was when I was hit.

It felt exactly the way it would feel if someone belted you a terrific one, right on the hip, with a heavy sledge hammer—a red-hot one at that. I also distinctly remember feeling a branding-iron on my head. The hip was the tough one, though.

Then I made a few appropriate remarks and fell slowly to the ground. I figured my goose had been cooked.

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I guess I lay there all of two or three minutes before an Aid man popped his head around the nearest rock.

The next thing I knew there were several of them—all as cool as cucumbers, despite the fact that we were not in exactly a safe spot. One of them went to work on my leg (which didn't particularly hurt—that came later). Another started dabbing at my face which by this time was rather sticky and oozy with blood. Still another set to work mixing blood plasma—stuck a tube in my arm—and then half-stood there, calm as could be, holding the container above me.

I still can't get over him. He was standing exactly where I'd been when I was hit—risking his life to help me!

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They couldn't move me until dark—it would have been too dangerous. That was the longest wait of my life.

They had put my leg in an improvised splint, using my carbine. They had moved me onto a litter. And they had let me chain-smoke their cigarettes.

They also had assured me I would be all right.

When it was dark, we started the long haul down the rocks to the Aid Station. What a job that was! As far as I was concerned, it was like floating on air—they handled that litter like I was a crate of fresh eggs. But they were scrambling around like mad—grunting and cussing and slipping and sliding.

Doing it the hard way so I would be more comfortable!

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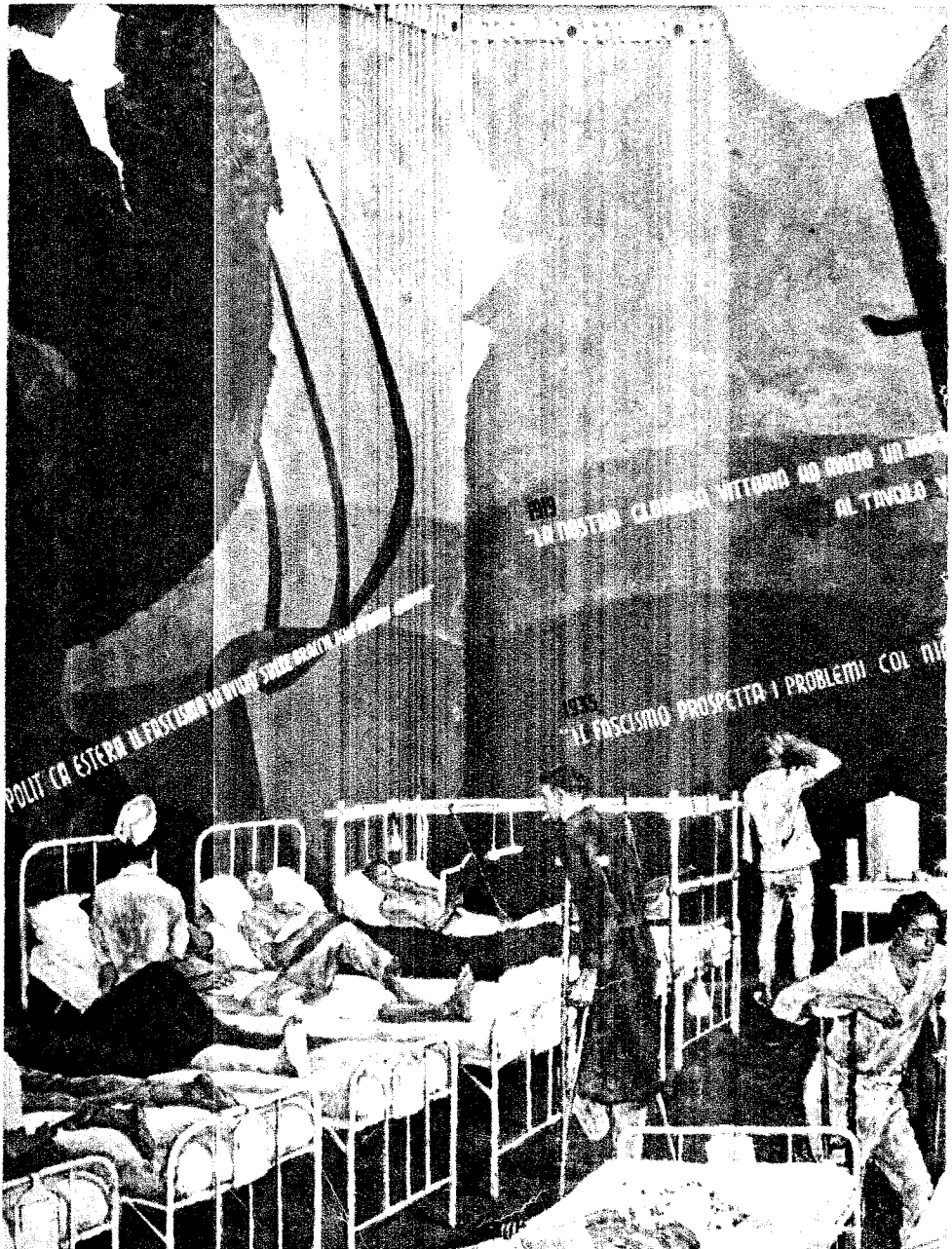

Needless to say we made it all right, and now I've been through the whole mill—step by step on the road to recovery.

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Incidentally, our hospital used to be a fancy Fascist festive hall. I'll be writing regularly now. Love. John.

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There's a lesson for all of us in this poignant tale of a wounded boy's homecoming

I Watched a Boy Come Home

ANONYMOUS

I SAW THE BOY get slowly aboard the train I was taking in Chicago. He was tall and dark, with handsome, regular features. He wore a uniform, stripped of all ribbons. His only insignia were the numeral and wings of the 15th Air Force.

His left ear had been mutilated and there was a deep, ugly scar just above his lip. His right leg had been amputated above the knee, and he hadn't yet grown accustomed to crutches. His face was hard and tense. His eyes held a faraway, lost look that left me awed.

You could see he didn't want to be bothered. Choosing the end seat in the club car, he put his crutches aside and just sat.

Four hours later, he got up and hobbled away.

The next day I took a train from Buffalo to Scranton, Pennsylvania. So did the boy. His eyes had a feverish sort of look now, and his hands twitched. But still he kept so far removed from the other passengers that no one spoke to him during the journey.

When we reached Scranton, he motioned for the porter to take his large overseas bag. We were the only two people from that car who got off the train.

The boy managed to get down the steps unaided, but when he finally got down, he just stood there looking directly across the tracks at three people, and I knew suddenly that I was seeing a wounded boy come home.

The three waiting for him had started forward.

Then I saw a father suddenly freeze in his tracks, staring at that stub of a leg.

I saw a young wife start forward. I heard her scream, "Oh, Mother," as she turned away from him to fling herself, sobbing, into the mother's arms.

I saw a boy's face die.

For one long moment I stood there, wishing I could be a father and slap that boy on the shoulder and say: "How does it feel to be back in the old town, Son?" With my eyes on his *face*—not his legs. I wished that I could be a mother for that moment and hold that lost boy in my arms and say: "Son, thank God, you're home."

And I wished with all my heart that I could have been a wife for just that moment to take that boy's hands and hold them tight in mine—and kiss him—and say "It's *so good* to have you back, my darling."

But I was a stranger. I could only stand there and see, in a boy's face, something more dreadful than all the hell of war.

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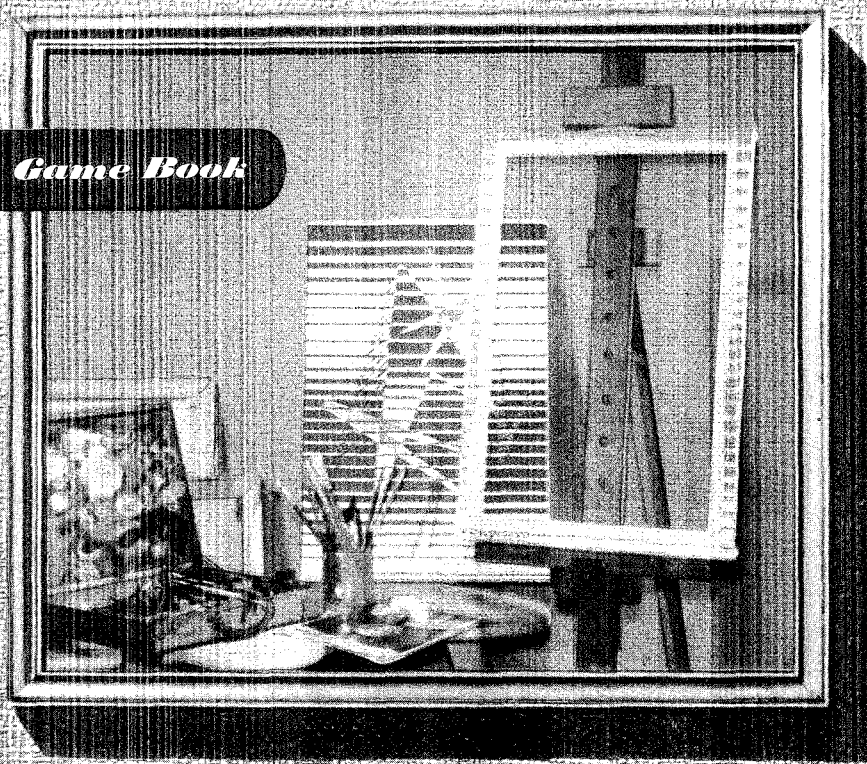

PORTRAIT OF A MURDER

A charwoman found Peter Brown's body. It lay at the foot of a steep flight of stairs leading up to his studio. There was a severe bruise on his temple, but no other marks on his body. The police found the dead man's studio in chaos. A painting had been cut from its frame. The base of a heavy vase was freshly broken off. The charwoman disclosed that the artist had recently completed two abstract paintings, alike except in color, the first one done in reds, the second in greens. The former had proved a failure but the other had won instant acclaim. Buyers had offered huge sums for it. George Cordova, a short fat man who wore spats and carried a cane alleged to contain a saber, was especially anxious to procure the painting. Brown did not wish to sell to Cordova, however. A jealous painter named Tony Martino shared the studio. Martino had suffered an injury to his right arm which had left it crippled. His most welcome caller was Marcus Jason, probably because Marcus was a victim of color-blindness and could not appreciate Brown's art. Jason wore a toupee and was never without a white carnation in his lapel. The inspector deduced that Brown did not fall down the stairs, but was murdered, then apparently placed at the foot of the stairway. How did he know this? What two clues betrayed the murderer? The answer is on page 75.

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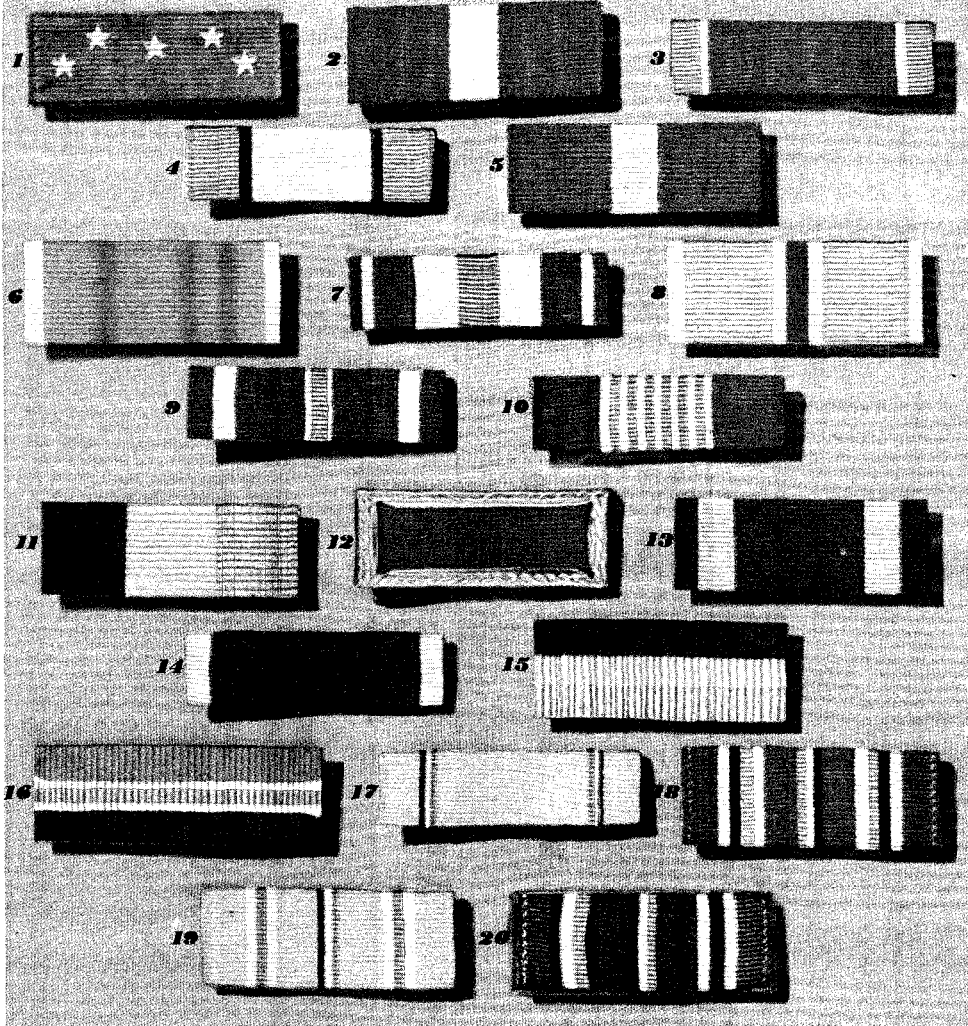
FOR VALOR AND SERVICE

THE COLORED ribbons which our servicemen wear stand for valor and for service—and for a great deal more. Every civilian should know the meanings of these bars. Twenty of them are assembled here for you to identify. They are not necessarily grouped in order of importance. It goes without saying that you should be able to name every one of them correctly. Check your answers with those on page 75.



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How Much Did It Cost?

Everything has its price as we all know. This quiz concerns itself with famed and unfamed compensations—monetary and otherwise. Only one of the three choices correctly completes each statement. For example, the answer to "The price of Coronet is: (*a*) 15 cents, (*b*) 25 cents, (*c*) 50 cents," is (*b*) 25 cents. Consider six right a fair score. Seven to nine is good, and ten or more is very good. Answers are on page 75.

1. To rid Hamelin town of rats, the Pied Piper asked for:
   (*a*) 1,000 guilders
   (*b*) 500 guilders
   (*c*) the children of the town

2. A skilled worker in Japan gets an average daily wage of:
   (*a*) 80 sen
   (*b*) 80 yen
   (*c*) 60 yen

3. The Louisiana Purchase cost us:
   (*a*) 50,000 dollars
   (*b*) 11,250,000 dollars
   (*c*) 20,500 dollars

4. The United States President's salary is:
   (*a*) 25,000 dollars a year
   (*b*) 75,000 dollars a year
   (*c*) 175,000 dollars a year

5. A fur coat from skins of wild chinchilla would cost hubby:
   (*a*) from 500,000 dollars to 1,000,000 dollars
   (*b*) from 20,000 dollars to 100,000 dollars
   (*c*) from 2,000 dollars to 12,000 dollars

6. Joseph's brothers sold him for:
   (*a*) 20 shiny silver pieces
   (*b*) 10 shiny silver pieces
   (*c*) a coat of many colors

7. For a baby flattop, you would pay somewhere around:
   (*a*) 1,000,000 dollars
   (*b*) 75,000,000 dollars
   (*c*) 15,000,000 dollars

8. All right answers to *Take It or Leave It* give the winner:
   (*a*) 64 dollars
   (*b*) 11 silver dollars
   (*c*) 12 silver dollars

9. A Pulitzer Prize award is:
   (*a*) a gold statue
   (*b*) a silver statue
   (*c*) 500 dollars

10. Russia's price for Alaska was:
    (*a*) fishing rights in the Bering Straits
    (*b*) 7,200,000 dollars
    (*c*) 5,000,000 dollars

11. Of course you know that Peter Minuit bought Manhattan Island from the Indians for:
    (*a*) 24 bottles of whiskey
    (*b*) beads and trinkets worth 24 dollars
    (*c*) beads and trinkets worth 21 dollars

12. Judas betrayed Christ for:
    (*a*) 10 pieces of silver
    (*b*) 20 pieces of silver
    (*c*) 30 pieces of silver

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Rhyming Celebrities

Each of the paragraphs below hints at the name of one movie celebrity. Your job is to decide who it is in each case. For example, "This gal makes singing faces and her last name rhymes with what goes through a buttonhole" refers, of course, to Betty Hutton. Count ten points for each correct answer. Sixty is fair, seventy or eighty is good and anything over eighty is excellent. The answers are on page 75.

1. Women are crazy about him, and he's almost as popular with the men. He was born in Cadiz, Ohio in 1901 — and his last name rhymes with the world's first murder victim.
2. One of the principal reasons for this celebrity's success is a defect in that part of his anatomy which rhymes with a small ship. His first name rhymes with what he does best.
3. Whenever this gal's name is mentioned, you think of a word that rhymes with what a guy does when he asks for a handout. That is a giveaway clue—but for good measure we'll tell you that she was born in Europe, and that her first name rhymes with what Catherine of Russia was.
4. In one movie this fellow played a dual character. His last name is the same as one of the months of the year.
5. Despite the fact that this celebrity's feet are definitely *not* responsible for her success, they've received a lot of publicity. What she wants to be rhymes with what a dog likes to dig up.
6. This fellow has spent much of his time in tennis and law courts —and has a decided preference for the former. His motion pictures make people do something that rhymes with a cow's offspring. His first name rhymes with barley.
7. This chap plays he-man roles exclusively. His initials are the abbreviation for what houses are built along. His last name rhymes with an adjective which describes the trimming on French negligees.
8. The first name of this actress rhymes with when most people hate to get up, and her last name is a place of worship.
9. His success is notable because it started with his feet, and never went to his head. He was born in Omaha, and the last syllable of his last name rhymes with a lion's domicile.
10. A big box-office draw, this fellow's long, lanky and laconic. His first name rhymes with the kind of stories you read to little children. His last name rhymes with the adjective often used to modify the word colossal.

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Everybody Sing

In this musical quiz are forty incomplete lines taken from favorite songs of yesterday and today. Complete the passages by filling in the name of the missing city, state, country or month. For example, the answer to "Moon over.....," in the "cities" section would be Miami. Twenty-five right isn't a bad score, although you should be able to scale thirty. Thirty-five or more is very good. Answers on page 75.

CITIES

1. 'Way down yonder in.....
2. On the sidewalks of.....
3. On a little street in.....
4. The last time I saw.....
5. I got a gal in.....
6. I got the.....Blues, just as blue as I can be.
7. When.....Kitty smiled at me.
8. There'll be a hot time in the town of.....
9. Pardon me, boy, is this the .....Choo Choo?
10. Off we're gonna shuffle, shuffle off to.....

COUNTRIES

1. Goodbye, Broadway, hello....
2. There'll always be an....., and.....shall be free
3. ....., where hearts were entertaining June.
4. Lady of....., I adore you.
5. South of the Border down..... way.
6. .....-town, my.....-town.
7. Did your mother come from .....
8. In a town in.....by a stream so clear and cool.
9. We are proud to claim the title of the.....Marines.
10. And she's still my love and .....is her name.

MONTHS

1. It's.....in January.
2. Leaves of brown came tumbling down, remember, in .....
3. Will you love me in.....as you did in May.
4. I was taken for a sleighride in.....
5. Give me a night in.....
6. When it's.....in Paris
7. In the merry, merry month of.....
8. It was a lucky.....shower.
9. Like a summer with a thousand .....
10. The winds of.....that make my heart a dancer.

STATES

1. Deep in the heart of.....
2. The Sun shines bright on my Old.....Home.
3. Just an old sweet song keeps .....on my mind.
4. Just a little bit south of.....
5. ....., here I come.
6. Stars fell on.....
7. Everybody has the mania to do the Polka from.....
8. From the coast of.....to the Rockies.
9. Back home again in.....
10. Away beyond the hills in.....

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Fun with Arithmetic

You don't have to be a wacky genius to do well on this quiz, but it might help. Here are some nonsensical problems which look like real brainteasers, but which are actually as easy as ABC. How many of them can you solve? Five right is a fair score. From six to eight is good, and our hats are off to you if you get them all right. When you have finished, check your answers with the ones given on the following page.

1. If up is one-half the distance of down and down equals 20.888 plus one-fifteenth of the number of days in November, how high is up?
2. If one reel is equal to 3 times 13 staggers, what is the number of staggers in a 7-reel movie?
3. A Dagwood sandwich measures 5 by 4 by 5 inches and a Wimpy hamburger (cut square on all sides) measures 5 by 5 by 4 inches. If you marry a Dagwood to a Wimpy, what would be the cubic content of their first offspring (named Wimpwood), assuming sandburger Wimpwood would strike an average?
4. If it takes a bulldozer 26 catnaps to clear a field that is 1 square mile, how many 8-hour periods of sleep could you get while the bulldozer cleared a field of 4,000 square miles? That is, of course, if a cat's nap were 4 days long.
5. It requires 13 shady nooks and cob-webby corners to make a haunted room. How many shady nooks and cob-webby corners does it take to complete a 13-room haunted house on Friday the 13th at the witching hour?
6. If it takes 2 iotas of brains to make 1 brain sandwich, how many iotas does it take to furnish 20 sandwiches apiece for the lunch of 40 big brain trusters?
7. If a land league equals 4.83 kilometers and a marine league equals 5.56 kilometers, and if traveling distance between Somewhere and Tokyo is equally divided between land and water, who would get to Tokyo first—a Master Sergeant wearing 20-league boots or a Seaman First Class equipped with the same means of perambulation? Assume, naturally, that both can walk on land and sea.
8. If time is measured in beans at the rate of 1 bean per second, how long does it take Jack to climb his beanstalk, which contains 12 beans per inch on every inch of its 200-yard height?
9. If Marie's garden contains nothing but 6,789 carrots and it takes Marie half an hour to plant each carrot, half an hour to weed each carrot, and half an hour to pull each carrot, how many hours would it take Contrary Mary to grow 6,789 carrots if she works only half as fast as Marie works?

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Answers

Portrait of a Murder

Peter Brown could not have fallen down a steep stairway without severely bruising his body. He had no bruises except the one on his temple caused by the death blow. His murderer was Marcus Jason. First clue which pointed to Jason, who suffered from Daltonism, or red-green color-blindness, was the unwitting theft of the *valueless* painting. Second clue was the condemning white carnation which fell from the murderer's coat.

Everybody Sing

Cities	Countries	Months	States
1. New Orleans	1. France	1. June	1. Texas
2. New York	2. England	2. September	2. Kentucky
3. Singapore	3. Brazil	3. December	3. Georgia
4. Paris	4. Spain	4. July	4. North Carolina
5. Kalamazoo	5. Mexico	5. June	5. California
6. St. Louis	6. China	6. April	6. Alabama
7. Kansas City	7. Ireland	7. May	7. Pennsylvania
8. Berlin	8. Sweden	8. April	8. Maine
9. Chattanooga	9. United States	9. July (s)	9. Indiana
10. Buffalo	10. Russia	10. March	10. Idaho

Fun with Arithmetic

1. There are 30 days in November. One-fifteenth of 30 is 2. Down is 20.888 plus 2. Divide by 2 and at long last you learn that up is 11.444 high.
2. Multiply 13 by 3 by 7 and you get the answer—273 staggers.
3. Exactly the same as Mama and Papa—100 cubic inches in spite of Mendel's Law. 5 times 4 times 5 equals 100 and so does 5 times 5 times 4.
4. 1,248,000. Just multiply 26 (the catnaps to clear one square mile) by 4 (the days in one catnap) by 24 (the hours in a day) by 4,000 and divide by 8.
5. 13 times 13, or 169.
6. 1600 iotas (2 times 20 times 40).
7. The Seaman First Class. He would naturally have been wearing boots capable of covering 20 *marine* leagues at a stride. Since a marine league is 0.73 kilometers longer than a land league, the seaman would reach Tokyo quite a bit ahead of the sergeant.
8. Multiply 12 (beans per inch) by 12 (inches per foot) by 3 (feet per yard) by 200 (the total height of this alleged beanstalk in yards) and you get 86,400 beans. Substituting seconds for beans, you get 86,400 seconds—which is exactly one day.
9. 20,367 hours. Marie takes one and one-half hours per carrot; Mary, 3 hours per. Three times 6,789 is it. Marie, incidentally, grows that many carrots every year.

For Valor and Service

1. Medal of Honor
2. Navy Cross
3. Distinguished Service Cross (Army)
4. Distinguished Service Medal (Army)
5. Distinguished Service Medal (Navy)
6. Legion of Merit
7. Silver Star Medal
8. Bronze Star Medal
9. Distinguished Flying Cross
10. Soldier's Medal
11. Navy—Marine Corps Medal
12. Pres. Unit Citation (Army)
13. Air Medal
14. Purple Heart
15. Pres. Unit Citation (Navy—Marine)
16. Merchant Marine Combat Bar
17. American Defense Service Ribbon
18. American Theater Ribbon
19. Asiatic-Pacific Theater Ribbon
20. European-African-Middle Eastern Theater Ribbon

How Much Did It Cost?

1. (*a*)	4. (*b*)	7. (*c*)	10. (*b*)
2. (*a*)	5. (*b*)	8. (*a*)	11. (*b*)
3. (*b*)	6. (*a*)	9. (*c*)	12. (*c*)

Rhyming Celebrities

1. Clark Gable	6. Charlie Chaplin
2. Bing Crosby	7. Spencer Tracy
3. Marlene Dietrich	8. Shirley Temple
4. Fredric March	9. Fred Astaire
5. Greta Garbo	10. Gary Cooper

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The greatest happiness in his life is to help a man to get started in business

He Built Success on Friendliness

by WEBB WALDRON

IN THE SUMMER of 1932, Smith Johnson, a 37-year-old industrialist worth fifty thousand dollars, set out from his Ohio home with five dollars in his jeans to see whether he could survive in a world where millions of men were roaming the streets and highways looking for work. The consequences of that adventure make Johnson a stirring figure in American industry today.

Smith Johnson's story is a particularly American story, of imagination, foresight and generosity. It illustrates why some industries succeed and others fail. And it has sharp application to the immediate problem of jobs for the returned soldier.

Johnson's great-grandfather came from Connecticut to Ohio by ox cart early in the last century and cleared land for a farm. Johnson's grandfather was a storekeeper. His father, Joe Johnson, was a traveling salesman who started a wooden pail factory in a little town of Middlefield, about 35 miles east of Cleveland. Johnson himself went to college, was a radio operator on a tanker in the last war, then came home to plunge into pails. He asked his father to give him a corner of the plant to play with steel pails. Soon steel pails had run wooden ones right out of the factory.

Through the twenties the Johnsons were making 1,500,000 steel pails a year. They also got into rubber in a small way. Up to 1927 they had bought the rubber gaskets for the pails from rubber companies. Then a man turned up from a defunct rubber company and asked if they'd be interested in making their own gaskets. The Johnsons said yes, and soon had a gasket department going. On the surface all was rosy.

"But," said Johnson, "we learned that the big steel companies were fiddling with pails. If they went in for them, I could see we'd be sunk. We had to buy our steel from them. But they could use their own steel, and so undersell us."

It was a critical moment in his life. He felt the responsibility of the future. The Depression was bearing down and the nation was in a fog of uncertainty.

"Am I capable of meeting the crisis I see coming?" he asked himself. "How good am I? I'm worth about fifty thousand in property and cash, but I made that through a business my father started. Can I earn a cent on my own?"

So Smith Johnson built a trailer. Leaving an uncle in charge of the business, he set forth in that stark Depression summer of 1932 with his wife and five dollars (for gas and oil on the first stretch) to find out how good he was.

He had two assets, a knack for

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painting signs and for taking photographs, both self-taught. He'd try small towns, where there probably wouldn't be any regular sign painters or photographers.

The first place he picked was Republic, a village in northwestern Ohio, where he and his wife landed in midafternoon. Along the main street, he noticed, there were almost no signs to distinguish one place of business from another. He parked and went into the bank. "I'm Johnson, a sign painter. What about a sign for your window?" "Don't need one," said the cashier. "Everybody knows where we are." Next he tackled what looked like a funeral home. Same answer. Then the post office. Same answer.

"I began to think a small town wasn't so good for a traveling sign painter after all," said Johnson. Then he hit a grocery where he got an order for a small sign, white letters on black: charge, two dollars. At a combination barbershop and ice-cream parlor, he bargained to patch up a hole in the window with some tape and paint a sign in return for a haircut and 75 cents. Next he got an order from a hardware store to paint signs on their two trucks.

When Johnson came back to his wife waiting in the car, he had enough orders to keep him busy most of the next day.

So the Johnsons went, from village to village in Ohio and Indiana. They lived entirely in the trailer, getting all their own meals. Often they'd swap sign-painting or picture-taking for food. At a country fair in Indiana Johnson helped sell muskmelons, repaired a flat tire for a visitor and took pictures of race horses for a dollar each.

At another place he got a job lettering the school buses. An old gentleman gave him permission to set up his picture-taking business on the front lawn and use the cellar for a darkroom. Here he found that when his wife colored an 8x10 enlargement they could get a dollar and a half for it.

AFTER TWO months, Johnson and his wife drove home. They had earned a good living for the summer. In addition, they had on hand considerably more paint and photographic equipment than they had started with—not to mention twenty dollars in cash.

"That trip gave me more self-confidence than anything I'd ever done," says Johnson. "Also, I was struck by the warm friendliness of almost everybody. There we were, strangers, going from town to town to make a living, in the middle of the Depression. And people would treat us like old friends, sometimes even ask us to dinner. There was a spirit of sharing that I think is always to be found in small towns and villages.

"Another thing—I saw so many men who needed just an idea, a push, a little encouragement to get them started in business. Often a man would come up to me in the street when I was painting a sign or taking pictures, and ask how one got started in such a business. Sometimes I gave them ideas right off the bat."

The self-confidence that Johnson built up on that trip helped him make a momentous decision. Against all advice, he sold out the pail business, started to concentrate

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on rubber. Pails were a dying issue, and rubber—so he thought—the big opportunity. But Johnson didn't know much about rubber, so he took a correspondence course to learn more, then called in the most promising young men in the plant to work with him. Some manufacturers, he said, always imagine that there's better talent elsewhere and try to hire experts away from other employers. He goes on the idea that the talent is right in his own shop, only it may need training.

Johnson himself designed machines for molding and machining rubber that even the big rubber companies didn't have, and won business from Chevrolet, Fisher Body, Electrolux and Frigidaire. The little Johnson company grew to 575 employes doing a business of 1,750,000 dollars a year, the top industry in that corner of Ohio.

That very growth enabled Smith Johnson to act on an idea he brought back from the trip—helping others get started in business.

The local telephone company was a run-down concern in which nobody took any interest. It had only a hundred subscribers. Johnson heard it was for sale. Buying it for 3,800 dollars, he sent for a young fellow he knew, Jim Hunt, who had worked for him and for Western Electric and knew something about telephones but just then was at loose ends. Jim bit in and, with Johnson's advice, rebuilt most of the line himself. Subscribers who had the old hand-cranked wall phones, Jim found, would be glad to pay 25 cents a month extra for cradle phones. He found, too, that many young people who had moved into the village from the country to work in the expanded Johnson factory would be glad to have phones to keep in touch with their parents on the farm, but just hadn't thought of it. He hiked the customers from 100 to 275.

Finally Jim bought the company from Johnson. Recently he purchased two neighboring exchanges, each with about one hundred subscribers, paying 1,500 dollars for one, and taking the other for its debts. He expects to make both of them profitable. Owner and president of three telephone companies, Jim, aged 36, has an income of 450 dollars a month and estimates he's worth 25 thousand dollars.

"Kelly" Blair was a local kid who had worked in various rubber companies in northern Ohio, then drifted away.

Several years ago he wrote to Johnson from the South saying he was married and broke and asking for a job. Johnson told him to come on if he could do common labor. Blair hitchhiked to Middlefield, washed windows at the factory, dug ditches, shoveled coal. He had learned something about rubber molding at one of the large rubber factories and helped Johnson install some new machinery. He became assistant foreman of the molding department and then, after two others had failed as foreman, was put in charge. Today Blair has 220 people under him, makes 450 dollars a month, has three children, a home and money in the bank.

Tom Hughes was in the real estate business in Philadelphia, but to no great profit. One day his wife asked him to bathe the baby. Tom found that the soaped baby slith-

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ered through his hands like an eel. He had difficulty keeping the infant from drowning. Why couldn't a cradle be devised to hold the baby safely in its bath, with rubber cups to keep the cradle tight in the tub, a metal frame and a rubber back to hold the baby firm? Tom approached several rubber companies; none would bother. Then he heard about Smith Johnson. Johnson, instantly interested, helped him design what Tom called a Babee Buoy. Before the war closed down on his materials he had sold 35 thousand bath-cradles to three hundred department stores.

Mac Parker, nineteen, called Johnson from another town one day six years ago, saying he had graduated from business college and was there a job for him? Johnson offered Mac 35 cents an hour handling the mail, then tried him out on the books.

He proved a whiz, became chief accountant and revised the whole Johnson accounting system. Johnson gave Mac time off to do the books for local merchants, then encouraged him to set up his own accounting office. Mac got the job of handling the books of twenty factories in the county, hired three assistants, and now earns over twelve thousand dollars a year.

"The greatest happiness in my life," says Johnson, "is to help a man get started in business and see him prosper. I'm sure other businessmen can find the same satisfaction. This opportunity is really going to be tremendous when the men come back from the war. We have national organizations set up to get jobs for our returned soldiers, but no organization can have the friendliness and warmth of an individual. Every community has potential businesses that need only a little imagination on the part of unselfish businessmen to blossom into careers for returning soldiers. Suppose we had ten thousand such businessmen! Think of the effect on the future of this country, the stimulus to small business, the growth of the spirit of friendliness.

Smith Johnson has proved his point. He has earned a hearing. Listen to him, American businessmen!

Double Indemnity

A WELL-MEANING FRIEND of Booth Tarkington hurried to inform the author that an impostor was using the Tarkington name for an entrance ticket to social functions. "I know," said Tarkington. "In fact I myself once met him while traveling incognito."

"Was he posing as you?" asked the astonished informant.

"He was."

"And you didn't expose him?" asked the befuddled friend.

"Why should I?" smiled Tarkington. "He's handsome, personable and makes a very good impression. What's more, I get 25 cents in royalties every time someone buys my book for him to autograph." —BILL PARKER

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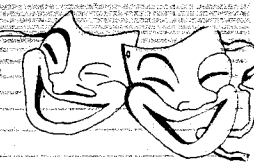
GRIN and Share It



These tested favorites prove that "the good die young" was never said of a joke

Edited by IRVING HOFFMAN

UNAWARE THAT his mother was within hearing distance, Billy let loose a masterful flow of expletives. "Come in the house, son," called out a forbidding voice.

Billy appeared, to be met by a stern face and a whack where it would do the most good. "Now I never expect to hear you use those bad words again."

"But, Mother," wailed the lad, "Shakespeare used them."

"Then you're not to play with him again, understand?" —*The Communiqué*

MUD AND WAR usually go hand in hand. It was on one of those soggy, war-torn roads in Belgium. I was riding in a two-and-a-half-ton truck used to haul supplies in that sector when I spied another GI, shoulder-deep in mud, moving along slowly.

"Can I give you a lift?" I shouted.

"Heck, no!" was the laconic reply, "I'm in a jeep!" —SGT. T. J. HARVEY

STUMBLING HOME in the wee hours, the slightly inebriated gentleman stopped a crony in like condition and asked, "Say, Jim, do you know what time it is?"

"Yes," responded the second co-operatively.

"Thanks," said the first, and he staggered away. —MURIEL LEYDEN

SOMEHOW the Yank had accumulated a five-dollar surplus which he decided to send to his old mother in Tennessee. Unfortunately the post office at his South Pacific camp was out of money orders, but the clerk had a solution. Since the amount was small, why not send it in postage, she suggested.

The lad agreed, and some weeks later his mother received a packet containing 500 one-cent stamps. Her eyes widened, and seizing the parcel she rushed across the field to a neighbor's.

"Look what my boy sent me!" she cried excitedly, pulling out the row of stamps, "—this grand photo of his whole regiment!" —JOSEPH WEBB

TWO FISHERMEN had made a bet as to who would make the first catch. In the excitement of getting a bite, one of them fell from the dock.

"If you're going to dive for them," growled his companion, "the bet's off."

—BERTRAM HALE

TRAVELING THROUGH the Texas Panhandle en route to a new assignment, the sailor got into a conversation with an old settler and his son at a railroad station. "Looks as if we might have some rain," remarked the gob.

"I hope so," replied the native. "Not so much for myself as for the boy here. I've seen rain." —*The Communiqué*

AN AMERICAN Army officer, stationed at a spot particularly subject to air raids, noticed a company of truck drivers who seemed extremely concerned about a soldier named Jackson. Before diving for safety they always made sure that Jackson was in his foxhole and well protected. At the end of the raid there were loud shouts of "Jackson, are you all right?" or "Where is Jackson? Did he get hit?"

"Why all this interest in Jackson's safety?" the officer asked a member of

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the company who was standing nearby.

"It's this way, Lieutenant," the soldier replied. "Jackson is sorta indebted to most of us, and we're taking care of our investment." —PETE ROCKETT

"GOOD MORNING," chirped the telephone operator, "this is Williams, Jones, Brown, Spry, Thurston and Squidge."

"Oh," replied the startled voice at the other end of the line, "good morning, good morning, good morning, good morning, good morning and good morning!" —JESSE WARD

SHUFFLING HOMEWARD down a country lane, the hillbilly spotted a parrot perched high on the ridgepole of a barn roof. Its gaudy plumage attracted him, and he decided to capture the bird for a pet. He clambered up to the roof top and then laboriously inched his way to within reach of the parrot. But just as he put out his hand to grab the bird, it ruffled its feathers, cocked an eye in his direction and asked sharply, "What do you want?"

The hillbilly tipped his hat and backed away respectfully. "Oh, 'scuse me, guv'nor," he apologized. "I thought you was a bird." —S. L. NEUBRECHT

THE PROBLEMS of her particular postwar future had been weighing heavily on five-year-old Janie. She decided to consult her mother. "If I get married someday," she asked, "will I have a husband like papa?"

"Yes, dear," was the answer.

"And if I don't get married will I be an old maid like Aunt Susan?"

"Yes."

"Well," Janie murmured to herself, "I *am* in a fix!" —JAN SNYDER

ONE FAMOUS American observatory occasionally holds an open house for the public. The program includes lectures, a tour of the building and a demonstration of the telescope.

One starlit evening the chief astronomer entered the observatory followed by a crowd of visitors. He touched the button which rolled back an aperture in the dome disclosing a section of the sky. Just as he swung the huge telescope around to fix it on a particular constellation, a comet blazed across the heavens in a long flaming arc.

"Faith and may the Saints preserve us!" an Irish onlooker exclaimed. "That was a good shot—he hardly took aim at all." —STANLEY NEUBRECHT

MAROONED ON a sandy South Pacific island, two sailors were making a careful search for anything edible.

"With all this sand," muttered one, "I'm sure there must be some spinach around here!" —*The Communiqué*

A YOUNG WOMAN boarded a crowded bus with a pair of skis slung over her shoulder. An old southern gentleman gallantly offered her his seat.

"Thank you, sir," she said, "but I prefer standing. I've been sitting all day." —JOHN STEWART

A NEWLY COMMISSIONED second lieutenant in the Army Air Corps was walking down the street with his garrison cap perched jauntily on his head. Just at that moment a colonel appeared.

"Lieutenant!" snapped the colonel, "in this Army we walk *under* our hats, not alongside them!"

—MARGARET B. JAMES

ON A RECENT TRIP to the Coast, a small six-year-old girl made the acquaintance of a stranger and chatted freely. "That's my mommy over there," the child pointed out. "And do you know what? She's going to have a baby!"

There was an embarrassed "Oh" from the listener.

"But not now," explained the youngster. "Not until after the war, 'cause just now God can't get the goods!"

—PETER LORRE

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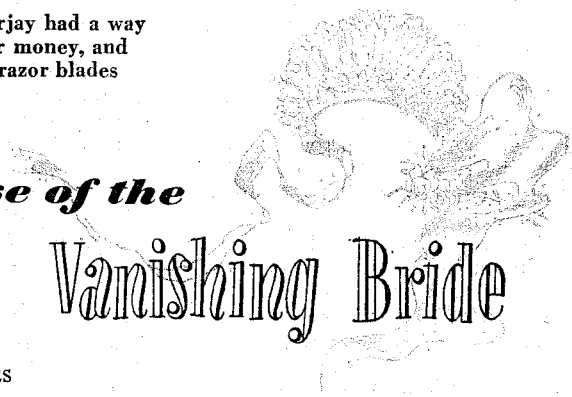
Charming Captain Poderjay had a way with women, a liking for money, and twenty dollars' worth of razor blades



The Case of the Vanishing Bride

by ARCHIE MCFEDRIES

AGNES TUFVERSON was a highly-successful New York City lawyer who had no room for romance in her life. She lived alone in an expensively furnished apartment, and spent her leisure time in art galleries and museums.

In the summer of 1933, at the age of 43, Miss Tufverson—a good-looking woman of medium build whose broad, open features bespoke her Swedish ancestry—decided to spend her vacation in Europe. She traveled alone, as usual. Going up the gangplank of a steamer at Tilbury Dock in London, she stumbled and was saved from falling by a charming stranger.

That was how Agnes Tufverson met Captain Ivan Poderjay—a dark and dashing thirty-five-year-old Yugoslav with an Oxford accent, and a long record as an international scoundrel.

During the crossing to Dunkirk, Miss Tufverson became seasick, and the captain gave her every attention. This daughter of Swedish immigrants who had settled in Michigan knew nothing about blackguards like Captain Ivan Poderjay—charmers who made love to older women for monetary reasons—and when the steamer reached Dunkirk, she was in love for the first time in her life.

Captain Poderjay had spoken vaguely of business matters relating to vast property holdings that would occupy him for several months. "But we shall meet in New York in November," he said, gallantly kissing her hand as he bade her goodbye and hurried down the gangplank. Actually, he was in a rush to meet his bride of a few months who was waiting for him on the dock.

The captain arrived in New York in November with only a few hundred dollars to his name, but he showed Agnes Tufverson the time of her life. And on the fourth of December he married her at the Little Church Around The Corner.

After the ceremony, the bride and groom returned to the Tufverson apartment, and Mrs. Poderjay asked the captain where they were going to spend their honeymoon.

"Right here for the time being, precious one," said Poderjay, "then

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we'll take a grand tour of Europe." His explanation for the delay was that he wanted to remain in New York until he closed a deal with a business firm that had purchased the American rights to a lock he had invented.

A maid named Emily, who came in each day to care for the apartment, was working in the bedroom, and couldn't help overhearing their conversation.

Poderjay called the mail desk on the house phone to inquire if a cable had come for him. When he received a negative reply, he became gloomy and impatient.

His bride asked him what the trouble was. "An English firm owes me twelve thousand dollars," he said, "and promised to cable it to me today. Royalties on my lock."

"Oh," said his wife, "it will probably be here by tomorrow."

Poderjay began to laugh bitterly. "The irony of it," he ranted. "Here I have estates in five different European countries, two and a half million dollars in securities, and I'm worried about a paltry twelve thousand dollars."

"I don't see why you're so worried, Ivan."

Poderjay began to polish his monocle. "The trouble is," he said, "I have only three dollars and fifty cents that I can lay my hands on."

"Don't give it a thought," Agnes replied. "I have about twelve thousand in the bank, and I'll be glad to lend it to you."

ON DECEMBER 19—fifteen days after her marriage—Mrs. Poderjay went to the basement of the apartment house and asked Dan O'Neill, the head porter, to send two trunks that belonged to her and one that belonged to Poderjay up to the apartment. "We're packing," she told O'Neill, happily. "We're sailing tomorrow at midnight on the *Hamburg*."

Mrs. Poderjay asked the porter to arrange for a truck to pick up the three trunks the following afternoon and deliver them to the pier. Later in the day, however, Poderjay appeared in the basement and countermanded the order.

"I have made the trucking arrangements myself," said the captain. Late in the afternoon of the 20th, a private truck called for the trunks.

At eight o'clock that night—four hours before the *Hamburg* was to depart from a wharf which was only ten minutes distant by cab—Captain Poderjay and his wife appeared in the lobby and bade everybody goodbye. Happily, Agnes announced that she was retaining her apartment as a New York headquarters for her husband and herself. Then the two got into a taxi.

Shortly after midnight, Captain Ivan Poderjay returned to the apartment house.

He explained to surprised lobby attendants that some last-minute business matters had cropped up just before sailing time, and that he had insisted Mrs. Poderjay precede him to Europe, where he would join her.

At dusk on the afternoon of the 21st, Poderjay left the building. About three hours later he returned and sought out O'Neill. "There's a trunk being delivered for me shortly," he said. "Have it

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brought up to the apartment as soon as it arrives."

When O'Neill took the trunk—a new, black one—up to Poderjay, he remarked that it contained something heavy.

"Yes," smiled the captain. "Books."

In a little while, Poderjay called the lobby and asked that one of the boys go around the corner and get him a bottle of gin. He put in another similar order around midnight, and sent out for a third bottle at 6 a.m.

About noon, on December 22, Emily, the maid, let herself into the apartment and found the captain intoxicated. He was sitting on a divan, which was piled high with torn letters and papers. "Emily," he ordered, "take these to the incinerator and burn them."

Emily was carrying out instructions when she happened to notice a document that had been among the private papers of the former Agnes Tufverson. Suspicious, the maid began to examine some of the other stuff she was taking out.

Poderjay literally screamed at her. "You are a servant! Obey instructions!"

Frightened, Emily took the papers and stuffed them in the incinerator down the hall. When she turned, she saw Poderjay standing right behind her, and the look on his face terrified her so that she did not return to the apartment.

At dusk a decrepit truck arrived at the service entrance of the apartment house. The driver said that Captain Poderjay had sent for him, and he was taken to the Tufverson apartment. In a few minutes, the driver, the new black trunk, and the dapper Captain Poderjay went down the freight elevator. When the trunk was loaded, Poderjay gingerly hopped up on the dirty seat with the driver and the truck rolled off into the deepening gloom.

TEN DAYS LATER, on New Year's Day, the following cable came from London:

SELMA TUFVERSON
HOTEL SEWARD DETROIT
ARRIVED LONDON CANT STAND CLIMATE
GOING TO FRANCE AND INDIA
TUFVERSON

Selma Tufverson, the recipient of the message, was a younger sister of Mrs. Poderjay. The signature on the cablegram disturbed her. In all past messages Agnes had invariably signed her first name, never her last. Selma Tufverson realized with a start that she knew nothing about her new brother-in-law except his name, and that there was no way of communicating with Agnes until she sent her an address. For four months Selma waited for some word, but none came.

It was a morning in May, 1934, when Selma Tufverson finally called at the office of Captain John H. Ayers, then in command of the Missing Persons Bureau of the New York Police Department. Before nightfall, detectives in both London and New York were probing the mystery.

Scotland Yard cabled the highlights of a dossier that it had on Poderjay. The man had at one time served in the Yugoslavian Army, and had returned to civilian life with the self-designated title of captain. Thereafter he had lived by his wits—and off older women

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with money. Nine months before Poderjay had married Agnes Tufverson, he had taken a French wife in London.

When Scotland Yard officials located the original of the cablegram to Selma Tufverson, they quickly established the handwriting as that of Poderjay, through a penmanship comparison with Poderjay samples on file at the Yard.

But Poderjay, like Agnes Tufverson, had vanished completely. Records of the Hamburg-American line relating to the eastward crossing of the *Hamburg* from New York on the previous December 20 disclosed that the missing woman had not been on the liner. But White Star Line records revealed that Ivan Poderjay had sailed for London on the *Olympic* at midnight December 22—some six hours after he had been driven off in the old truck carrying the new black trunk.

Deck stewards on the *Olympic* vividly recalled Poderjay. He had never set foot outside of his stateroom during the entire crossing. The porthole of the stateroom opened directly onto the sea. It was almost two feet in diameter—wide enough through which to *push* a medium-sized corpse.

Combing the neighborhood of the apartment house, detectives learned that on December 20th—the day Agnes Tufverson had last been seen — Poderjay had purchased twenty dollars' worth of razor blades and a large quantity of sleeping powders at a Second Avenue drugstore.

On Third Avenue, sleuths found the store where Poderjay had bought the black trunk. He had, the proprietor recalled, taken the trunk with him, strapped to the back of a waiting taxicab. Yet when the trunk, *with something in it*, had arrived at the apartment house more than three hours later, it came by truck.

A probe into Mrs. Poderjay's financial affairs revealed not only the twelve-thousand-dollar loan, disclosed by Emily the maid, but the fact that she had converted the remainder of her life's savings—thirty thousand dollars in stocks—into cash four days before she vanished.

NEW YORK detectives on the case made no secret of their suspicion that Poderjay had murdered Agnes Tufverson to get her money. They figured that Poderjay committed the crime, perhaps in a room or an apartment where he had taken his bride by subterfuge, sometime between the hours of eight and twelve the night the *Hamburg* sailed. He may have first put her into a sound sleep by mixing the sleeping powders he had bought that afternoon into a drink.

The next afternoon he bought the black trunk and early that evening took it to the place where the body was secreted. Then he put the body in the trunk and had the trunk taken to the apartment until he left for the *Olympic*.

It had probably been his original intention to dismember the body with the razor blades, but when he found that the porthole opened directly onto the sea, and was large enough to permit passage of a whole body, that had been unnecessary.

Scotland Yard finally found Poderjay living in an opulent apart-

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ment on Vienna's Hintzerstrasse. Two trunks, a briefcase and other possessions of the missing woman were found there.

Detectives from the Vienna International Police Bureau trapped Poderjay into many contradictory statements, and then bluntly accused him of murdering his bride. He just laughed at them. "Where is the body?" he asked with cold defiance. "You must have a *corpus delicti* to prove murder."

Poderjay was extradited to New York to face a charge of bigamy—the only crime the police could pin on him in the absence of a body that was, in the opinion of every detective in the department, at the bottom of the sea.

And so Ivan Poderjay was sentenced to Auburn Prison for bigamy. Upon his release, immigration authorities were waiting for him with deportation papers.

Veteran detectives of the New York Police Department will solemnly assure you that there is no such thing as the perfect murder—until they remember the case of Captain Ivan Poderjay and his vanished bride.

Minor Diplomats

ALBERT, king of the Belgians during the first World War, was noted for his keen sense of humor and unfailing tactfulness. He demonstrated both during an incident which took place when a tribal chieftain from the Belgian Congo was being entertained at the palace.

"Tell me the music you like best," Albert asked the chief as they listened to the royal orchestra after dinner. In a few minutes the orchestra paused while the stringed instruments were being tuned.

"That's it," said the chief.

And for the remainder of the evening they listened to the orchestra tuning up. —*A Friendly Handshake*

WHEN THE U.S. Fifth Army was pouring through Rome in pursuit of the retreating Germans, a confused metropolitan cop attempted to direct the rushing columns of motorized equipment. He failed to see a truckload of soldiers bearing down on him, and a well-meaning American sergeant sought to push him out of the way.

Mistaking his intention, the "metropolitano" swung on the American and knocked him cold with a lucky punch. Just then the truck came to a sudden stop and two squads of GIs hit the ground right in front of the cop.

One of the arrivals walked across to the prostrate sergeant, leaned over and slowly began to count. When he reached ten he blithely announced, "He's out," raised the policeman's arm, waved the soldiers back on the truck and away they went. The quick-witted diplomat had prevented a possible riot. —BASCOM N. TIMMONS in *The Chicago Sun*

GLANCING THROUGH the window, the man saw a woman he disliked coming up the front steps. He took refuge in his den, leaving his wife to entertain the visitor. Half an hour later he emerged, listened carefully and hearing no conversation, called out: "Has that old gossip gone?"

The objectionable woman was still in the living room, but the man's wife was equal to the occasion. "Yes, dear," she called back. "She went long ago. Mrs. Parker is here now."

—PHILIP BEATON

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Newt Wilson of Sky Chefs, Inc. is the pantry pioneer who perfected meals in the air

Food on the Fly

by EDITH M. STERN

WHEN AN airline passenger lights up a cigarette after a delectable, filling meal aboard the plane, he might well ask himself a few questions: without a stove, how was the food kept hot? Where, in a vehicle with such little space to spare, was there room for food, plates, trays, silver and all the trappings of a full-course meal? Where did the food come from? Why was there no odor? After puzzling on these posers for a while, he will doubtless want to thank the man who answered them for him—Newton Kennedy Wilson.

In 1936, Wilson, then responsible for American Airlines' passenger service, decided that something must be done about serving meals aboard planes. For, despite nearly a decade of improvements, the food situation for air passengers was still pretty bad. There was no variety in the menus, food was often cold and tasteless.

For a year, together with two assistants, Wilson devoted himself to working out plans and equipment for winged catering. Ordinary silverware was too heavy, so he devised special undersized pieces. He cut serving utensils in the plane's pantry to a minimum. There, the stewardess has only a ladle, a wooden spoon and a two-tined fork to work with.

Metal trays on which dishes slid back and forth in rough weather gave way to a contraption made of fiber, with holes in the surface into which all receptacles for food fit snugly.

But perfection in equipment was only the takeoff. Newton Wilson, a modest, quiet, somewhat academic man who never leaps before he looks through, in and around a situation, became the 20th century innovator of precise recipes—a sort of Fanny Farmer of flying. Tirelessly he worked on revising and re-revising recipes to make them suitable for aerial use. Not because altitude makes whipped cream and meringue fall, but because of the time that must elapse between preparation and serving. Air meals are always put aboard at the stop nearest mealtime. On some trips this means they must stay in their containers for several hours.

If stuffed green peppers for example, were slow-cooked, they would be a green mush in the hour or more before they reached the passengers. Therefore, peppers that fly are cooked only five minutes. Steaks, on the other hand, have to be served medium or well done; if rare, the surface heat would escape and there would be no heat coming from inside to replace it. Thus the steak would be cold by serving time.

Some things are out altogether

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for sky service. Omelets wouldn't keep their shape during the trip from kitchen to plane to passenger's plate. Eggs are never set on toast, for the toast would get soggy in the time between preparation and consumption. Brussels sprouts would fall apart after four hours even if, like other air-destined vegetables, they were only medium-done.

Thick soups that need last-minute stirring, or soups containing solids like vegetables or noodles, are out, too. The heavy globs of solids aren't suited to pouring out of the Thermos jugs. Picture the splash that would result from a soggy piece of tomato plopping into a half-filled soup bowl. On the trays, there's no space for the conventional wedge of pie; desserts must fit into small cups. Spinach, asparagus and broccoli are difficult to dish out quickly. And then of course there is the problem of smell. Foods such as cabbage and fish are too odoriferous for a plane cabin.

DESPITE all limitations, however, airline passengers do very nicely on dinners consisting of consomme, radishes, celery, olives, to start with; an entree of lamb chops and corn O'Brien with mixed green salad, Russian dressing and rolls on the side. Chocolate sundae, coffee and mints conclude the spread. Lunches might include strained vegetable soup, radishes, celery, olives, followed by chicken à la king served in patty shell, lettuce and green pepper salad, Thousand Island dressing, rolls. Then for dessert, a rhubarb tart and coffee.

All meals on planes are served free. This policy was reached through some unbelievable-but-true bookkeeping which proved that since passengers have no choice of food, the millions of dollars the airlines lay out annually on meals amounts to *less* than if passengers bought food à la carte, with ensuing wastage. Besides a survey has shown that passengers overwhelmingly prefer the present no-charge, no-choice arrangement, anyhow.

With equipment, menus, cooking specifications and the finances of sky service pretty well stabilized by 1940, anyone but Newt Wilson might have called it a day. He still felt, though, that he would like to have all meals standardized to his high specifications for the American Airlines.

Here was the problem he faced: United was the only airline having its own extensive system of kitchens. TWA had one kitchen of its own, Northwest three or four. For the rest, airlines depended on the Hull Dobbs chain of restaurants for some five or ten per cent of their sky catering, or on airport restaurants and individual caterers.

If the caterer at the nearest-to-mealtime stop was good, Wilson found, the meal was good. If he wasn't, it wasn't. Many a competent restaurant chef, moreover, is a washout when it comes to preparing food for air passengers. In this business there is no room for artistic temperament or original recipes; food has to be prepared by rule, on the clock, and often on very short order.

For two and a half years Wilson tried to sell the airlines on the idea of doing their own catering. Then, in 1942, he resigned from American Airlines to become the president of

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Sky Chefs, Inc., the only restaurant chain exclusively serving air travelers. The two airport restaurants he started then have increased to eighteen today, and from his kitchens come eighty per cent of the meals served on American Airlines —which carry one-third of United States air passengers. Sky Chefs, Inc., also serves about fifteen per cent of the meals served on other continental airlines.

Over ninety per cent of Sky Chefs' employes are women. And this isn't just a war-emergency policy. Wilson prefers women cooks. "They'll accept training," he says. "Men want to do things their own way. And women are also more dependable for setting up the trays right. That's important. After all, stewardesses can't go back to the kitchen for something that's been forgotten."

If you ever happen to see a shortish, pleasant looking man with a big cigar, gravely taking notes at mealtime on a plane, very likely it will be Newt Wilson. And after the flight, the manager of a Sky Chefs restaurant somewhere will receive a polite little memorandum, perhaps concluding, if the meal has been praiseworthy, with "Hope this information will be of help to you," or if the comments are unfavorable, "Please let's do everything possible to bring the service up to our standards."

Nothing escapes this man with a head full of big ideas and an eye for detail.

"I've only done the same things anybody else would do, confronted with the same problems," Newt Wilson says when he's complimented for his air-meals pioneering. He assures you he has only started and, like every other executive, he's full of plans for improved post-war equipment and service.

However, from the viewpoint of the average passenger, who is already greatly impressed, improving sky meals would seem to be a case of gilding the lily.

Platform Presence

LIKE MANY PUBLIC SPEAKERS, I have an inordinate fear of audiences. When I find myself tightening up and becoming obviously nervous, I pause for a long moment of deep breathing. The audience mistakes it for dramatic emphasis. But what I'm really doing is looking at my listeners and wondering what they would look like if they were all sitting there in their underwear. The picture is so ludicrous that there is no longer much chance of being afraid. —FRANK L. RAND

AT A DINNER where he was to make a speech, the humorist Willie Collier listened patiently while the general and the admiral who preceded him spoke for an hour each. When Collier was at last introduced, he rose wearily from his chair and said:

"Now I know what they mean by the Army and Navy forever."

Then he sat down. —*Whidbey Island Prop Wash*

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The telephone is growing up. After years of talking it's now learning to walk and soon will be galloping

Galloping TELephones *Are Coming*

by ALFRED H. SINKS

THE TIME is tomorrow, or not much after. The scene is dead flat prairie, somewhere west of the Mississippi. A truck—one of those huge, double-jointed, long haul express jobs, rolls through the night. The driver is uneasy. He keeps shooting nervous glances at his rear-view mirror. The car hanging behind seems to be following him—it could be a spotter for hijackers. One more glance in the rear-view, and the truck driver reaches for a telephone dangling from the dashboard.

Yes, a telephone—the same sort of cradle phone you may have on your desk. The driver presses the receiver to his ear; he need not even take his eyes off the road. A voice answers: "Your call please?"

"This is an emergency, operator. Gimme state police headquarters!"

Fanciful? Not at all. It's being done today by truckmen and trouble shooters driving around New York and Boston.

Yes, the telephone has outgrown its babyhood. It's past the stage when it could talk but hadn't yet learned to walk. Now it can travel by foot, horseback, car, train, plane or ship and do its familiar job.

Some of our returning GIs who have phoned from tanks, jeeps and foxholes are going to be a little impatient with our slow, old-fashioned ways until we've had time to catch up. They think a telephone ought to be where you want it, *when* you want it. And before long it will be.

We're moving fast toward a day when a prospector, camping out in Tibet, can ring up his boss to report an important discovery, even though that gentleman happens to be on a ship crossing the Atlantic—a day when we can telephone from anywhere to anywhere.

Communications experts admit that's the objective. Except for some working out of details they know all they need to know to get there. Of course it won't come all at once. It's going to take a while, but we're on our way.

Already a lot of Americans do their everyday telephoning by radio without knowing it. An oyster-man on Smith Island or Tangier Island in Chesapeake Bay steps into the

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general store, picks up the phone, dials "Operator" and calls any number he wants on the mainland. "Operator" is on the mainland, in a regular telephone exchange. The only difference is that it's equipped with a built-in short wave radio receiver to pick up the calls that come in via air waves from across the bay.

As early as 1932, tugs plying about Boston Harbor were telephoning to the mainland. Today the Bell Telephone companies have fifteen coastal harbor stations that carry radiotelephone conversations between ship and shore. There are even a few shallow draft side wheelers on the Mississippi equipped to talk to Chicago in this way.

By the time war broke out Bell had about 3,200 telephones all told on shipboard. Independent telephone companies and big tug companies with private radiotelephone systems of their own, accounted for many more floating phones. About sixty ports are expected to be using radiotelephone service for adjacent waters after the war.

Here's the way they will work: if a driver trucking around the Bronx, say, should have any reason to ring up the captain of a tug working off Sandy Hook here's what happens to his call. His signal would flag the operator in a telephone exchange right in his immediate neighborhood. That operator would pass it along to the downtown exchange in New York, where a second operator gives him the familiar: "Your call, please." When the operator plugs in on the tug boat's number it automatically sets up the frequency to which the captain's radiotelephone is tuned. The message travels from the downtown exchange to a sending station in Brooklyn and automatically rings the bell of the captain's phone.

The captain's end of the conversation goes through a receiver located in Brooklyn near the harbor mouth, through the control point at the downtown exchange to the sender in the Bronx and thence to the truck. Such calls do a little more traveling than the average telephone call, so the company expects to charge a little more for this kind of service.

THERE WILL be two types of radiotelephones—simplex and duplex. The former is like the radio system that operates between a plane and its carrier where only one party can talk at a time. Both phones are on one frequency or wave length. When the fellow at one end is through, he says, "Over" or "Come in" and the other fellow talks.

The duplex works just like a regular telephone. You talk on one wave length and listen over another, and so does the other fellow. At present the duplex radiotelephones are only in experimental use, but they will soon be produced in numbers.

The distinction between simplex and duplex will probably become well known in a few years for this reason: since there's only so much space in the wave spectrum to be divided among television, radio, and radiotelephone, it is probable that emergency phones—doctors, ambulances, trouble shooters—will be given first opportunity to use the duplex system. Then taxis,

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buses, service cars, trains, trucks and the like would come next, and the humble private citizen last. This is only fair. It's a lot better for conversation about a robbery or an accident to occupy the air than the personal chit-chat of a couple of housewives.

Big cities will be the first to get the galloping telephones because the need is greatest where the traffic is heaviest. Each metropolis will have one or more transmitting stations and a dozen or more receiving stations. Many receiving stations are needed because the radiotelephone has only little power (15 watts) to stab through radio "shadow" from tall buildings and other obstructions. Therefore, a receiving station must be within minimum range all the time.

As soon as the cities are taken care of, telephone companies expect to get going along our main transcontinental highways and trucking routes. Here telephone exchanges will be spaced at intervals of about eighteen miles, each with its own sending and receiving station.

Getting in touch with someone out on the highway will be exactly like putting in a long distance call to someone when you're not quite sure at which hotel he's staying. You give the operator all the help you can: she buzzes here and buzzes there until she locates your party. She'll do the same thing if he's on the move, buzzing one station after another along his route until she finds him.

Engineers figure they can equip a car with radiotelephone for about five hundred dollars. You'll need one of those fishing-pole antennæ about six feet high for sending, and you'll probably own your own batteries. But the telephone company will rent the instrument if you don't want to buy it.

What you buy or rent will fit into your baggage compartment, with plenty of room left over for suitcases. You'll pay on the basis of a flat charge for the first three minutes and so much for every minute thereafter. And don't think you can fool the operator! War-born know-how has made modern radio instruments so highly selective that she'll know just what wave length you're using. And the company will know where to send the bill.

"... Our Daily Bread"

IN SCOTLAND THERE lived an old woman who believed implicitly in the power of prayer. One night two young rogues heard her praying for bread. As a joke, they bought two loaves from the village baker, climbed to the roof of the cottage and dropped them down the chimney. Later they called at the old woman's home to hear her tell of what she considered a miraculous answer to her prayer. When she had finished, the scamps laughingly told how they themselves had dropped the loaves down the chimney.

The old woman's faith was not shaken. "I still say God sent it," she declared, "though the devil's imps may have brought it."—IRVING HOFFMAN

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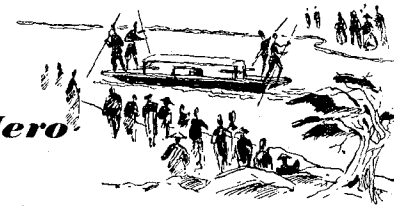
All along the river they lighted firecrackers to honor one who fought for China



Death of a China Hero

by SERGEANT MARION HARGROVE

SOMEWHERE IN CHINA — There was a great battle in the sky and the people stopped their work to look at it. And then the battle moved away until there was nothing left of it but one plane of the *Mei-Kua fi chi* (the American fliers), with its large white star and two planes of the Japanese devils, the *Yi Bin Kwe-Tse*. There was much shooting and then the first and then the second of the Japanese planes fell to the earth with much smoke and great noise.

And after this had happened the people saw that the little plane of the *Mei-Kua* was also greatly harmed. There was much noise such as one hears from trucks on the great road when they are using gasoline of pine roots and there are too many yellowfish riding on the top of the load. And finally the *Mei-Kua* came down to the earth, not smoothly but with a heavy crash, so that the great body of the plane was crumpled and the wide wings were twisted and bent.

And the people found in the wreckage of the plane the *fi chi* who had driven it in the air and beaten the *Yi Bin Kwe-Tse*. He was tall and large, as are all the *Mei-Kua*, and on the shoulders of his jacket were two narrow strips of white embroidery and on his back was sewn the flag of China, with the white sun of *Kuo Min Tang* in the corner, and the chop of the Gissimo himself was stamped below the writing that said this was one of the men who had come from across the wide waters to help drive the *Yi Bin Kwe-Tse* from the soil of China.

The people took him up gently and carried him to a house and attended to his wounds, although they knew he could not live for long. For his arm and his leg were broken and there were many wounds made by the bullets of the *Yi Bin Kwe-Tse* and his stomach was torn so that the guts of the man could be seen within it. But they did what they could to make him comfortable, although the *Mei-Kua fi chi* knew as well as they that he could not live for long.

And while they did the little that they could for him, he laughed with them and made jests in poor and awkward Chinese that they could not understand, for it was not the Chinese spoken in that village. But they could understand his labored laugh and they could see the greatness and the goodness and the strength and the dignity of the dying man.

And when he was dead, this man with the flag of Free China upon his back, they wrapped his body in white, for white is the color of the honored dead, and they laid it in the finest coffin in the village and they placed the coffin upon a barge

An excerpt from "The Best From Yank," published at $3.50 by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 300 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Copyright, 1945, by Franklin S. Forsberg

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in the river to take it to the people who would return it to the great general of the *Mei-Kua fi chi*, *Ch'e Ne T'e*, and the others of the *Mei-Kua*.

And in a box beside the coffin they put the clothing they had removed from him when he was in pain, and with the clothing they put the things that had been in his pockets. They put the little leather case with his money, and the pieces of heavy paper with his picture and the other pictures of the woman and the two children, the *Mei-Kua* cigarettes and the little silver box of self-arriving fire, the two small metal plates on a little chain, the knife that folded within itself and the small brown *Mei-Kua* coin with the picture of a bearded man upon it.

And when this had been done four of the young men of the village took poles and poled the barge up the river to return the *Mei-Kua fi chi* to his own people.

And the news ran quickly all along the river that the dead hero was returning to his people. And all of the villagers along the river and all of the people who lived in the sampans tied along the banks of the river waited to see the barge go slowly by. And wherever it passed, the people lit long strings of firecrackers and honored the *Mei-Kua fi chi* who had fought for China and laughed and jested and died as a hero should.

From a Chinese Grandstand

BASEBALL FANS who have been driven slightly daffy by their wives' impressions of the great American game may be more tolerant with the Mrs. after this glimpse of the diamond through Chinese eyes.

Our Allies in the Far East have been viewing the American boys clouting homers and stealing bases for a number of years, and they've become slightly confused. For instance, the Chinese believe that the pitcher is duty bound to try to hit the bat with the ball. If he succeeds in doing so he is properly punished by the batter who runs like a fiend to all four bases. On each of these bases stands one of the pitcher's friends waiting to stop the runner by preventing the ball from hitting him. But if one of the pitcher's friends seems likely to miss catching the ball, the runner will then slide under him and take cover.

The catcher dons a hideous mask in order to disconcert his own pitcher. Should the batter be foolish enough to allow himself to be hit by a pitched ball, he is put in disgrace. He is not permitted to stand at bat any longer but must humbly trot to the base in a crippled and painful state. Should the next batter connect with the ball, the runner is doubly punished by being compelled to dash to the next base.

The roar of "Ding How!" emanates from the stands when the ball has failed to touch the bat in three swings.

Pelting the umpire with pop bottles is not part of the Chinese reaction to the game. Instead, they pay homage to the star player—by tossing firecrackers his way.

—BEN GOULD

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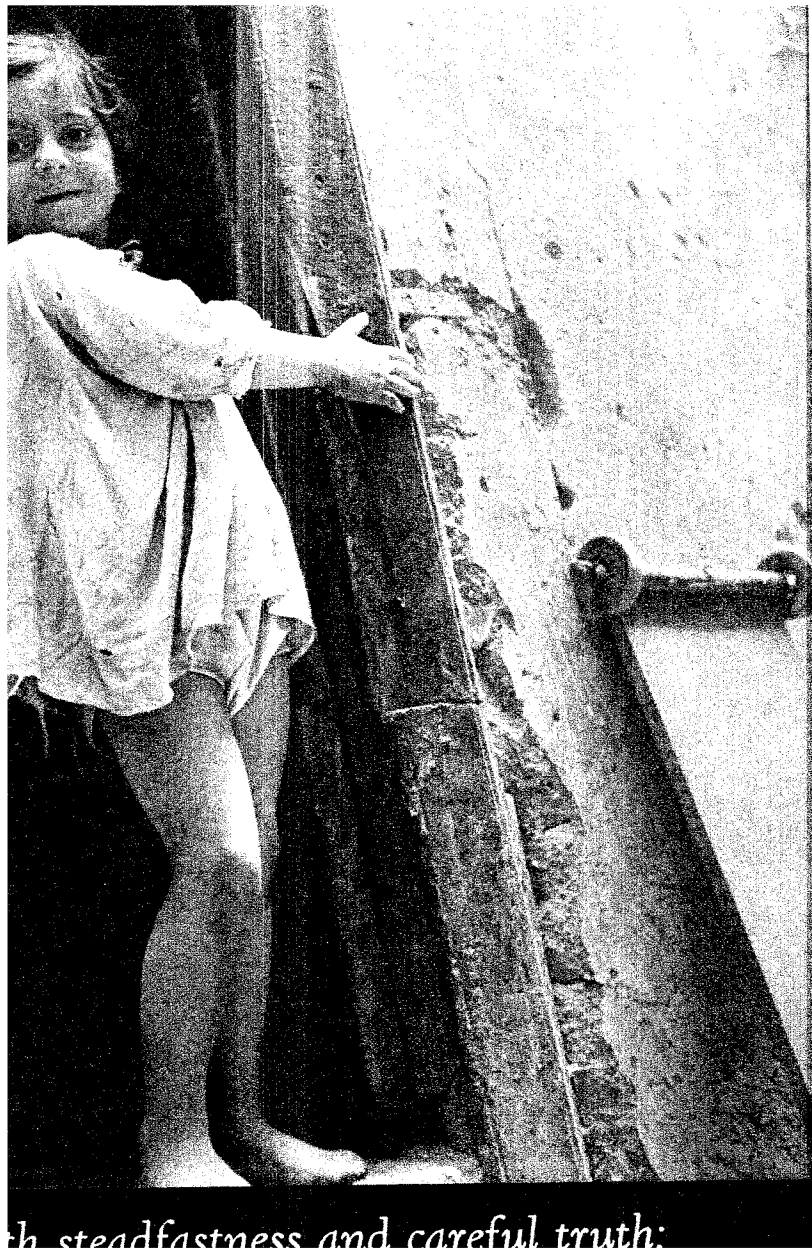

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Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

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And Mirth that has no bitter springs;

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All aboard for a trip on the jet liner of tomorrow—coast to coast in five hours

Tomorrow You'll Travel by Jet

by MAJOR CHARLES M. FISCHER

WE'RE ON THE doorstep of a dream.

Within a few years the public will be reaping the benefits of jet propulsion, the latest miracle of aeronautics which cancels virtually every complaint now held against air travel. Jet flights will be cheaper, faster, smoother and safer than any travel we have ever known.

Many of us accustomed to airline flying today are also aware of its shortcomings. The average flight from Los Angeles to New York, barring delays caused by weather, takes about eighteen hours. There are no non-stop express flights from coast to coast, since an airplane with enough fuel on board to make the trip would carry only a few passengers—and this would cause financial failure.

Jet propulsion solves this problem by using far less fuel than a conventional engine that turns a propeller. At the same time it forces the craft through high altitudes at twice the speed.

Let's project our imaginations ahead and see what the jet airliner will look like. In our minds we'll take a typical journey from Los Angeles to New York.

The agent at the ticket counter smiles as we walk up. "The Jet Liner Express departs in five minutes. Here's your ticket—75 dollars please." We pass through the gate, along with a surge of people appearing from all directions. Some of them are bound for London, Paris and other world capitals.

Suddenly we catch a glimpse of the huge airliner sitting low on the ground awaiting its cargo. We look in awe. A more perfect job of streamlining we have never seen. It looks like a huge bullet with short, stubby wings attached. Nothing protrudes from its sleek form, except the landing gear, which will be retracted in flight. No engines or propellers are apparent, but on the trailing edges of each wing we can discern three round openings, placed about ten feet apart and about eighteen inches in diameter—the jet tubes. On the leading edges of the wings, we see other openings. These are the intake ducts for the jet engines which are buried inside. Not a ripple mars the perfect symmetry of the sleek body.

Climbing up the steps of the loading ramp, we walk into the spacious cylindrical cabin. At the door, we notice the walls of the cabin are unusually thick—for soundproofing and insulation. The immediate lower level of noise is impressive and pleasant.

Soon all two hundred passengers are aboard. The stewardess closes the door and whirls several locks in place, sealing the cabin. A low

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swish of air can be faintly heard as the ventilating system is turned on.

Sitting comfortably by a large double-paned window, we intently watch the three jet exhausts on one wing. Suddenly, a muffled "poof" is heard and a flame shoots out of the nearest one but quickly dies down and disappears until only shimmering heat waves can be seen. On the ground, a few feet to the rear, a little cloud of dust is picked up and blown rapidly away.

The low rumbling roar of the jet increases in volume and we become conscious of another one operating on the other side. The huge plane slowly moves forward, winding its way down the taxi lanes to the runway. Then all six jets are quickly started and the airliner is ready for an immediate take-off.

Without ignition systems and propeller controls to check, and with no engines to warm up, we are saved time and fuel that heretofore had been wasted. The jet engines are always ready to deliver full power.

The pilot opens the throttles and we can feel the plane slowly accelerate. There is no quick surge of power but rather an accumulation. We have the strange sensation we are not moving fast enough to take off, but we glance at the airspeed dial on the wall above the pilot's cabin door—125 m.p.h! We shift our eyes back to the ground outside. We are airborne.

Absolutely no vibration or noise is apparent as we watch incredulously the altimeter's quick change. There are two altimeters. One shows the actual height of the plane above sea level and another indicates the "altitude" of the air inside the cabin. We watch the "outside" altimeter rise to ten thousand feet while the "inside" altimeter remains at zero. Then slowly it starts upward too. When the plane reaches thirty thousand feet, the cabin altitude is but eight thousand —a comfortable, easily-borne pressure. The airspeed has climbed to 350 m.p.h., for jet engines become more powerful and efficient as the speed increases.

The sky has now turned a very dark blue, almost black. The sun shining through the double insulated windows is intensely brilliant, for there is little dust or moisture left, so far from earth, to filter the light.

We look again at the jet tubes and discover one on each side has been turned off. Because the thrust power of the jet increases with speed, it is possible to cut some of them off as high velocities are reached. Four of them in level flight are equal to six at climbing speeds. Another factor is the decrease in atmospheric pressure, reducing the backpressure on the jets, thereby adding to the thrust.

It is serene in the beautifully appointed cabin. All is quiet, warm and comfortable. The outside air temperature gauge shows 45° below zero, Fahrenheit. The air speed indicator stands at a steady five hundred m.p.h.

The bumps we endured at low altitudes have disappeared. There are no clouds or mountains to generate up and down air currents. Weather seldom climbs above twenty thousand feet, so we experience no danger or unpleasantness from that source.

For the next three hours and a

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half, we cruise along, maintaining our smooth high speed. Far below we catch occasional glimpses of the earth, diminutive checkerboards threaded with silver rivers.

Realizing we are a little hungry, we proceed to the Dine-Aire compartment where we choose a table next to the large curved glass windows which form the side of the cabin. Seated there we feel as though we are suspended in space. A curious tingle of loneliness passes through our mind, and is gone.

A pilot strolling by stops at our table. "We have just passed Dayton, Ohio," he says. "We'll be in New York in 55 minutes."

We look out the windows again and notice that two more jets have been turned off. Now only two are left to propel us forward. Then we see the outside altimeter slowly unwinding itself. The long shallow dive to earth has begun. At the moderate descent of five hundred feet per minute, it will take us about an hour to get down. The airliner is virtually an enormous glider sliding down a banister of air, prodded along by the two functioning jets.

We suddenly level off and start to circle. Below our wing tip is LaGuardia Field. We are in New York. The clock on the instrument panel over the pilot's door shows we have been in the air five hours and ten minutes.

And there you have it. Tomorrow's non-stop, cross-country jet flight. Not this year, nor next, nor perhaps the year after—but soon.

Pacific Stories

EARLY LAST NOVEMBER, Admiral William F. Halsey and his staff tuned in on the Jap broadcasts. The Nipponese commentator asked bravely, "Where is the American fleet?"

Jap-seeking Halsey reportedly instructed his aide, "Send them our latitude and longitude." —*San Francisco Chronicle*

BEHIND THE AMAZING blows the U. S. Navy has dealt Japan in the Pacific is one of the most revolutionary developments in naval warfare: a floating supply base that moves right behind the fleet. It includes drydocks and repair facilities, warehouses, bakeries, offices and hotels for its 12,000 population.

To make possible the recent Iwo-Jima operation, this base carried enough toothpaste, for example, to stock 6,000 drug stores, enough spare clothing for 1,500,000 people and enough food to supply a city the size of Columbus, Ohio, for a month.

THE MOST EXPENSIVE highway in the world, according to reports, is a two-mile stretch of road running through the jungles of New Guinea. In their hurry to get the road through, Allied engineers tossed every kind of rock into their crushers. Only when the highway dried and sparkled in the sun did it become apparent that a million dollars' worth of gold ore had been used as surfacing material. —LAWRENCE GALTON

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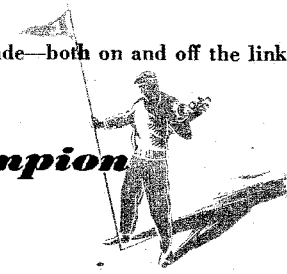
Skip Daniels had the stuff of which champions are made—both on and off the links



My Caddie Was a Champion

by GENE SARAZEN

ON MY WAY to the 1928 British Open Golf Championship, I was talking things over with Walter Hagen, my arch-rival.

"Sandwich takes a lot of knowing," Hagen was saying. "Its blind carries from the tee, its tall sand hills that wall off your view of the flags, its deceptive distances due to the absence of trees, houses or other landmarks, its fade-away greens, and its puffy winds make it tough going. It takes more than a great golfer to win the Open at Sandwich —it takes a shrewd caddie."

And that's when I first heard about Skip Daniels.

He was just a weatherbeaten old caddie who spent the greater part of his life lugging other people's clubs around the Sandwich golf links, but he won the British Open twice—once for Hagen and once for me.

"If Skip is willing, I'll lend him to you," Hagen offered. "But you must take his advice on every shot. He is expensive. His fee for the Open is two hundred dollars. He's particular about his clients —carries only for big shots like the Prince of Wales, Earl of Lothian, Stanley Baldwin and Lord Innis Kerr."

When I arrived at Sandwich a few days later, I asked the caddie master if he knew a boy named Daniels. They call them 'boys' in England regardless of their age.

"Everybody on the Kent coast knows Daniels," the caddie master replied. "Skip," he called out. "Here's an American gentleman to see you!"

From the stone caddie house there emerged a stoop-shouldered elderly man in a black woolen jacket, a bit frayed about the cuffs, threadbare tweed trousers, a black bow string tie of Civil War vintage and a checked cap such as Sherlock Holmes might have worn.

I was taken aback. Surely this ancient specimen couldn't have piloted Hagen to the 1924 title? Yet on closer inspection, there was something reassuring — something as staunch and enduring as a lighthouse—about Daniels' appearance. Skip's blue-gray eyes sized me up quizzically.

"I've got bad news for you, Daniels," I told him, "your old master, Walter Hagen, has loaned you to me for this tournament."

If Daniels felt chagrined he was too polite to show it. "That's quite all right, sir," he remarked in a low voice. "When shall we be ready for a spot of practice?"

Skip, I learned, always employed the editorial "we." Somehow it suited his homespun, forthright personality. He was respectful without any hint of fawning. His suggestions as to the proper club were always

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offered discreetly yet with emphatic conviction.

After my first warm-up round, Daniels observed: "I can't see anyone beating us, sir. If you don't mind my saying so, you're hitting the ball more solidly than Mr. Hagen did when we won the title!"

Daniels had been a fisherman in his early days and had a nose for weather. He could smell a change in the wind and forecast the strength and direction of the breeze on any given hole.

Before the week of practice was up I had come to rely on Skip's judgment. When I walked up to my ball, he would be waiting for me, the proper approach club already in his hands. "The wind is quartering against you, sir," he would say, "better take this number 4 iron and fade one in there."

Despite his gift for guessing weather vagaries, Daniels rarely glanced at the sky. He used to trudge along, eyes rooted on the turf, mumbling quietly to himself. The other caddies, who regarded Skip with an almost religious reverence, insisted he actually talked to the grass!

Every evening, after dinner, Skip would call for me at the hotel with a putter and a bag of balls and suggest an extra practice session in the long English twilight. He would take me out to a green which had tricky contours and stand by for an hour until I had mastered the subtle rolls. Skip's eye spotted imperceptible humps and dips in the carpet. "You must learn how to read the greens, sir," he would say. "They're like a book."

All went well in the tournament until I belted a round house hook over a dune barrier into a scraggly patch of rough. Skip was waiting for me as usual, but, to my astonishment and annoyance, he offered me a pitching iron.

"What's that for?" I exploded. "I can make the green with a full brassie poke."

Daniels' blunt answer brought me down to earth. "If you topped a brassie out of this bristly rough, you'd land in that big ditch, sir," he warned. "Better take this niblick, lob one up short of the hazard and play it safe for a five."

His advice was sound, but my vanity balked at the idea of caution. "If I pick up a birdie four I'll be leading the field tonight."

Daniels looked at me reproachfully. "But, sir, it doesn't matter who heads the pack tonight; it's tomorrow evening that you must lead the field."

So this old mossback doubted my ability to smack a brassie over that pesky ditch! "Dan, give me the brassie!" Grudgingly he sheathed the prudent niblick. Reluctantly he handed me the reckless brassie.

While addressing that rough-imbedded ball I knew Skip was right and I was wrong. Maybe that's why I topped the shot right into the ditch. I hated to look at Daniels, but, as always, he was thinking of my mental reaction rather than of his own feelings.

"Don't let this upset you, sir," he said, softly, "you made the braver choice in gambling for a four. It was just bad luck that you caught the ditch. Forget it, sir. We'll make it up."

But we never did.

I'll never forget the look of utter

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dejection on Daniels' expressive face as they handed the cup to Hagen. His sorrowful eyes haunted me. He sought me out later and said: "Sir, if it's the last thing I do before they bury me, I'll win the British Open Title for you."

Four years floated by; 1932 found me at Sandwich again. I was worried about Daniels' eyesight. The caddie master had told me four years earlier that Skip's vision was failing. The old fellow must be half blind by now.

"Old Dan won't caddie for anybody else," an English friend told me. "He just mopes about the caddie shack all day. He wants to win with you."

The mere sight of Daniels warmed me. My faith in his judgment was stronger than ever after we finished a final practice round in 67. "Oh, sir, if Mr. Hagen could only see you play these beautiful iron shots!" Skip exclaimed.

Daniels mesmerized me into thinking I was good. Mental attitude is half the battle on the links. I was ready for the start of the British Open—rarin' to go.

Next morning while shaving I glanced out the bathroom window. The huddled figure of an old man caught my eye. He was bending low against the strong morning wind, his shiny black clothes blowing against his bony frame, his shabby old hat jammed down tight on his gray head. He was holding a notebook, in which he jotted things down as he trudged along the fairways.

On the 18th green, the old man got down on his knees. He seemed to be measuring the distance between the pin and the edge of the putting surface. Then he straightened up and began drawing a diagram.

Of course, it was Daniels. He got up at daybreak to chart the positions of the flags on all eighteen greens.

During the whole tournament, Skip did my thinking for me. All I had to do was hit the ball. Skip knew the exact position of each pin. As he gauged the strength and direction of the wind, he would sometimes forget himself and lapse into seaman's lingo. "Bear a bit to starboard, sir," he would say, "the flag is some fifteen feet from the right corner of the green."

When my 72 hole total was posted, I found that I had not only won the British Open but had set a new scoring record for the event. As officials were setting the stage for the presentation ceremonies, I suddenly missed Daniels. He was nowhere to be seen. It wasn't until I climbed the steps to where the trophy glistened proudly on a linen-draped table that I saw him. He was pedaling laboriously along the 18th fairway on a ramshackle bicycle of ancient vintage. Skip was all togged out in his best Sunday clothes, including a neat tweed jacket and a bowler hat, and wearing the broadest smile I have ever seen.

I asked permission for Daniels to come up on the platform with me. "This is a great moment for the Daniels family," he whispered as he came up beside me.

Suddenly a mist seemed to cloud my view. I fished for a handkerchief. Somebody nudged me. "Why, you're crying, Sarazen. Pull your-

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self together, man, the crowd wants a speech."

"Gentlemen," I said, "I've lived for this moment during the last six years, but now that the cup is really mine, I can't help feeling that it doesn't belong to me. Standing here beside me is the man who really won the British Open Championship—one of your own boys from Sandwich—my caddie, and my friend—Skip Daniels!"

The last I saw of Daniels he was pedaling home across the moors with my camel's hair polo coat flapping out behind. I had given him the coat as a souvenir.

"We'll do it again next year, Sir," Skip had assured me as we said goodbye. We didn't. A few months later a friend sent me the clipping—two lines on the golf page of the London *Times*. "Richard Daniels, the Prince of Wales' favorite caddie, died today at his home in Sandwich, England."

Snapbacks

♛ IF THERE WERE a fine point he could pounce on, a certain argumentative ecclesiastic could always be depended upon to question a statement with his habitual "I make a distinction."

One evening he was dining with a bishop who decided to amuse his other guests by demonstrating his colleague's penchant for debate. "Do you suppose" he queried at large, "that it is ever lawful to baptize in soup?"

"I make a distinction," declared the ecclesiastic in typical form. "If you ask, is it lawful to baptize in soup in general, I say 'No.' But if you ask, is it lawful to baptize in your excellency's soup, I say 'Yes,' for there is no difference between it and water."

♛ AN INQUISITIVE foreigner, introduced to the celebrated novelist, Alexandre Dumas, immediately commenced questioning him upon his origin.

"You are a quadroon, Monsieur?"

"I am, Sir," replied Dumas, who never made any attempt to conceal his pedigree.

"And your father?" pursued the man.

"Was a mulatto," responded Dumas.

"And your grandfather?"

"Was a Negro," replied the author, beginning to lose patience.

"Ah!" gloated the foreigner. "And may I inquire what your great-grandfather was?"

"An ape, Sir," exploded Dumas. "An ape! My pedigree commences where yours ends!"—CLAIRE WALLACE

♛ GEORGE BERNARD SHAW is widely known for the spacious flower gardens on his vast estate. But one day a friend noticed that not a single cut flower adorned the interior of the house.

"You surprise me," said the visitor. "I thought you were fond of flowers, yet you have none in your home."

The playwright shook his head decisively. "I'm fond of children, too," he retorted, "but I don't cut off their heads and stick them in pots about the house." —LOUIS HIRSCH

♛ IN DEFERENCE to his ability with the knife, a well-known New York surgeon was asked to carve at the dinner party. Unfortunately the fowl was a tough old bird, and suddenly eluding the surgeon's knife it slipped from the platter into the lap of the hostess.

"Gracious, Doctor," the hostess exclaimed lightly, "I don't know whether I would trust you to operate on me."

"Never fear, Madam," returned the surgeon icily. "You are no chicken."

—*Wall Street Journal*

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A *Governor* Goes to Sea

by FLETCHER PRATT

WHEN THE NAVY commissioned Harold Stassen as a Lieutenant Commander, it put two called strikes on the youngest governor in U. S. history. First, Admiral Bull Halsey—one of the toughest masters in the Pacific—had personally requested Stassen for his staff, and to serve a man like Halsey you have to be good not just once in a while but every day.

In the second place, it was Stassen's job to look over the men in action and make estimates of their capacity. It is a little hard to remember that in the summer of 1943 we were operating on a shoestring in the South Pacific and could afford no more losses. Therefore, the matter of selecting the right men to command squadrons was one of top-priority urgency. If Stassen had picked the wrong men we would have lost ships and battles and the campaign.

On the job as the admiral's personnel expert, Stassen probably saw as much action as any single man in the fleet. Officers would come up to rub him for luck, because it had already been noticed in the fleet that no ship he was on ever got hurt, no matter how desperate the battle. Several times Stassen exposed himself by standing on the bridge to witness air battles and cruiser action.

You don't rub a man for luck unless he is definitely one of the gang, accepted without reservations. From the moment he walked into a wardroom, Stassen had that place.

He has a method of sloucling easily into a chair which conceals his size; a method of smilingly asking shrewd questions that is extraordinarily flattering to anyone he addresses, and a method of taking part in everything that is going on while keeping his own counsel. Hashing over a big party, everyone remembered how he had been the life of the occasion, whooping it up—yet he had drunk only two beers.

Or take the case of the afternoon in 1944 when a hot political argument was raging, with Stassen in the center of it. He was asking questions, drawing the others out, getting everything they had to say. Bull Halsey finally fixed his aide with a glare; "Damn it, why don't *you* say something?" he demanded.

Stassen was getting everything out of everybody without giving himself away. That was one of the reasons he was promoted to Commander, which is the toughest step in the whole Navy to get up. And out in the Pacific, there are a good many admirals who would like to have the services of Commander Harold Stassen—not the governor, but the naval officer.

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His First Harmonica

OUR WORLD can't be the same; it shouldn't be the same. It should be better, cleaner, a world worth the fight made for it. But one part of it should go on as it was ten or a hundred years ago—the boy's retreat. Sun-flecked, lazy, lonely, yet inhabited with all the company he desires. It's his. It's the kingdom of heaven on earth. And whatever music he makes, it's good music for him, and the harmonica is a symphony—again, only better.

Remember that this is as removed as the kingdom of heaven. You can't go back. All you can do is look and try to reach for the parts out of your memory. There was the time, to begin with, after school closed when June hadn't yet become summer.

There was the sky, the air, the mood—all of which would become meaningless if an explanation were attempted in our terms.

There was the place, and the directions fit at least 48 of our United States. You walk lazily in no direction at all, and then you find yourself on a dirt cart-track, and you follow that until the path into the woods turns off. You can follow the path all the way down to the creek, or part way or not at all—or else you just let the animal tone running through you lead you, and you will get there anyway.

There didn't have to be a reason. You got there because it was so obviously the place to be, and you crunched down onto the half-rotten log, and went through your pockets and chose the harmonica.

The thought process was different, on a far higher level actually. You never said to yourself that you needed music, as certain uncivilized persons do—those who buy tickets to operas and concerts. Music was with you, and you simply implemented it. You listened to the sounds — the leaves turning, the frogs, the flies — and decided without apparent cogitation that a little more would not be out of place.

So you took out the instrument, and you made music for yourself; real music, new music that had never been written down and never could be; music that expressed all your formless thoughts for you, and only for you.

And now, out of this picture, you can try to bring some of it back. Not any appreciable amount, for Nature, wisely, reserved childhood for children. —ROGER STONE

HIS FIRST HARMONICA

Another feature in Coronet's series of words and pictures devoted to memorable days in American life.

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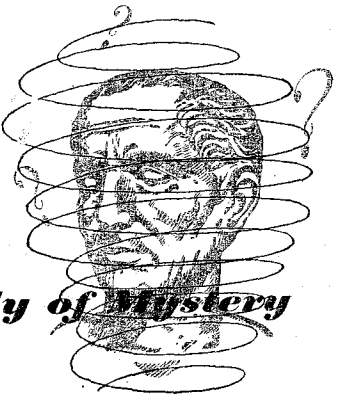
Events that transpire in the lives of amnesia victims are often stranger than fiction



Amnesia: Malady of Mystery

by JULIET BRIDGMAN

AMNESIA . . . the word itself conjures up visions of confused, frightened people asking to be taken to the nearest police station. It spells loved ones separated for years by a dark and enveloping veil of forgetfulness—wanderers in a new and foreign life, helplessly seeking some minute clue to the past.

Small wonder writers and scenarists have been so deeply engrossed in the melodramatic aspects of amnesia. But at the same time, psychiatrists likewise have been studying the subject. And the fruits of their research, prompted by a pressing wartime need, both military and civilian, have been two-fold: they have shed a great deal of new light on amnesia, and they have evolved a method of treatment and cure for this mysterious mental malady.

There are many types of amnesia, some dangerous, some insignificant.

Have you ever lifted up the receiver of your telephone to dial a familiar number and suddenly found it beyond your recall? Or met someone you know well and realized, with sinking heart, that you simply couldn't remember his name? This could be termed a mild sort of amnesia—but don't worry, it is not at all ominous. The types of amnesia with which psychiatry concerns itself—the blotting out of reality and all its associations, the escape from the intolerable of one life into the dreamland of another—are memory lapses of an entirely different nature.

According to recent findings, the amnesia of popular presentation—where the hero gets hit on the head—has been somewhat overplayed. This state, known to medical authorities as traumatic amnesia, is nevertheless very frequent among men who have suffered head injuries in war.

Perhaps the chief reason why traumatic amnesia has been overemphasized is that the cases uncovered have often been extremely dramatic. To give an example:

A young officer in the British Army was huddled in a Western Front dugout with twelve other men. The time was New Year's Eve-1916-17. Suddenly, in the tense

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silence, there came the warning bell, the young man grabbed what he thought to be his coat, and was thrown to the ground by the terrific explosion of a bursting shell. When he woke up in an Army hospital his mind was blank—he couldn't remember his name or any part of his previous life. He was informed that he was Captain de Montalt, Canadian officer. It said so in letters found in his coat pocket—and there was nothing much he could do but accept the evidence at hand.

When the war ended, he went to London, married and lived a happy life—but in the back of his mind there was always a doubt as to his real identity. One day he heard some strangers speaking in a foreign tongue. To his amazement, he understood it perfectly. It turned out to be Swedish.

Here at last was the first slight clue to his unknown past. De Montalt looked through a copy of the Swedish *Statskalendern* which listed the names of all the officers of Sweden. The strangely familiar name of Gustaf Duner flooded his mind with memories. He wrote to the address listed for Duner, and shortly received word that Gustaf had been killed on the Western Front in 1917. The letter was closed with the words, "I am his brother."

Exultantly he went home to Sweden, rejoined his mother and brother, and with them was able to piece together the extraordinary coincidences of his past. After being commissioned by the Swedish Army, he had resigned and joined the British in the Boer War. In 1914 he again joined the British, and at the time of the explosion was putting on the coat of de Montalt, who was killed in the blast.

For ten years before his true identity was disclosed, Gustaf Duner had lived as de Montalt.

Of course, strange cases of sudden and lasting amnesia such as this do not occur very often. The case of a woman who, during an amnesic attack, shot and killed her two daughters and later had absolutely no recollection of the deed, as recorded by Karl Menninger, is much more typical.

While it is true that amnesia may be precipitated by a physical injury or blow, in civilian life this cause for the malady is comparatively rare. It is safe to say that in a majority of cases, amnesia is brought on by a psychological strain or emotional shock which is beyond the power of endurance of the victim's normal self. This is known as hysterical amnesia. Unable to cope with a situation, to face a threat or repress a passion, the hysterical amnesiac escapes into a new role in life.

In Atascadero, California, for instance, a young woman came home to find her elderly husband dead in his chair in their sixteen-room home. From that moment on she remembered nothing until, over a year later, she "woke up" to find herself married to another man. Though she had been wedded to him for some time, her new husband appeared to her as a complete stranger. The only things that seemed at all familiar to her were a few possessions she had had in her former life.

In many respects, periods of amnesia are very similar to dreams—only in amnesia the dream be-

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comes reality, in which an urge to escape is gratified. Amnesia victims who have recovered almost always describe their experience as dream-like—often hovering in doubt as to whether their actions during amnesia were real or whether, as they are wont to assume, they had simply been asleep and had a very realistic dream.

In the case of one modern Rip Van Winkle, the dream lasted for twenty years. Not long ago a man of sixty was hauled off a freight train in Oregon and was locked up in the local jail by the town constables. When he awoke next morning he started talking about the thugs who had attacked him the night before in Salt Lake City. The old man's mystification at his strange surroundings increased when he saw a newspaper dateline. "This is a mistake," he insisted, "it isn't 1937, it's 1917."

When the police gave him a mirror to shave himself, the tattered hobo nearly collapsed. "It isn't me," he shrieked, "what's happened? I am an old man!"

Investigation proved that twenty years before he had indeed been attacked by thugs and had not been seen by his family since that night. Twenty years of his life, meanwhile, had been swallowed up in a waking dream, while he wandered about the country with no knowledge of his own identity or past.

Amnesia had long been regarded as completely democratic—it was thought it might befall anyone at any time. But this, it has been discovered, is not true. Surprisingly enough, amnesia can only occur in people who are conscientious, responsible, and even pedantic. It is the quiet, inhibited, academic person, not the gay and frivolous one, who is susceptible to the disease. Moreover, from the point of view of present-day moral and social standards, the reversal that takes place among victims of amnesia is too often from "good" to "bad." The responsible family man turns hobo, the obedient daughter runs wild, the hero turns coward and flees.

An amnesic spell can last for ten hours, ten days, ten years or for life. But it is only in rare instances that it strikes without warning and lasts for any length of time. Usually, amnesia is forewarned by one or more "twilight states." In these states the eventual amnesiac feels himself drifting off, gradually overcome by a sense of anxiety and confusion. He struggles out of it, very much like a boxer after a tough round. A week or two later, chances are, he will sink into another twilight state, and again pull himself out of it. At this point he should waste no time in seeking a doctor's advice. The next time he drifts off, it may be too late.

Recovery is usually rapid; as soon as the physical threat is gone, a normal state is regained. There was a case of a young fighter pilot who "blacked out" completely during a raid over Germany. Abruptly falling out of formation, he rose to an altitude above the line of flak and turned his ship back. By grace of instinct and perhaps no little luck, he managed to make a perfect landing at his base in England. His amnesia lasted for about two hours, after which he had no recollection whatever of the entire

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a doubt. The alligator was in his favorite haunts. He was fighting a battle under conditions to his decided advantage—trying to drag his prey out into deep water, where he would be helpless.

Coughing and gasping, the bear squirmed and lashed out furiously. Old Devil 'Gator was too anxious. He rolled to seek a death hold, and now the bear found his soft, white belly with the long claws. Clutching the shield-like body in his forearms, he ripped at the belly with his hind claws. Then he tried to get a hold with his fangs on the 'gator's neck.

Now the 'gator was on the defensive. In a wild frenzy, he thrashed about, his big head working to the sides in squirming shuttle movements. Again he tried to roll and strike out with his tail. All he succeeded in doing was to break what otherwise might have proved a death hold. It looked like Old Devil 'Gator had gone stark crazy. The mighty roars, over the splashings of water and the sharp click of teeth on bone and shield made a terrible din. Sam and I sat there in astonishment.

The battle increased in its deadly ferocity. Once the big alligator actually dragged the bear underneath. He was trying to drown the bear, I knew. But Devil 'Gator couldn't keep him there long. When he came up, the bear was bleeding freely. The 'gator had torn a ragged hole in his neck. Weakened, the animal started for the bank again.

This time, apparently sure of himself, the tough saurian rushed his prey with even wilder abandon. But the bear was ready for him. He whirled furiously. Standing on his back feet now, he swept out desperately with a powerful fore claw.

It was a smashing blow, catching the fighting 'gator full force and rolling him over completely. Savagely the bear dropped atop the white belly again and grasped it in a death hug. His fangs found a new hold on the slimy neck.

The 'gator thrashed frantically. His great tail raised fogs of muddy water as it sought a background of flesh for the mighty wallops. Twisting feverishly, the 'gator tried to roll. But it didn't work.

The bear had him for keeps.

Gradually the 'gator's thrashing grew less violent, and then stopped altogether. But still the bear held on—just to make sure. Then he released his hold and stood there, snarling, staring at the crimson streaks running from the monster he had conquered. Slowly he turned and began to work his way wearily back to the shore.

He never did make it up the bank. The game black warrior had lost too much blood from his neck wound. He staggered, then slumped down on the muddy bank and died.

PEOPLE wouldn't believe me when I told them about this fight. They even thought I had ribbed Sam into backing me up on it.

So we took them back to the spot, showed them the bear. Old Devil 'Gator had sunk, but we were able to raise him by the aid of grappling hooks. Even the most dubious finally had to agree that nothing but actual combat between the two could have left marks like we found on them.

I shall never grow tired of telling that story. Nor have I ever heard another to equal it.

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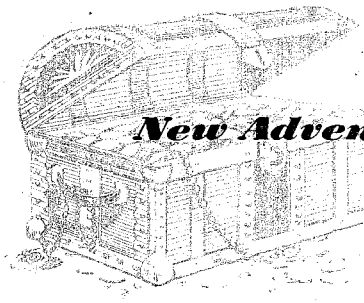
The thrill of high adventure still waits for those who search for hidden treasure



New Adventures in treasure Hunting

by S. Robert Russell

Economists predict that Americans will turn nomadic en masse with the removal of travel restrictions. If, like myself, you find little enjoyment in overcrowded tourist trails, the thought of amateur treasure hunting may appeal to you. If it does, here are a few leads, all based on hard facts and none of them over 25 years old. They may bring you untold wealth, but note that I said "may."

Let's start with the mysterious Florida Keys. There is no section of our country so rich in pirate lore. Many persons believe that huge treasures are to be found on one or on several of these islands. One grizzled old Key character, a commercial fisherman, is positive of it. I know him only as "Charlie," but hundreds of residents from Miami to Key West will vouch for the truth of this story:

One day, while sailing the incredibly tinted waters near Pigeon Key, Charlie dozed off and ran his small sailboat aground. Stepping overboard to work the boat off into deeper water, he stumbled on something solid. It was a coral- and barnacle-encrusted pig of metal such as is used for ballast. Others were piled and scattered over the bottom for as far as he could see.

He found a few loose pigs and arranged them in his boat until it was ballasted to suit him. And then he set sail once more, quite pleased with his good luck.

Two years later, while his boat was hauled out for painting and general repairs, Charlie decided to inspect the bilge planking. In tossing out the ballast he noticed that the pigs struck with a musical ring quite unlike the dull "clunk" of cast-iron weights. Mildly interested he chopped the barnacles from one. To his amazement, he discovered it to be an ingot of solid silver.

Charlie's "ballast" brought him a substantial number of good American dollars, but he was never able to re-locate that silver-littered bar upon which his boat had grounded.

A patient man with a water glass or glass-bottomed skiff might do it. It is worth remembering that old Charlie made his find in 1935.

If diving for sunken treasure

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appeals, Louis Nuta, owner of a yacht basin in the Miami River, is your man. Short and barrel-chested, with blond hair and blue eyes, he burns up a tremendous store of physical energy by raising sunken ships.

In peace-time his hobby is hunting sunken treasure. Since his boat yard is equipped with a glass-bottomed cruiser, great crane barges and diving equipment, he goes at it with high efficiency.

Just before the war he located two uncharted wrecks. They lie almost side by side, on a reef, in less than 35 feet of water, not over five miles off shore and only thirty miles from Miami.

Both are well broken up and so equally encrusted with barnacles and coral that they must have foundered at the same time. The muzzle loading cannon, bar shot and the old fashioned anchor which Nuta has already brought up dates them squarely in the pirate era.

The mystery of these two wrecks, lying so close together, fascinates me. Did they sink as the result of a collision or a deadly battle? Was one a black masted pirate and the other a treasure laden merchantman? Will investigation prove that they went down locked together with grappling hooks and heavy chains?

Recovery operations, in water so shallow that both wrecks can be plainly seen when the surface is still and the sun overhead, will not be difficult, for Nuta has all the necessary equipment. Maybe he could be prevailed upon to sign you on as one of the crew when he goes out to solve the puzzle.

I know of still another wreck. It lies in slightly deeper water, just seaward of a privately owned island in the Caribbean. When light conditions are right it can be seen, standing squarely upright, deck guns in place, hatch covers snug and secure. Coral and barnacles have blurred its outlines until it now appears roughly sculptured from rock or concrete, but its high poop deck suggests a Spanish galleon. Its cargo, whatever it may be, seems to be still intact.

The owner of the island considers this wreck his own personal property and tries hard to keep its existence a dark secret. Some day, when and if his finances improve, he intends to send down divers with dynamite and wrecking bars.

SHOULD YOU drive down into Mexico, you will find many who believe that Guatemoc, Montezuma's fighting successor, completely outwitted Cortez by spiriting great treasures from under the Spaniard's nose to hiding places that the conquistadors could never locate.

There are myriad legends of other vanished hoards and lost mines, but here are two leads that I consider worthy of investigation.

One is a man-made tunnel dug into a great rock cliff that rises sheer from the Pacific not far from Acapulco. It is protected by jagged, half submerged rocks that make landing possible only by native dug-out canoe. The old Indian guide who whispered to me of its existence insisted that it has never been explored. He called the place "Caves of the Pirates." I was all for visiting it at once. My guide was strongly opposed, partly because the Mexican government frowns on

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unauthorized exploration but more, I suspect, because of superstition. Finally, though, he agreed to take me to it.

Pirates may have used that tunnel, but a far older and infinitely more patient race originally hewed it from the solid rock. For even the flickering light of Mexican wax matches revealed that the walls were smoothly finished and decorated with figures and inscriptions. The tunnel itself, from the long delayed echo to our loudest shouts, apparently went in for an incredible distance.

What better place for Guatemoc to hide a treasure?

My guide also insisted that pirates never found the tunnel. Since there is no safe anchorage for a sailing ship nearby, and since there would be absolutely no reason for them to attempt a landing among the treacherous rocks at the foot of the barren cliff, that seems logical. He declared that the Indians, who have always fished every inch of the rocky coastline in their dug-out canoes, discovered, named, and then forever avoided the cave.

In any event, an ancient, unexplored, man-made cave kindles curiosity.

Not far from Mexico City, the road to Laredo drops down through the Montezuma river valley. About 25 miles from the tropical, typically Indian town of Tamazunchale, and off on a rough, dusty side road, is Xilitla.

In Xilitla are the sprawling ruins of an old Spanish monastery, complete with the usual encircling, protective wall of masonry. Part of that wall was built tight against the face of a cliff. Many years ago a mild temblor shook that whole section forward, revealing a tunnel cut into the rock.

Because the walls bore inscriptions of strange snakes, birds and hideous man-beasts the local Indians gave it a wide berth. Years later two ragged and bearded Americans explored it superficially. They came out tremendously excited and left, promising to return within a few weeks.

But they never came back.

What were the two Americans hunting and—what did they find? Why did the padres seal off what would have made an ideal cold storage place and an easily defended retreat? Maybe you can solve both of these mysteries on one trip. But be sure you first obtain an exploration permit from Mexico City.

WHEN THE Pan-American Highway is completed you will be able to drive down to Panama. There is a stream, not far from the canal, that gurgles over a bed of gold nuggets. Harold Kline, civil engineer and architect, of Brewster, New York, knows that. He recovered, cashed and spent some of that gold shortly after World War I. Here's how he got it.

At Colon he made the acquaintance of an old Swiss who was employed to measure the water flow through Gatun Lake. Over cold drinks the Swiss told of the bonanza. At first Kline was not impressed. Engineers in far places hear many such tales. Generally the teller needs only his listener's skill and money, particularly the money, to recover the hoard. But this man had nuggets to prove his claim.

Kline's job was finished. His ship

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was due to sail for New York in three days. They worked fast collecting picks, shovels and other equipment and were on their way by morning.

At the small town of Rosario, on the Chagres River, they cut into the tropical jungle to a small stream and a waterfall. The gold, the Swiss explained, lay at the foot of the falls and downstream from there.

Damming and diverting the little stream above the falls was no problem for a trained engineer. Then Kline went to work with a miner's pan. In less than two hours, he had recovered eighty dollars' worth of gold dust and nuggets. The Swiss had a handful of nuggets picked from the dry bed. They had found an El Dorado. A simple sluice box would make them wealthy in a short time and with a minimum of effort.

There was one obstacle to be surmounted. Their find lay outside the narrow strip of country controlled by the United States. Permission to work it must be obtained from the Panamanian government. That would take time and Kline's boat was leaving in the morning.

They demolished their dam and left, confident that lush tropical growth would soon hide their secret.

Back in Colon they agreed that Kline would make all legal arrangements by mail from his home. But once there, new projects occupied his full attention. One was building another dam. It resulted in the formation of a popular summer resort lake that turned out to be a gold mine in itself. The letters have never been written. Perhaps the treasure is still undisturbed, waiting to be rediscovered.

So when you start that long-planned, gypsy vacation, remember these spots in Florida, Mexico and Panama as good hunting grounds for treasure. Good luck!

The Children's Hour

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Jimmy had been told of the blessed event which was anticipated at his home. From then on he anxiously awaited the arrival of the hoped-for baby sister. Each morning he inquired whether the baby had come. After repeated disappointments, he remarked impatiently:

"I'm going to call God and tell Him to stop foolin' around."

—ORA SANFORD

"WHO WAS the first man?" asked the teacher.

One lone hand went up, and eight-year-old Billy rose to recite. "George Washington was the first man," he answered. "He was first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

"No, Billy," corrected the teacher, "Adam was the first man."

"Oh well," conceded the boy with a shrug, "I didn't know you wanted to bring foreigners in on it."

—*Highways of Happiness*

IT WAS the last day of school before summer vacation. Mary would enter the third grade in the fall, and she was mournfully saying goodbye to her beloved second-grade teacher.

"Gee, Miss Kate," she wailed, "I wish you were smart enough to teach me in the third grade, too!"

—DORIS VINCENT

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Out of the steaming Everglades of Florida comes an amazingly versatile new fabric

Fabric for Tomorrow

by CAROL HUGHES

THE EVERGLADES of southeastern Florida are properly named—a glade forever and ever. Vast, mysterious, once a haven for escaped convicts and run-away slaves, there is still little human life in the four thousand square miles of its interior. For centuries men have searched for a key that would unlock the door to its treasures.

Today engineers and agriculturists are boasting: "In the near tomorrow the Glades will belong to civilization." Into this great, flat, practically treeless expanse has been brought a new plant, a wonder fiber known as Ramie.

The tall, stingless nettle has been cultivated in China for four thousand years. It was so common there it was called China Grass. Introduced to America through the black dirt of the Everglades, it has become so highly valuable that some farm experts unhesitatingly refer to it as "the agrarian revolution."

The wonder plant, now going into million dollar production, opens a new world to the American consumer. It means iron-strong shirts, suits and slacks; socks that won't rub holes; non-shrinking; non-fading dresses with a higher sheen than silk; life-wearing fish nets; paper so strong you can't rip it; freedom from shrinkage and resistance to mildew and rot.

Ramie is seven times stronger than wool and eight times stronger than cotton or silk. Its tensile strength is equal to that of mild steel. A fiber no thicker than an ordinary pin cannot be broken by hand when ripped from the natural stalk. Commissioner of Agriculture for the Everglades, Nathan Mayo, says: "It sounds almost too good to be true. I am always expecting the 'catch' to develop, but so far it hasn't."

Nor have such well known firms as the United States Sugar Corporation and the Sea Island Mills, Inc., found any catch. They intend to turn the Glades into big time agricultural production and make this spot the Ramie center of the world.

THE SUDDEN appearance of Ramie on the American scene is due to two long-awaited developments—the location of ground rich enough and wet enough to support its growth, and more important, the invention of a satisfactory decorticating machine, as important to the widespread use of Ramie as the cotton gin was to cotton.

A decorticator is more simple than its name would indicate—just a table on which to lay the Ramie stalks and two rapidly revolving drums between which the stalks themselves are revolved to strip off

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long strands of fiber. Yet for years this apparently uncomplicated device defied the ingenuity of hundreds of inventors in many countries. Technicians in Germany, Britain, France, America and Japan, even with big financial inducement, were unable to hit upon a good decorticator.

Then a crude but efficient one was discovered when Americans invaded a Jap-held island in the Pacific. Following its general pattern, Dr. E. P. Gardner was able to work out an even better one, to which Sea Island Mills have all patent rights. Today large scale decorticators have been designed and will soon be ready to give Ramie to the world.

Aside from clothing, the uses for Ramie have long been recognized by textile experts everywhere. Braided fibers are wrapped around propeller shafts and other ship machinery to seal out water. For twine and rope it is without peer. Heavy textiles—such as upholstery, draperies, and seat covers—are virtually permanent when made of Ramie. And it is the best known material for towels and bandages because of its absorbing properties and the fact that it is lintless.

Perhaps you are wondering how a fabric that soaks up liquid so readily can be represented as a first-rate waterproofer. The answer lies in the very absorbency of the fiber which takes up, and retains indefinitely, oil or some other water repellent.

Ramie grows the year around. It takes three years for the first harvestable crop, but after that the only cultivation problem is to cut the stalks about three times a year. The stalks shoot up fast, attaining a height of five or six feet in two months or less. About once every dozen years, the fields have to be replanted. Growing, it looks a little like oversized cotton. The leaves have a higher feed value than alfalfa, and pulp from the stalk, as was mentioned, makes untearable paper.

The United States Sugar Corporation, a thirteen-year resident of the Everglades and operator of the largest sugar mill in the country, was the first to invest in Ramie to any considerable extent. They harvested five hundred acres in June and now have in cultivation an additional thousand acres. Florida Ramie Products, Inc., which supplies Ramie to Johns-Manville, recently bought five thousand acres of the Glades with plans to spend 1,500,000 dollars in the next five years on the magic fiber. A. C. Kidd, president of the company, says, "What we have now is only a drop in the bucket to what we really intend to spend."

Hastily viewed, Ramie is not a "small farmer" crop. Its raising and processing seems to need heavy financial backing. Nevertheless, the Sea Island Mills, Inc., see a great boom for the small farmer. They have made small one-man decorticating machines available for him as well as the necessary loans for the long three year wait for the first crop.

The first Ramie products have been put out by the Sea Island Mills and are now on an experimental market, much to the anxiety of Harry Neiman, a company official, who cautions: "Please don't make too many claims about this

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stuff. Already we are swamped by department stores in every large city asking us for exclusive displays." He fears that the product may suffer from over-advertising before being produced in quantity.

The garments are no more expensive than a good grade of cotton or silk. A man's shirt made of Ramie will sell for $5.95 and will wear three times as long as any ordinary shirt. A woman's dress will cost about twenty dollars and slacks around ten dollars. To date the Sea Island Mills have engaged in no extensive advertising, nor do they intend to in the near future. It will require new machinery in their mills to mass-manufacture garments from Ramie, and that will take time.

But aside from consumer benefits, one of Ramie's greatest contributions to the nation undoubtedly is the part it has played in helping to conquer the Florida Everglades.

By day the Glades steam and boil. The wind never sleeps. Each day it blows hot and monotonous. When it rains, heaven's bottom falls out, quick, fast, furious. Then the hot sun appears and the earth fumes. Slithering water moccasins are everywhere. The poised rattler lies coiled in the jungle grass. Slow-moving alligators dig into the soft mud. Exotic water birds rear their young in huge rookeries. Men must ever be on the watch for black dirt fires. Fed by centuries of continuous growth and lush decay the boggy earth is subject to spontaneous combustion.

The last few years have opened new horizons in this one-time waste marsh. Already 125 thousand acres of the rich muck and peat soil are producing millions of dollars' worth of sugar and vegetables. The United States Sugar Corporation drained more than thirty thousand acres for their sugar crop.

The coot, widgeon, and the little burrowing owl have moved farther into the interior of the vanishing Glades. In their places tractors are chugging and wheels are grinding.

Ramie is on the way.

Cutthroats

WHEN MIKULICZ, a well-known surgeon at Breslau, demanded 600 marks for a certain operation, he was asked whether he could not do it for 300 marks. "Certainly," the surgeon replied, "but then I'll have to use dull knives." —*The Canadian Doctor*

AT ONE TIME Henry VIII had a feud on with Francis I of France. He asked his good friend Sir Thomas More to deliver a stinging note to the French monarch, but Sir Thomas hesitated. "Your Majesty," he protested, "you know what a violent temper he has. Why, he might even have me beheaded."

"Never fear," consoled Henry. "If Francis cuts off your head, I will cut off the head of every Frenchman in London."

"That is most kind, Your Majesty," murmured the other uneasily, "but I don't think any of their heads will fit my shoulders." —LOUIS HIRSCH

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If Don Quinn had had a job in 1931 Fibber McGee and Molly never would have happened. Here's how it was

The Wizard of Wistful Vista

by J. RYAN and JOHN REDDY

ALTHOUGH the residents of Wistful Vista—Fibber McGee and Molly and their friends—are as familiar as next-door neighbors to millions of Americans, the man who fathered them all is virtually unknown.

He is Don Quinn, a cherubic 209-pound, ex-commercial artist who is probably the only radio gag writer in America who genuinely likes to laugh. In contrast to most humor writers, a glum and suspicious lot, Quinn is a jolly fellow who enjoys a good joke—even when somebody else cracks it.

It is this cheerful sense of humor which is generally credited with building Fibber McGee and Molly into one of the most popular shows in American radio. It has also made Don perhaps the highest paid gag writer in the country—for he gets a third of the fat check paid each week by Johnson's Wax to the team of Marian and Jim Jordan and Quinn.

If Don Quinn had been working in 1931, none of this would have happened. For then he would not have been hanging around station WENR in Chicago, where it was warm and the lobby chairs comfortable. Don's armchair reverie was interrupted one day by a gloomy looking individual striding across the lobby.

"Who's the sourpuss?" Quinn asked a hostess.

"That's Jim Jordan," replied the hostess. "The comedian."

Quinn introduced himself to the unhappy looking comic and suggested a few gags for Jordan's sustaining serial, *Smack Out*, a quarter-hour show set in an imaginary country store which was always "smack out" of everything. Marian and Jim liked the jokes Don wrote for them, so when the regular writer of the show departed soon afterwards Quinn got the job. The Jordan-Quinn team was born that simply.

Things began looking up for Quinn from the time he joined Jordan, but he still couldn't do much on five dollars per script. So he took on an extra job and found himself touring the country in the harrowing company of Olson and Johnson. In six months with those

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two zanies (during which time he also got out a daily *Smack Out* script for Jordan) Quinn learned a great deal about comedy.

In the meantime, Jack Louis, the agency contact man for Johnson's Wax was looking for a radio show, and often heard *Smack-Out* on his automobile radio while driving to work. He sensed the germ of an idea in the character Jim Jordan played. Louis talked to Quinn and the Jordans and asked them for a new show based on these characters.

In response, Don dreamed up a script with its main characters a teller of tall tales and his wife. He named them *Fibber McGee and Molly*, because he liked the Irish lilt of the name, and Marian and Jim auditioned. They were thunderstruck when the reaction to this off-the-cuff opera was a contract from Johnson Wax officials.

CREDIT FOR the tremendous success of *Fibber and Molly* is pretty equally divided between the humanity in the voices of Marian and Jim Jordan and in the humanity in the words Don Quinn gives them. The voices of the Jordans are warm, neighborly and unaffected, and the words Quinn puts in their mouths are as genuine and American as a buffalo nickel.

"I try to write for *Fibber and Molly*," Don explains, "so that when people hear them they'll say: 'Remember when that happened to Uncle George?' We try to take something that could really happen and then exaggerate it slightly for humorous effect."

Fibber and Molly is what is known in radio as a "situation" show, which means that each program is based on a story plan or plot, in contrast to the "joke" show, which consists of rapidfire gags strung together without telling a story.

Another difference between *Fibber and Molly* and the majority of other successful comedy shows is that most of the others have at least four gag writers, with Bob Hope topping the list with his famous "assembly line" of eight hard-working jokesmiths. Quinn, by contrast, wrote *Fibber and Molly* alone for years and even now has but one assistant, Phil Leslie, a gaunt former St. Louis accountant who, like Don, has a knack for situations.

When the Jordans, Producer Frank Pittman and Don meet at the Jordan's pleasant Encino home on Saturday afternoons to read the script for the following Tuesday show, it is Leslie's job to bring along two or three one-page outlines for shows.

The ideas may have originated with any one of the group, but Leslie types them into one-page synopses to serve as a basis for further discussion by the gang. For instance, recently Don suggested a story built around Fibber reading a murder mystery, and Phil brought in this one-page outline:

"McGee comes home from drugstore with copy of *The Case of The Cross-Eyed Cat*, the latest mystery best-seller.

"Molly hasn't read it yet but it seems that everyone else in town has.

"McGee settles down to read it but everyone who comes in tries to tell him who the murderer is.

"He has a terrible time protect-

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ing himself. Probably gets pretty sore.

"Doc Gamble taunts Fibber with: 'Anyone ought to know after six pages who the killer is.'

"McGee finally reaches the last couple of pages where the mystery is about to be solved and lets out a yelp.

"*Suggested Payoffs:* 1—McGee turns page and reads, 'Owing to the government request to cut down on paper we have eliminated the last two pages from this book. Yours for victory, the Publishers.' Ends show fuming.

"2—Finds pages uncut, Can't find letter opener to cut them. Tries to tear them apart by hand. Tears pages and in a rage, throws the book out the window.

"3—Rushes upstairs to find letter opener to cut pages and solve the mystery. While out of room Beulah gives book to the book drive. McGee blows up, to finish show."

After Don has read the outline aloud, the gang starts "kicking it around," as they call it. The first two payoff ideas are discarded, and all agree on the third, where Beulah gives the book to the book drive, adding a chase in which Fibber tries to get it back.

With that agreed on, and after further suggestions have been tossed back and forth, Leslie begins writing a rough draft of the show. On Saturday he brings this preliminary script to the Jordan home where the gang gathers again and reads it aloud, with Quinn enthusiastically taking the supporting parts.

Then the rough script is "kicked around" further, and Don takes it home and starts whipping it into shape. He is considered a master of amusing dialogue and, with the skeleton script and the suggestions of the gang in mind, he begins weaving in the funny situations that characterize *Fibber and Molly.*

Quinn works straight through Saturday night, pecking out the script in his study off the family living-room. Mrs. Quinn sits up all night with him, lighting his cigarettes, plying him with Coca-Colas and serving as audience for his jokes.

"I bounce 'em off her," says Don, "and if she laughs they go into the script."

Sunday afternoon there is another huddle when the group reads what he has written. After more suggestions, Don goes home again for a second all-night session.

In his final draft, Don figures on from fifty to seventy-five laughs and doesn't care who gets them. Neither do Marian and Jim, which makes them somewhat unique among stars. Don also scorns a gag file or humor library, and even avoids listening to other comedy shows for fear of unconscious plagiarism. An exception is the program of Fred Allen, of whom Don says, "He's the only guy at whose feet I would sit."

The 25-page script is finally finished by Monday morning and is delivered to NBC to be mimeographed. These few typewritten sheets of paper are handled with about as much care as crown jewels due to Quinn's quaint refusal to make a carbon copy. The first complete reading is held Monday morning, after which Don gives it a few final licks and hands it over for the program.

The following night he is in the

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sponsor's booth, where he sits huddled in a corner. He never watches the show but listens to it coming in over the loudspeaker. When the ordeal is over, he's a free man—that is until the following Saturday, when he has to start doing it all over again.

Quinn's formula for comedy writing is simple:

"I try to write Americana, dateless and placeless," he explains, "so that people think of Fibber and Molly as neighbors instead of as Hollywood actors."

There has never been a written contract between Don and the Jordans. Whenever there is a disagreement over whether a line should stay in or come out the difference is compromised. There is no "boss" with final say on a line. The harmony that exists between the entire cast has made them the envy of every other show. For instance, when Harold Peary reached a certain popularity on the show, and wanted to leave for a program of his own, Don gave him the character of The Great Gildersleeve and sent him off with his blessings.

Quinn has no formula for explaining what makes a certain expression catch the public fancy, and when he does coin one, he uses it sparingly. "T'ain't funny, McGee," for instance, is used only about once a month on the program and is still popular after ten years.

Don and his wife Edythe, a former Chicago newspaperwoman, and their two children, Nancy and John Louis, live in a handsome Colonial house in Encino, a colony of gentlemen farmers in California's San Fernando Valley. He bought the house without seeing the interior. He rode past it with a real estate agent, liked the outside, and closed the deal. The Jordans live just a stone's throw down the winding country road.

Most of the free time that Don has now is spent working without pay as a consultant for the Radio Section of OWI. The government recently awarded him a special citation for the war messages on the *Fibber* program. So did weekly *Variety*, which gave a chilly reception to his first *Fibber* show.

The *Variety* plaque is his proudest trophy and hangs on the wall directly over his head as he sits in his den writing *Fibber and Molly* deeper into the consciousness of America.

Man With a Country

An Englishman and an American were presented to the potentate of an eastern country. As the Oriental looked over the Englishman's passport, he remarked: "I see that you are a British subject."

"I am, sir," responded the Briton swelling with pride.

"And you," said the monarch, turning to the American, "are a subject of the United States."

The American gazed at the ruler in amazement. "Subject, heck!" he exclaimed. "I *own* part of the United States." —*The Communiqué*

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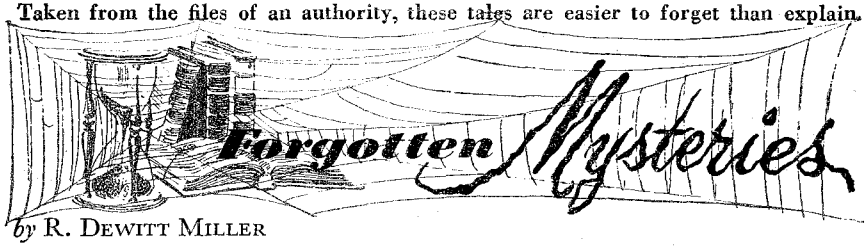
Taken from the files of an authority, these tales are easier to forget than explain.



by R. DEWITT MILLER

THE NAME OF Lord Henry Peter Brougham (1778-1868) is well known in England. The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* devotes two full pages to his biography. He was known to be one of the most extraordinary and illustrious men of his age. And he is the man on whose word the following story rests.

After Lord Brougham's death, his diary was discovered. In the early pages he often mentioned a certain friend named George whom he knew while attending the University of Edinburgh. Later George took a post in India. Soon afterwards Lord Brougham graduated, and in the pursuit of his career he forgot the existence of his friend.

A few years later, on December 19, 1799, Lord Brougham made the following entry in his diary: ". . . while lying in my bath, I turned my head round, looking towards the chair on which I had deposited my clothes. On the chair sat George looking at me calmly. At once, the apparition or whatever it was disappeared."

In a later entry Lord Brougham wrote, "Soon after my return to Edinburgh, there arrived a letter from India, announcing the death of my friend, and stating that he died on the 19th of December!"

But to return to that December 19th entry, it contained one other sentence that is worthy of consideration:

"When we were at the university, my friend George and I drew up an agreement, written in our blood, to the effect that whichever of us died first would appear to the other."

OF ALL THE tales brought back from the shadow world of sleep, here is one of the strangest.

On Thursday night, December 16, 1897, William Terriss, famous British actor, was to appear in a melodrama at the Adelphi Theatre, London. On the afternoon of the 16th, Terriss' understudy, Frederick Lane, appeared for rehearsal and began telling of a dream he had had which pictured Terriss, surrounded by actors and stagehands, lying semi-conscious on the stairs leading to the dressing rooms. According to the dream, his chest was bare and he had apparently been injured.

That night, as Terriss entered the theatre, he was stabbed by a madman. The London *Times* carried a front page story of the murder, and described the death as follows: ". . . he was carried inside the theatre and placed on the foot of

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the dressing room stairs. There, semi-conscious, his chest bared and members of the company around him, he died." The *Times*' story mentioned the fact that those details coincided with Lane's account of his dream, told hours before the tragedy.

Later, Alice Johnson, associate of Newnham College, Cambridge, collected affidavits from three persons to whom Lane had related his dream on Thursday afternoon. Each affidavit agreed on the details of the dream.

THE PAGES of the Michigan *Medical News* late in the 1800's carried the story of a modern miracle-man whose breath produced fire! The case was reported by Dr. L. C. Woodman of Paw Paw, Michigan. The man who possessed these seemingly superhuman powers was a 24-year-old Negro named A. W. Underwood.

After months of tests, Dr. Woodman, convinced that Underwood's uncanny ability was genuine, reported the case as follows:

"Underwood will take anybody's handkerchief and hold it to his mouth while breathing on it. Immediately it bursts into flame and burns until consumed. He will undress, rinse out his mouth thoroughly, and submit to the most rigorous examination to preclude the possibility of any humbug. His breath blown upon any paper or cloth envelops it in flames. He will collect dry leaves and start a fire by breathing on them."

In 1927, Vice-President Charles G. Dawes investigated a similar human fire-producer and certified him as genuine. However, the case of the young Negro, investigated as it was by a prominent physician and reported in a standard medical journal, is the classic of its kind.

IN 1768 A BOY, christened Gottfried Mind, was born at Berne, Switzerland. From early childhood he showed unmistakable signs of being mentally subnormal, and soon developed into a typical imbecile.

As his family had money, every effort was made to develop the child's intelligence, yet throughout his lifetime he could never learn to read or write. Because of his moronic appearance his walks through the city were often accompanied by a crowd of jeering children. He died in 1814 at 46, unable even to care for himself.

Once in his childhood he was given a set of paints and drawing material. He amused himself by producing sketches and water colors of animals and children. Soon it was noticed that these were extremely lifelike and done with a fine sense of composition.

Through the years his pictures gained ever wider recognition, until at his death he was famous throughout Europe. In fact one of his pictures of a cat and kittens was purchased by King George IV of England.

Baffled by a man who was both unquestionably feeble minded and a renowned artist, Dr. A. F. Tredgold, a psychologist, reported the case in his book, *Mental Deficiency*.

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Without files, records or experts, Graymoor continues to redeem lost men where others fail

Haven for Lost Men

by ANN FIELDS

NORTH OF New York City, near the little town of Peekskill, the road to Albany rises and falls among the wooded hills. Now and then, through a break in the birches and maples, you glimpse the Hudson curving southward. Along the highway there is a little sign reading "Graymoor Community" and a road climbs steeply to a two-story graystone building leaning tranquilly against the slope. Beyond are a score of other buildings and a few chapels. Spreading all around are four hundred acres of farmland.

This is Graymoor, whose St. Christopher Inn is one of the world's strangest rehabilitation centers. It is a sort of junction on the road to hell—a junction where the traveler turns himself around and starts back in the other direction. It is where a man's despair is traded for hope. And the strangest thing about it is that no one, not even the sandaled brown-frocked monks who operate it, can explain just how it works.

There is, however, no doubt about the spirit pervading the place. It is effectively rendered in the little placard on the entrance wall:

"Let brotherly love continue . . . be not forgetful of hospitality for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

Graymoor is a monastery, operated by the Franciscan Friars of the Society of the Atonement. It is dedicated to the name of St. Christopher, the patron saint of the wayfarer. Anyone is welcome. Everything is free. To it come men of all faiths and creeds who are without hope—alcoholic, lovelorn, penniless, nerve-racked men, distraught and broken in spirit.

They leave clean-shaven, head erect, and pass back into the world. What they have experienced at Graymoor has led them to hope again, and given them an eagerness to return to a respectable position in human society. What they have given to Graymoor has left it a better place for those who come after them.

For Graymoor never stops building. There is room for two hundred men today, and soon there will be

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room for five hundred. The Brothers Christopher, as all wayfarers who stop at the Inn are called, have built everything at Graymoor.

The only thing asked of a man who comes here is a few hours' work a day. The whole life of the community centers on adding new buildings. The large sprawling St. John's House, the Little Flower Memorial, St. Paul's Friary, the elaborate St. Francis Church and the mile upon mile of grey stone walls—all came to life under the hands of the men who climbed the hill to find shelter, food, and peace. It was all done without plan.

"We had no charts and no blueprints," says a smiling monk, "but I'm sure it will never fall down."

He is probably right. Besides the fences and buildings, Graymoor has giant white crosses rising peacefully among the trees, and little white statues standing quietly in landscaped gardens. Strolling about the grounds are hundreds of monks in their brown robes of the Franciscan Order with its white triple-knotted cincture, occasionally fingering the seven-decade rosary beads hanging from their waist.

There are few restrictions at St. Christopher's Inn. Drinking, swearing and gambling are forbidden, and the lights go out at 9:30 p.m. in the dormitory. Each man has a steel locker for his personal belongings. There is a daily ration of ten cents' worth of tobacco. Anyone in need of clothing is outfitted and the clothes are his to keep. The average stay is six weeks, but some men have been there ten and twenty years. Religious services are optional.

After breakfast each day the men are offered an opportunity to work. The day's work is six hours and each man is assigned to whatever he thinks he does best. A journalist works on *The Lamp*, the monthly publication. A stone mason can apply himself to any of a number of projects. An artist may add a mural to one of the walls. Everywhere the talent of the wayfarer is in evidence.

One Brother Christopher built an intricate hand carved altar in the chapel of the Inn, a work of exquisite art. Another painted the entire office of one of the friars with murals depicting the life of St. Francis of Assisi. Neither left so much as an initial to say who "had passed unawares."

PRESIDING OVER peaceful St. Christopher's Inn is humble and kindly Father Andrew. He has a gay, fun-loving nature and a patient confidence in everything. No human being is ever lost, at least not to Father Andrew, and none is entirely without virtue. Modern in his outlook, tolerant in all things, Father Andrew guides the Inn in an effortless, planless, fileless fashion that is the despair of sociologists and uplift organizations who, knowing that he succeeds where others fail, would like to know how it's done.

"Do you know," he smiles, "Bellevue Hospital once sent me a very detailed and, I'm sure, to them, trying letter asking me to send them all kinds of records, names and cases, and what percentage of the alcoholics recover and all those things that are very important to people who redeem souls by obvious and determined

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methods." He sighs and looks wistful: "I don't think I have a record of anything.

"I don't suppose," he continues, "that any man ever gave me his right name who came here. I never encourage it. I don't know what the other agencies do, but I know that what we have here works. We figure a man comes here to find peace—and he will find it in his own way." And that's about all there is to it.

GRAYMOOR IS the fulfilled dream of the late Reverend Lewis Thomas Wattson of Kingston, New York, a former Episcopal minister. After reading about St. Francis of Assisi, he became absorbed with a desire to found a religious community dedicated to the ideals of poverty and service. He heard of a Catholic Sister in the hills above Peekskill who was already living that kind of life.

Three years later Reverend Wattson preached his farewell sermon, disposed of all his personal property, and left his home in Nebraska for New York State. On the afternoon of October 3, 1899, he arrived at the tiny hut of Sister Lurana in the hills above the Hudson. Having vowed never again to accept a salary, he was penniless.

"Is there a cave round about where I could sleep for the night?" he asked the Sister. She told him of a painter's shack on top of the hill. The Reverend Wattson walked up the steep climb to a shoddy, unfurnished hut. Here he placed a wooden cross, and named his new abode "Mount of the Atonement." Here at last was journey's end.

To this quiet haven, even in the beginning, came a strange mixture of peace-seeking souls, each adding his stones to the building of Graymoor.

Contributions grew from postage stamps to hundred dollar bills as word of its good deeds spread across the country. The original 24 acres, presented as a gift by interested friends, became under the leadership of Father Wattson, now a member of the Catholic Church, the present great community.

So well is Graymoor known today that a letter with that simple address will find its way to the monastery from any corner of the globe. For ten years now Graymoor has been known to millions of radio listeners through "The Ave Maria Hour" from Graymoor Friary. The program, which dramatizes the lives of the Saints, is carried on 120 stations throughout the country.

The stalwart and passionately generous Friars are prepared for any circumstance that might befall a man at St. Christopher's Inn. Any man taken ill is given hospitalization. The dead are buried by the Fathers with pious care.

"We could not ask a town or a county to assume the obligation a Brother who came to us [illegible] Father Andrew. "B

To Our Subscribers

Due to the strain imposed on mailing and transportation facilities these days, it is possible that you may not receive your magazine on the exact day it is due. If this is the case, please be patient as we are doing all we can to deliver each issue to you on time . . . and hope you'll pardon an occasional delay.

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afraid our debt to the Brothers Christopher is far greater than theirs to us."

Waving his hands toward the sprawling buildings, the peaceful cloisters, the neat stone walls, the little white statues, Father Andrew concluded in a quiet voice: "This Inn at Graymoor is only a place where a lost man will always find 'bread, drink and a couch' in accordance with St. Francis' orders."

The Inn gives you an entirely new idea of hospitality. There it is not how well you can entertain your visitor or how much you can give him of the finest food or drink. Hospitality there consists in giving a man quiet without indolence, and time to find again in himself those qualities of self-reliance that have been flattened by hammer blows of adversity.

And if you don't believe that kind of hospitality is appreciated, take a last look at the neat farmlands, the well-constructed buildings, the gardens, statues and crosses—and see the angels they have entertained unawares.

A Pair of Winners

AT THE TIME of the Jim Corbett-John L. Sullivan bout in 1892, Steve Brodie of Brooklyn Bridge fame was operating a saloon in New York's Bowery. When he heard that Corbett had challenged the champion, Brodie predicted loudly that Sullivan would knock out Jim in the sixth round. Word reached Jim's father, as fighting Irish as they come, and he was enraged. Not long afterwards Corbett took him down to the Bowery and offered to introduce him to Brodie. The old man refused. "Oh, come along," urged Jim. "Steve's a nice fellow. After all, that's his opinion, and he has a right to express it."

Still belligerent, the old man yielded. Looking Brodie over sourly, he said at last, "So you're the man who jumped over the Brooklyn Bridge."

"No, no," Brodie corrected him, "I didn't jump over it. I jumped off it."

Corbett senior snorted his disgust. "Oh," he said in thinly veiled contempt, "I thought you jumped over it. Any fool could jump off it."

And he retired in triumph. —FRED STONE in *Rolling Stone* (Whittlesey)

A WEALTHY SOCIETY MATRON who thought it would be a feather in her cap to have Oliver Herford to dinner cornered the famous humorist one day at a party. "I know you are busy, Mr. Herford," she ventured, "but couldn't you manage to have dinner with us Monday evening?"

"Monday?" repeated the humorist, who thought the woman an awful bore. "I'm sorry, but I have an engagement Monday."

"Then how about Tuesday?" she asked sweetly.

"Tuesday is impossible. I have an appointment with my publisher."

"Wednesday?"

"Wednesday," alibied Herford. "I have tickets for the theatre."

"I discourage easily, Mr. Herford," she persisted. "You shan't mind Thursday, won't you?"

"Not at all," Herford, "let's make it Monday." —E. E. EDGAR

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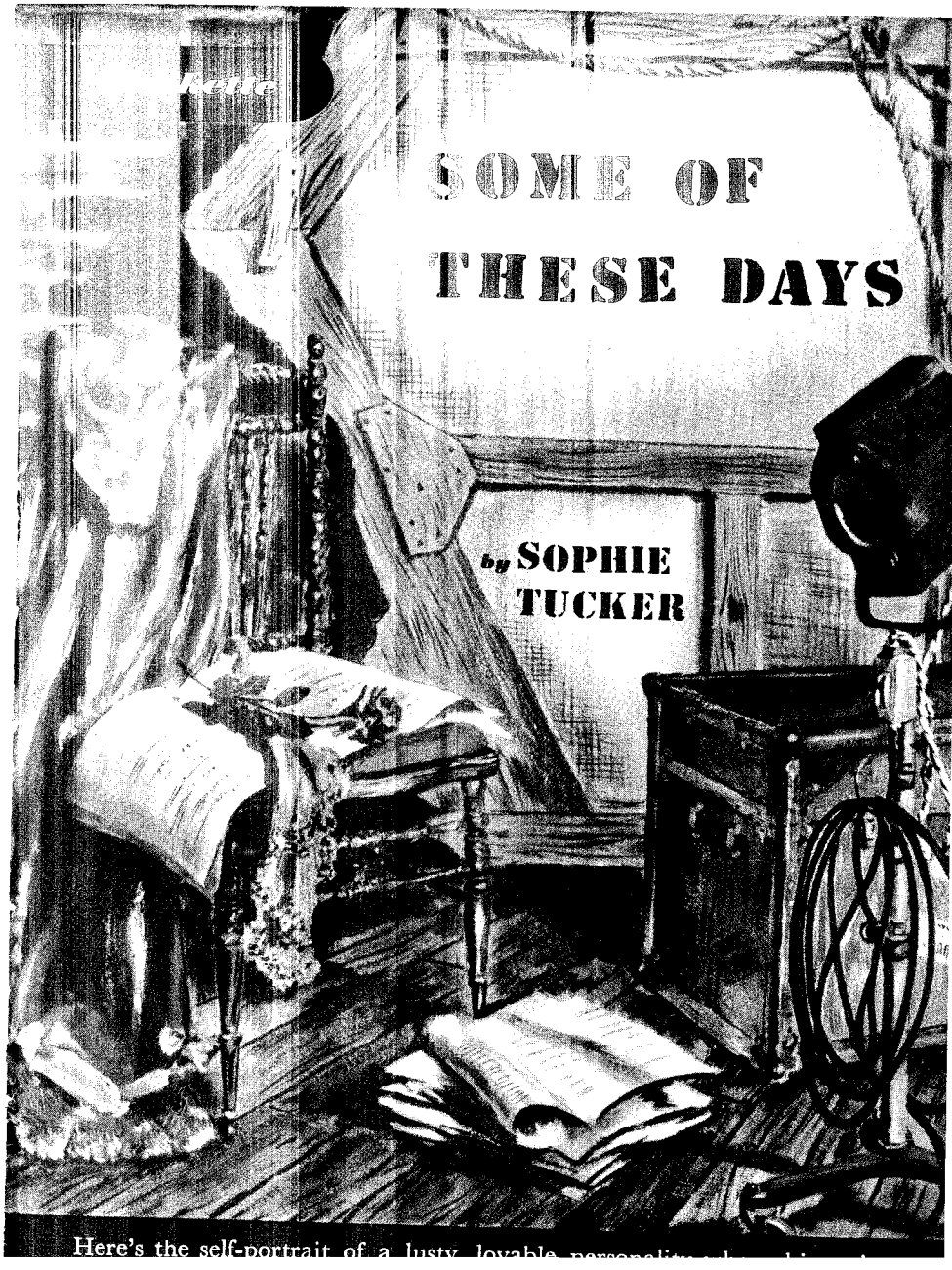

Here's the self-portrait of a lusty, lovable personality

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ILLUSTRATED BY
RAY PROHASKA

SOME OF THESE DAYS

A preface from the author: I was working at the Versailles Restaurant on East Fiftieth Street. One night Ted Friend, of the New York *Mirror*, came over to my table.

"You know, Sophie," he said to me, "you should write a book."

"I've been writing a book for years," I answered. "It's called *Horses That Owe Me Money*, and I haven't come to the end of it yet."

"Just the same, I mean it," said Ted. "You're an institution, Sophie."

"A lot of guys have called me a lot of names," said I, "but you're the first one ever called me that."

I might have passed up Ted's remark but for Louis Sobol coming along not ten minutes later. He dropped into the chair where Ted had sat. And the first thing he said was: "Sophie, you should write a book. Your autobiography. Now is the time for you to do it."

Well, as I figured it out later on, Ted and Louis are two smart boys. Maybe they've got something in that idea. Maybe Sophie Tucker has got something to say to folks that she hasn't said in her songs and her gags. I decided to buy a stack of yellow paper and some lead pencils and see for myself if I could take on a new act.

From the days when I started headlining bills I have been asked how to get ahead in show business. Harry Richman's mother brought him—a kid in short pants—to play for me; Mama Dolly used to question me about what was good for her girls, and there was Minnie Marx and ever so many more. In this book, as I told my story, I have tried to stress those things that I know are vitally important, such as never letting down on a show.

I'll never forget the last show at the

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by Sophie Tucker

Palace in New York. It was ghastly. Everyone knew the theatre was to be closed down, and a landmark in show business would be gone. That feeling got into the acts. The whole place, and even the performers, stank of decay. I seemed to smell it. It challenged me. I went out on that stage determined to give the audience the idea; why brood over yesterday? We have tomorrow. As I sang I could feel the atmosphere change. The gloom began to lift, the spirit which had formerly filled the Palace and which made it famous among vaudeville houses in the world came back.

That's what the entertainer can do. That's the power he has; and which he can use when he knows how to use it.

I WAS BORN on the road — the long, rutted track that leads away from Russia across Poland to the Baltic. Mama was jolting over that road in one of the big, canvas-covered wagons that used to carry poor emigrants bound for America. Somewhere along the way—Mama never could remember exactly where—she leaned over and tapped the driver on the shoulder.

"You'll have to let me get down," she said, and groaned.

Fortunately there was a house nearby, and people in it with hearts as big and warm as the feather bed they put Mama in, and where I was promptly born. I never was late for a show in my life.

I was seventeen when I left my family's restaurant in Hartford to crash show business in New York. After a few weeks of singing for my supper—and no more—I set out for the German Village, a high class "beer garden" on Fortieth Street just off Broadway. To save carfare, I walked.

A table near the entrance was vacant, so I sat down and asked to see the manager.

"Mr. Jumbo? I'll tell him."

I didn't see the drunk till he leaned across my table, breathing into my face.

Zingo, I hopped to my feet, hauled off, and let him have a right to the jaw. There was a yell, the sound of running feet, a police whistle, and a crowd gathered. The music faltered. A policeman shouldered his way into the room.

"Hey, what's all this?"

I burst into tears. "He insulted me," I sputtered, mad and scared at the same time.

"What are you doing here?" The manager—a big chucker-out, "Mr. Jumbo" just suited him—looked threatening.

"I'm a great singer," I fired at him. "I came here to ask for a job and that man insulted me."

Mr. Jumbo got the policeman into a corner and began talking very hard. I didn't realize it, but with my hair-do and the kind of dress I wore, I looked just what I was—a big, gawky country girl of seventeen. Then Jumbo came over to me. He was sorry, he said, that I'd been insulted. As for my getting a job there, they only took girls over twenty. Before I knew it I was out the door.

ONE THING I tumbled to in the course of that night's walk: you could buy clothes on time.

The next day I hunted me an outfit that looked smart. It cost ten dollars. I paid one dollar,

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pledging myself to pay a dollar a week until I was clear.

So one evening soon after, back I went to the Village. The manager, "Mr. Jumbo," was not in yet. They told me the proprietor, Mr. Buchalter, was there. Would he do?

Was I in luck? Jumbo would have been sure to recognize me even in my New York clothes, and the new hair-do I'd been practising. Yes, I would see the proprietor.

"I'm a singer," I told him.

"Sorry," he said. "I have more singers now than I can use."

"But, Mr. Buchalter, how can you say you don't need me when you haven't heard me sing?"

He sized me up quickly. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-three," I said without a quiver.

The door behind him opened. Was that Jumbo? If so, I was sunk. But it wasn't Jumbo. It was the proprietor's wife.

The Buchalters sat down and, playing the air with one finger, I sang for them *Good-bye, Mr. Greenback.* As a performance it was pretty poor, but I sang loud and showed off what a powerful voice I had.

That night—it was early in November, 1906—I went to work at the German Village at a salary of fifteen dollars a week.

I was ready to start my first song when I looked up and saw Mr. Jumbo in the doorway.

He winked. "Good luck, kid. Use your head. And look out for that punch in your right."

"I'll save it for my songs," I promised.

Every week when we were paid, a money order went off to Mama. The balance which I kept went for room, board, and clothes. The rest of the money I made at the Village from the tips went for clothes. I had to look nice every night.

Every day I haunted the music publishers'. The boys there were getting to know me, "The big girl from the German Village."

"Got something new, boys?" was my invariable greeting. Something new. That was what the customers liked. New songs, new business. From those days to this my motto has been: "Get something new."

The boys at the music publishers' put me on to it. I heard them talking: "Up at the 125th Street Theatre, corner of Third Avenue, Chris Brown is running big amateur nights."

Enough said. When the next amateur night came around Sophie Tucker asked off from work at the Village and lined up with the amateurs for Chris Brown.

I sang six songs—then Chris growled, "O.K. You can go on."

I stumbled out of the door conscious of the envious looks of the others. I felt dizzy. Behind me came Chris Brown's voice, calling to an assistant: "This one's so big and ugly the crowd out front will razz her. Better get some cork and black her up. She'll kill 'em."

The assistant took me in hand. He got some ordinary corks from liquor bottles, lit a match, burned the corks, and smeared my face, ears, and neck. I was in street clothes—a tailored suit. He gave me a pair of black cotton gloves, tied a red bandanna over my hair; with lipstick he painted me a

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grotesque grinning mouth. "All right, you're on."

Three songs weren't enough. The audience wouldn't let me go till I had sung three more.

In the dressing room I struggled to get the burnt cork off. The doorman found me crying. "Use soap and water," he advised.

The burnt cork stuck in my ears and in the roots of my hair. But that wasn't why I cried. I knew I'd been the hit of that night's show. And yet none of that weighed against Chris Brown's verdict: "Too big and ugly." If he was right, what chance had I, now or ever?

I left the theatre, still grimy (it was days before I felt really clean), and mounted the steps of the Third Avenue El. It was nearly one a.m., and the platform was deserted. No, there at the far end was a man. He looked vaguely familiar. I walked down toward him. Yes, it was the one I'd seen in Chris Brown's office; someone said he was Joe Woods, a booking agent.

I marched up to him. "Listen," I said, "I'm the girl they blacked up tonight. Do you think you could book me?"

He thought a minute, then he pulled out one of his cards. "Come round to my office tomorrow and I'll let you know."

Joe Woods booked me on a small-time circuit at a salary of fifteen to twenty dollars a week in New York; twenty-five dollars a week when out of town. I'd been pulling down four and five times that at the Village, but I didn't care. This, at last, was show business.

Ina Claire played the same circuit with me that summer. I remember her mother traveled with her. In New York, we usually put up at the same boarding house near the Park, which catered regularly to actors. I paid five dollars a week for my room, sent five dollars home; and then stretched the balance of that twenty-five dollar salary (minus five per cent to Joe Woods for backing me) to cover all my other expenses. Every night I hung out my washing, darned my black lisle stockings (three pairs for a dollar), and dropped into bed dog-tired.

If I said a prayer it was: "God, please make me a headliner."

In each place I played I would ask the manager for a return date before I left. "I promise to have new songs," I would tell him. And when I got a return engagement I kept my word. Something new, that was what counted with audiences. After a few months I found the managers were asking the office if I had any open time. Meanwhile, I learned that by playing return engagements quickly the audiences remembered me.

I was always the first one to get to the theatre and the last one to leave; dressing for my act early so I could stand in the wings and watch the acts ahead of me; noticing what they did, how they worked, the tricks they pulled to get laughs. I'm a born noticer, I guess.

For a year I played the small-time houses—three-day and one-week stands. I'd learned a lot since I left the German Village. I had a stage wardrobe now: two dresses, one of red velvet, the other

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black, a pair of high-heeled black patent-leather pumps, a black wig, black lisle hose, and two pairs of black cotton gloves. Also a tube of brown paste, a can of brown powder, black pencil for eyebrows, and a red lipstick.

The only things I splurged on were fancy frames for Mama's and Papa's pictures. These went with me everywhere. The minute I opened my grip the photographs went on my dressing table. They're there now, only in handsome blue cloisonné frames that were given me in London.

Even in the most awful theatres —and some of them were terrible, dirty, vermin-infested old firetraps —my dressing room was always clean and neat. A clean runner on the shelf; makeup in boxes. No mess on the floor. My biggest expense was towels and laundry. (No Kleenex then.)

On the New England circuit the team of Conroy and Le Maire, blackface comedians, were the headliners on the bill. It was my first experience in a theatre with a headliner. Now to watch and learn.

After the Monday matinee George Le Maire sent for me. I was scared to death that Le Maire was going to have me taken off the bill because his act was blackface too.

"Kid," he said, "you've got a bad makeup on."

"What's the matter with it?" I stammered.

"Sit down, and I'm going to show you how to put on a perfect blackface makeup."

And he did.

No one could have been kinder or more encouraging to a beginner than he was to me. I would see him standing in the wings watching my act. When I came off he was always quick to compliment and encourage me. It was he, too, who advised me how to build up my program. First the bright number (to get the audience to like you); second, the dramatic song (to rouse their interest); third, the novelty (that's to start them laughing); fourth, the fast ragtime number (by this time they'll be ready to applaud and keep time with you).

"Don't overfeed the audience," George Le Maire was always preaching to me. "Leave them hungry. Make 'em yell for more."

All the songs I used then were straight singing songs. I made it my job to learn all the new popular numbers as they came out and to have these with me. Then it was easy to ask the orchestra leader to turn to whatever song the audience asked for. If the music went wrong, I would keep right on. If the mistake was so bad I had to stop, I would tell the audience, "Sorry. That's my fault. Let me try it again." The audience liked me better because I didn't grouch. After a while I caught onto the trick of starting the song myself and letting the orchestra come in after two or three measures.

I got so I could kid with the front spotlight man if the light wasn't the right color. I'd holler up to the gallery where he was working the lights: "Say, boy, I'm a nice girl and I look just awful in that red or green spot. Please put a white one on me." My voice was so powerful everybody knew he heard me, and the audience

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would laugh, and I'd get the white spot. After the show the electrician would come and ask me to go over the cues again, he wanted to get the lights right. The orchestra leader would come and ask me to go over the music again, so there would be no more mistakes. By taking the blame to myself, if anything went wrong, I made them friendly to me.

From the first bill I played I noticed something. Often when something would go wrong with an act, the actors would come off ready to tear everybody's hair, cursing, fuming. And then, between the ravings, they would run out to smile and bow and wave to the audience. Now what I noticed was that the acts that did this invariably lost the audience before they were through. The energy they put into being mad backstage took something out of their work. Besides this, they got the crew and the musicians down on them.

That season I played the New England and small-time circuits. I started a practice of giving the stage crew a dollar every week to buy smokes. Another dollar went weekly to the orchestra leader, "to buy a cigar." Those two dollars bit into my thirty-five per, but they paid in the end. I found when I came back to play those houses again that I had good friends who were ready to help me put my act across.

That same season I found out how important the publicity man of the theatre is. I kept the names of the publicity men in all the houses I played. I would write to them from time to time, sending them new photographs and the names of my new songs. The photographs were another heavy expense, but I knew I had to have them. The public got tired of the same old poses. Something new.

That rule governs every department of show business.

About this time I started to keep an address book, putting down the names of everyone I met who was connected with show business or who showed an interest in me. I would drop them cards from time to time to keep that interest alive. When I booked to play their town again I would let them know in advance and tell them to be sure to come and see me.

I have continued to do this through all my years in show business. That book now has over five thousand names in it.

HANGING AROUND the music publishers' you get to see a lot of other show people. Something I kept hearing was: "If I could get a date at Tony Pastor's." Or, importantly, "I'm playing Tony Pastor's next week."

I'd heard of Tony Pastor ever since the days when I used to run errands for the show people who came to eat in our restaurant. Tony probably "made" more headliners than any other one person who has figured in show business in this country. It was at Tony Pastor's that Pat Rooney got his start and started "*Sweet Rosie O'Grady*" to fame, and Emma Carus used her soon-to-be-famous opening line: "I'm not pretty, but I'm good to my family." To be playing at Tony Pastor's was what "playing the

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Palace" came to be a few years later in the sunset of vaudeville.

Tony never missed one of his own shows. He acted as though he was as keen to find a new act as the act was to prove itself a hit.

He looked me over, and said, "You're the first kid I ever met who didn't tell me she knocked 'em dead. What can you do?"

"Well, I can sing a nice song. And, Mr. Pastor, I've got some new songs that are better than any I've been using. I work in blackface." I added that last quickly, thinking he might be of Chris Brown's way of thinking: "Too big and too ugly."

"H'mm," he said. "What do you get?"

Something inside me whispered: "If you tell him thirty-five, he'll offer you only twenty-five."

"Fifty," I told him, and never batted an eyelash.

He looked through his list of acts. "I can use you next week," he said, "for forty dollars."

I threw my arms around him and hugged him and kissed him. The tears ran all over him.

"My God," he gasped, trying to wriggle loose. "What are you? A cyclone?" He grinned at me. "Go next door and get your contract. Only don't try that act on the fellow in there. I need him."

I breezed into the music publishers.' "Listen, boys, what do you know? I'm booked at Tony Pastor's." Irving Berlin was the first I told the good news. He was one of the Tin Pan Alley boys I'd gotten to know through scouting for songs for my blackface act.

At Tony Pastor's the matinee opened at one-thirty. The first hour was always taken up with what we called "fill-in act"—singers, acrobats, freaks. At two-thirty the main show with the standard acts and headliners came on. I knew I, as a newcomer, would be billed in the first show.

During the overture that first afternoon I overheard one of the boys on the stage say, "Nobody in the house yet."

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Nothing. It's always like this. The regular patrons all know the big show doesn't start till two-thirty. They don't start coming in till after two-fifteen."

Where did that leave me? I studied the time sheet on the wall. My time was two-fifteen. Did that mean I would have to play to rows of empty seats?

Standing there, with my eyes glued to the clock, I prayed the act then playing would be a big hit. And it was. I heard calls for encores. The act that followed went over big too. Two-fifteen . . . two-twenty . . . two-twenty-five. . . It was two-twenty-eight when the boy put up my card:

SOPHIE TUCKER
COON SHOUTER

Then came the introduction to my first song.

But I might as well have tried to sing against the racket of the Third Avenue El as against that tramp of feet coming down the aisles, the click and rattle of seats being let down, the careless laughter and calls of an audience who came only for the headliners and didn't give a hoot about the rest of us.

I shut my mouth like a clam. The

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tinkle of Mr. Brody's piano—my accompanist—died away uncertainly. Then the boom of my own voice, unaccompanied and so spontaneous it scared me out of my shoes, shot across the footlights like a cannon ball: "What for you-all so late gettin' in hyar? Hyar I am, all dressed up and with some most special songs you-all ain't never heard yet. Mr. Pastor's gwine raise hell with me, I reckon, holdin' up the rest of the bill."

It got a big laugh. Where did I get the nerve to holler out like that to a New York audience? Maybe it stirred up something in Mr. Brody too. Together we sailed into my program. One . . . two . . . three songs. The house was giving me all the encouragement in the world. Why, it was a wonderful audience. A fourth song . . . then a fifth . . . The applause seemed to fill that big house right up to the roof.

"Go on," they cried from the gallery, "sing us some more."

Out of the tail of my eye I saw the stagehands fussing. They had the regular bill ready to start. I was holding up the show.

"I can't do that," I told the house. "But you-all come back tonight and I'll have some more new songs for you."

In the midst of laughter and applause I was off. I'd stopped the show at Tony Pastor's cold.

My next step was in burlesque—but it wasn't in pink tights. My first speaking part was in the prim dress, gray wig, and cleverly simulated wrinkles of a crabby woman of sixty. And of course I sang—still in blackface.

For six months the company, the Gay Masqueraders, toured the Midwest. Behind us coming into each theatre as we moved out, was another burlesque show, one of Hurtig and Seamon's.

The dancer in the Hurtig and Seamon show was a tall, lanky, funny-faced kid with rubber legs. Yes, meet Fanny Brice. She didn't have the Jewish accent then. Fanny didn't know a word of Yiddish until years later, when she learned the dialect from Harry Delf, a grand Jewish comedian who used to play the joints in Brooklyn and Coney Island.

My friendship with Fanny Brice, ripening through more than thirty years, is one of the good things I got out of my season on the burlesque wheel.

I might still be singing in blackface if I hadn't lost a trunk and been forced to appear without my makeup.

In Boston I made my first appearance in an elegant gown—and with a white face. On the stage I swished around in elegant imitation of a headliner.

The act went perfectly. Then came the moment to bow gracefully and run off the stage. I backed up a step, felt the gown's ruffles catch my feet, and stopped. The audience was calling for more songs. But I'd already sung all I had rehearsed and had run over my time. A glance into the wings showed me the stage manager beckoning.

"Don't milk the audience," I heard him call. "Come off."

I tried to kick the ruffles away from my feet. My heel caught in them. I hopped back, trying to

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loosen it, and kerplunk, down I sat like a ton of bricks.

There was a howl of laughter: "Funny act." "Very funny girl."

"What are you laughing at?" I shouted, crying. The fall hurt. My feet were all snarled up in those ruffles, and the dress was so tight I couldn't move myself to get free. "It isn't funny at all," I bellowed.

Still the house went on laughing, applauding while I did the only thing I could do, slide off stage on my backside. And that was the climax of my elegant performance.

The manager clapped me on the shoulder. "Kid, that's a great piece of business. Keep it in your act. You're a real comedienne."

Yeah, I thought, feeling myself gingerly. If I have to do that two shows a day, seven days a week, I'll never last to make the Follies.

I DID MAKE the Follies, though. At first, just two short numbers no one thought much about or even bothered to have me rehearse. I was to sing in a jungle skit and in a six-minute specialty just before the forty-thousand-dollar finale.

This time life behaved just like the movies. The jungle number didn't amount to much, but my specialty stopped the show. The finale went on, but for all the attention the audience paid the marvelous set and costumes or the singing, the stage might have been dark. Oh, they applauded. But it wasn't the forty-thousand-dollar scene they were applauding. It was me—Sophie Tucker. All through the number the house kept on calling for me to come back. The finale fell flatter than a pancake.

After the show I became aware of something going on downstairs that I knew must have to do with me. Angry voices. Nora Bayes', quick and sharp. Mad. "I won't have her in the show with me. I'm the star. No other singer, I tell you. Either she goes out, or I go."

Bang! A door slammed violently.

I stood petrified, my heart bursting, all my jubilation exploded like a balloon.

The only friend I had was Mollie, Lillian Lorraine's colored maid. I found her.

"Mollie, you heard what happened? Why should Nora Bayes do that to me?"

"Now, Patsy"—Mollie's face was grave—"you've got to remember this is show business. Even a star like Miss Bayes has got to protect herself."

Out on the Boardwalk I found Irving Berlin waiting for me. I poured out the story to him.

"Listen, kid,"—Irving repeated Mollie's words—"this is show business. You know what you did tonight, don't you? After this there's no stopping you. You're going places, young lady. Only yours will be the hard way. And remember, the hard way is the best way."

At the morning rehearsal, Mr. Ziegfeld announced several changes in the running order of the show.

"Miss Tucker," he said, and my heart bobbed up into my throat, "you will do only the jungle song."

The summer of 1909 is a long time past. Today I know that my experience with Nora Bayes in the Follies taught me more than anything else that ever happened to me in show business. It taught me

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that show business is a business, and a hard-boiled one. If you are in it, it's up to you to protect yourself. And there's no room in show business for hurt feelings, resentment, or self-pity.

Nearly ten years after that experience in the Follies I was formally introduced to Nora Bayes at a luncheon party. She was immediately cordial. Neither she nor I ever said a word to reveal that I was the girl she ordered out of the Follies. As years went on we became close friends. I think I was one of the last to be entertained at her home before she went to the hospital to have the operation from which she never recovered. But the Follies of 1909 was something neither of us ever mentioned.

Knowing Nora taught me another lesson: to live modestly. Nora was extravagant in all she did. She loved life and living. She traveled with a staff of secretaries, servants, pianists, and manager. She adopted three children and added them and a governess to her train. Her party filled several suites in the hotels.

When I would meet Nora in some city she would always fuss with me:

"Sophie, you must take a suite. You must live well. It helps your prestige."

"I can't afford to do those things," I would answer. "What if I lose my voice? Who is going to take care of me then?"

We came to New York and opened at the New York Roof on the twenty-second of June. Nora Bayes had had her way with Mr. Ziegfeld, still she was not happy. Then we heard that she was leaving the show. Eva Tanguay was coming to take her place.

Tanguay came. She heard the jungle song and asked to rehearse it. The next day there was a notice in my box telling me that my services were no longer required.

Mollie, always a true friend, was determined that I should not let my experience in the Follies build up a resentment against either of the stars who had refused to let me shine near them. I have always been glad that Mollie herself was a witness to my meeting with Eva Tanguay.

IT HAPPENED some fifteen years later, when I was headlining the Majestic Theatre in Milwaukee. I opened that Monday afternoon with a very bad cold. Eva Tanguay had been the headliner the previous week. Her salary at the time was five thousand a week. She was laying off in Milwaukee, spending a few days with friends, and she came to see my opening matinee.

I'll never forget that meeting. I was sitting in a lightweight kimono when Eva came in.

She took one good look at me and then started in to scold. No wonder I had a cold. "You don't dress properly . . . In the winter . . . A girl with your voice . . . You should take better care of yourself . . . Wait a minute, I'll be right back . . ." Out she dashed to the nearest department store and to a drugstore, and back she came with a lovely set of silk-and-wool underwear and a bottle of cough medicine. She, herself, insisted on getting me into the one and dosing me with the other, while scolding me the

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whole time. Neither of us said one word about the Follies of 1909. In fact, I am sure Eva Tanguay never associated me with the girl whose job she had taken away.

Eva Tanguay was famous not only for the sums she made, but for those she spent. Every gown she wore cost from five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars. Her bill for gloves and hose alone was a thousand dollars a month. Several years after our meeting in Milwaukee, Eva Tanguay was in Chicago, at the Hotel Sherman, her life savings, furs, jewels all gone. Her eyes had started to go bad with cataracts and she suffered from arthritis.

It was a tribute, I think, to Mollie's philosophy that it should be I to whom Eva Tanguay turned for help in those dark days. I was able to raise the money immediately among the members of our profession so she could have the needed operation on her eyes.

It was about this time, 1929, that I had my first meeting with Florenz Ziegfeld since I was in and out of his Follies of 1909.

"Mr. Ziegfeld"—I couldn't resist asking, "why haven't you played me in any of your shows all these years?"

"You made too much money in cafes and vaudeville," he replied. "I should have placed you under a personal contract when I saw you tie up the show in Atlantic City in 1909. But I had so many worries, I let you get away from me. Much to my regret."

I waited nearly twenty years for that bouquet.

My first big time engagement was at the American Music Hall at forty dollars a week, not much compared to female impersonator Julian Eltinge's 3,500, or prizefighter Jim Jeffries' five thousand, but it was big time.

From the start, when I got my first vaudeville engagement, I had kept all my press notices and letters, even post cards, pasting them into ledgers I bought at the Five-and-Ten. While in Chicago I invested a half dollar in a regular scrapbook. Now there are five big trunks filled with scrapbooks—the records of more than thirty years' work.

I swung around the Orpheum Circuit playing to big houses everywhere. I always looked forward to playing Chicago. The house in New York, of course, was the Palace. I suppose more careers were made and more hearts broken in that one theatre than in all the other houses of the entire Orpheum and Keith circuits.

Your success in show business depended on how you went over at the Palace. At a Monday matinee there were more upset stomachs backstage than at a Metropolitan opening. Would the czar of vaudeville, Mr. E. F. Albee, see your act and would he like it? Would Mr. J. J. Murdock okay the price you asked for it after the matinee? Every booker in New York, and many from London, would be standing in the back of the theatre at a Monday matinee. So were all the "legitimate" managers and producers, scouting for talent. The Palace was like an auction block.

I never remember playing the Palace in all the years, from a small act to the headliner, that I ever walked on the stage without new

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songs, new gowns. Later, when I went to Europe, I always brought back handsome props and clothes for my engagement at the Palace. I would spend as high as two thousand dollars on the act before the Monday matinee.

IN CHICAGO, where I played twelve consecutive weeks doubling in vaudeville and at the Marigold and the Edelweiss Gardens, I met some of the underworld. I knew the boys by their first names and nicknames only. They were great fans of mine and had a lot of respect for me as I have reason to know. I was sporting gorgeous diamonds, furs and clothes. One night a phone call came through, just as I was leaving the hotel to go to the show. An unknown voice said, "Don't wear your diamonds any more."

I hung up, with no idea who it was, but I paid attention to the warning. I went to work that night very nervous. After the show I met some of the boys and told them about the call. A few hours later a message came back to me. A cokey in a small cigar store on the North Side had made a crack to his pal, "Let's go after Tucker's diamonds tonight." It was the pal who had called me not to wear them, after he had beaten up the cokey and told him to lay off a regular fellow.

A few years later, when I was playing out at the South Side Theatre in Chicago, I was just about to go on the stage when a phone call came through: "Don't go home tonight on the Outer Drive."

I rang up Mayor Thompson, whose apartment was on the floor above mine at the Sherman Hotel, and told him about my mysterious phone call.

"Don't worry," he said, "I'll have somebody take you home okay when the show is over."

When I got out to the front of the theatre, there was an armored car with a half dozen police and detectives waiting to escort me home.

Then one morning I was walking down Broadway, all aglitter, when I heard a woman remark, "What a load of ice that gal wears in the daytime!" It was her tone as much as the words that taught me how vulgar it was to wear so much jewelry in the daytime. I never did it again.

It took Chicago hoodlums to teach me about jewelry, but I learned about furs for myself.

I bought a leopard skin coat and sealskin muff, and a hat of sealskin with a big leopard-skin bow! I went in hock to get them. You could see me coming five blocks off.

Gradually I began to notice something queer. Whenever I sported my fur coat the others on the bill were never anxious to go anywhere with me. If I didn't wear the leopardskin outfit, the gang was always around. After a few seasons I got wise. Never after that did I go in for showy coats. But I developed a love of fine furs and bought them to wear on the stage—an ermine wrap in which to make my entrance. The press began to comment on how well I dressed.

I BECAME A headliner, but to my mother I was also the same *zovarecha*, wild animal, who used to

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hustle through the work in the restaurant in Hartford and be out the door, banging it after me. On one visit home I got into an argument with my brother Phil and losing my temper, snapped, "What the hell do you know about anything?"

Smack! Mama's hand caught me flat across the face.

"Don't forget, young lady, you may be a headliner, and the breadwinner of this family, but just the same this is my house. And in my house you'll show respect for your elders at all times."

I wasn't likely to forget. Mama never had occasion to smack me again until just a few years before she passed on in 1924. Then she heard me let out at Phil for something. I was smacked right down, and I was in the two-thousand-dollar brackets then, too.

Not that Mama wasn't proud of me. She was.

I once took her with me to Chicago, where she sat in the front box of the Palace on opening night and when the applause grew and the flowers began coming over the footlights, I could see Mama wiping her glasses, blowing her nose, straightening her hair. That night I introduced her to the audience. The spotlight played directly on her. I had a moment of terror, not knowing how she would take this. But she stood up in the box, straight as a tree, smiling, bowing, and throwing kisses to everyone.

Afterward I asked her if she had been nervous.

"Why should I be nervous? In my mink coat and the spotlight on my plumes! I was thinking, now I get my money's worth out of my expensive hat. And isn't it nice all Chicago can see me dressed so nice!"

I was starring in a London revue when a cable arrived for me during a matinee. Mama had been sick. The cable was short—only four words. It said, "Make first boat home."

It was a beastly crossing all the way. I spent my time in bed, hugging my prayer book and making trips to the wireless room to receive and send messages.

As always aboard ship, a concert was arranged, and all the performers aboard—there were quite a lot of us, including Rudy Valentino—were expected to take part. Finally, the date was set for the night before landing in New York.

I wasn't going to the concert, I was alone in my stateroom. There was a knock on my door, and in came Rudy Valentino. He wanted to know if I was coming up to the concert.

"I couldn't sing, even if I wanted to," I said. "You'll have to tell the passengers to excuse me, and explain to them why."

Rudy shook his head. "I know it's tough," he said, "but if you could make it, it would mean a lot to everybody."

"I can't," I said.

I tried to read but I couldn't. The ship was pitching badly. Everything rattled. The toilet articles fell off the dressing table. I began to feel worse and worse. Frightened. I suppose the other passengers were feeling that way too. I thought, "You're not doing anybody any good, or yourself either, brooding down here all

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alone." So I dressed quickly and ran up to the lounge. There I faced a sea of anxious faces, everybody holding onto their seats for grim death, chairs sliding all over the place. A lot of people had given up trying to keep in chairs and were sitting on the floor. Every time the boat rolled, you'd hear gasps and now and then a scream.

Rudy and Teddy, my pianist, came down to the door and guided me to the piano. Just as I got there the boat listed again. I tried to hold myself up against the piano. Then the piano started sliding. It took Rudy and Ted and six stewards to keep it and me from smashing through the wall of the lounge. It was Rudy Valentino who suggested lifting the piano off the platform and setting it on the floor, with six stewards sitting around it, bracing it in place. Nobody could think of a way of bracing me up too. People were laughing now. It was funny, because while I was singing I was sliding around all over the place. So I sat down on the floor and gave a show that way.

I shouted out whatever funny things I could think of to say. I sang all the songs I could remember—all that were funny and sure to get laughs. Rudy Valentino was sitting on the floor beside me.

"Please go up to the wireless room," I begged him, "and see if there is any message for me."

He went. And I went on singing more songs, watching the door all the time for Rudy to come back.

I'd been singing for over an hour when I saw Rudy coming down the lounge. One look, and I knew.

That's all I remember of the concert. I didn't have to read the message, which Teddy gave me later, "Ma passed away."

MAMA LEFT A will. Her jewelry was to go to sister Annie, her fine bedclothing was to be divided between Annie and brother Phil. She explained carefully that if brother Moe had been married she would have left him some of the bedclothing. "And to my daughter, Sophie, who gave me everything, nothing because she don't need anything."

BY 1932, THE talk flew round backstage that the Palace would soon go into a grind policy—four shows a day with pictures. The gloom was so thick you could cut it with a knife.

On Wednesday night I was standing center stage singing my fool head off when I happened to glance off at the side entrance. Bill, the stage manager, was beckoning to me. I paid no attention. A crowd gathered at the entrance. They were all beckoning to me to get off the stage. Then they pointed overhead for me to look up. I looked and saw a tongue of flame shoot out in the flies. Fire! I thought: I can't leave the stage now. The house was packed.

"Take it easy, folks. Don't run. Give everybody a chance to get out."

The front and side doors of the theatre were open and the draft spread the flames above me. I stood there singing and praying. Then I was yanked off the stage by the property boy and the steel curtain came down.

That was the famous fire at the

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Palace. Most of the damage was up in the flies and in the orchestra pit. The newspaper headline:

RED-HOT MAMA BURNS UP PALACE THEATRE!

Of course I have been bitten by the movie bug. I started out to see if I had any chance in the silent films.

Warner Brothers made a screen test of me in an outdoor farm scene. All I remember is the silverback reflectors used, and that I was dressed in a gingham outfit and told to roll a big barrel up and down a hill. After I took a look at the rushes, I made up my mind I was wasting time hanging around Hollywood. I played the Orpheum tour back to Chicago.

In 1929 I made a picture for Warner Brothers — *Honky Tonk.* I went out to the Coast with trunks full of new Paris clothes and the feeling I was riding on air. The welcome the Warner Brothers gave me at the station, with flowers and a crowd of friends and a brass band, didn't deflate me. I was still elated after my first day in Hollywood when I climbed into bed, along toward morning, got myself comfortable, and started to read the script of *Honky Tonk.* I read it through from cover to cover, and my jaw dropped down on my chest. I reached out an arm and grabbed the phone.

"Hurry, operator, and get Mr. William Morris in New York. And get him quick!"

When he answered, I began to jabber. "Listen, Boss, I've just finished reading the script. I must not make this picture. Every bit of success I've built up will be killed if I do!"

"But you have a contract!"

I had to be content with that.

After the preview the house went wild with applause. I looked at all of them and I said just two words: "It stinks!"

I climbed into my car and went home and phoned the Boss. "Listen carefully, Boss," I said over the wire. "I worked hard all these years to make the name of Sophie Tucker a success. Now I've got to roll up my sleeves and start over again."

It wasn't until after *Honky Tonk* was released that my headaches started. The first town I played after the picture was shown was Rochester, New York. I had always been a big box-office attraction in that city, but that week the receipts went down. In the next town it was the same, and it was like that in every place I played where *Honky Tonk* had been shown.

But for years I got fan letters from all over the world. My favorite came from Port au Bain, Algiers:

"I saw your beautiful self in the cinema play *Honky Tonk*, and I wish to tell you that I think you are the most beautiful lady I have ever seen. Your generous proportions appeal to me more than I can say. I am a very rich man and have an old, splendid house in Algiers, I shall make you the favorite of my harem, give you your own chamber, with bath and many lovely gowns and shawls. I also have a pet monkey which I shall be honored to present to you.

Cordially,
SHEIK-ABEL-REY"

My third and final attempt to

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crash the movies was in *Broadway Melody of 1937* with Eleanor Powell and Robert Taylor. I saw the preview—and decided to get out before Sophie Tucker became a has-been. I left Hollywood with fifteen scrapbooks, loaded with the greatest publicity I've had in all my years of show business. The movies did that for me, anyhow.

PLAYING A fifteen-week engagement at Ben Marden's Riviera on the Jersey side of the George Washington Bridge during the summer of 1938 made me feel that I was back in my stride. I said to myself: "Now is the time to get into a musical comedy to open on Broadway in the fall." Luckily it worked out that easily. The show was *Leave It to Me*, in which William Gaxton and Victor Moore starred, and in which lovely Mary Martin sang her famous number, *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*.

Leave It to Me was a success from the start. There was not one bad notice in the press. So, after twenty-nine years of working, hoping, trying, flopping, trying again, I made my first hit in a Broadway success. And, boy, did it feel good!

I COULDN'T write a book without writing about the tune that's been my theme song almost since my first break into big time—*Some of These Days*. For in the way I found that song is a lesson for anyone who wants to make good in the show business.

I was riding high in Chicago palling around with a fast crowd, too full of myself to pay attention to a lot that was happening around me. Many song writers used to bring me their work, beg me to try the songs in my act and plug them. Every performer is besieged with that sort of thing. At first you consider them all, you're so fearful of missing a good thing. But after a few years of it you get careless. I guess it was that way with me.

One day Mollie, my colored maid and loyal friend, came and stood in front of me, hands on hips, and a look in her eye that I knew meant she had her mad up.

"See here, young lady," said she, "since when are you so important you can't hear a song by a colored writer?"

"All right. I'll hear his song," I promised. "You tell him."

"You can tell him yourself," said Mollie. And she brought him in.

The minute I heard *Some of These Days* I could have kicked myself for almost losing it. A song like that. It had everything. Hasn't it proved it? I've been singing it for thirty years, made it my theme song. *Some of These Days* is one of the great songs that will be remembered and sung for years and years to come.

But Sophie Tucker almost missed it.

CREDITS

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Between these Covers

Long Arm of Coronet: Marine Tom Fischer of Chicago was on Okinawa —where plenty was happening—when he received his March issue of Coronet. Opening it to page 65, he was amazed to find a photo of himself kneeling during a memorial mass held on Eniwetok Atoll. He hadn't known the picture was taken.

A quick count of letters-to-editors shows just how carefully Coronet is read by servicemen. Most frequent GI question: what is the name and address of our Cover Girl (and how old is she)? . . . Best letter-to-editors came from a gentleman who read in Coronet that Abraham Lincoln wore 14-B shoes. Reader said he wears the same size—would we please furnish him name of the store where Lincoln got his?

Contributors' Corner: We almost didn't get ***Edith Stern's*** *Food on the Fly* by deadline time. In the week it was due, her daughter underwent an emergency appendectomy, her only servant quit cold, and her secretary left to have a baby . . . ***Elmer Jacobs*** was a natural choice for the Mark Twain painting. He is an ardent admirer of the humorist—has, in fact, made Twain his hobby for years.

James T. Mangan, who wrote *Salesmen of the Law* (p. 49), tells us he has a sure-fire system for *not* getting traffic tickets. When he sees or hears a cop overtaking him, he says over and over to himself: "I'm wrong, I'm wrong, I'm wrong." By the time the cop has parked his motorcycle, Mangan is thoroughly inoculated with his own guilt and can achieve exactly the proper attitude of humility and remorse . . . In 25 years of driving his score is one ticket. And that was the one time he *knew* he was in the right, and insisted on it.

When ***Richard Lauterbach*** was in Moscow last year, he participated in the correspondents' annual Christmas Show. The show was a satirical skit—and Lauterbach played Ambassador Harriman . . . We looked high and low for a suitable tribute to accompany the Artzybasheff memorial painting of Will Rogers. No luck until we found a book published back in 1941. The author: ***Mrs. Will Rogers*** . . . The championship which his caddie helped win for ***Gene Sarazen*** was one of sixty for the great golfer. Bill Stern, the sports announcer, helped him write the story.

Howard Whitman's narrowest escape as a war correspondent came two days before the fall of Paris. With a group of associates and five jeeps, he was heading for the French capital—ahead of our troops, instead of behind them. A lone GI stopped the parade exactly four miles short of a Nazi roadblock, consisting of 15 Tiger tanks . . . ***Carol Hughes*** holds the record for roving at this writing: she's been in 27 states so far this year on Coronet assignments . . . Navy regulations require the photographer who took the pictures of *The Children of Naples* to remain anonymous. Too bad, for he deserves a credit line in capital letters!

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from the Coronet Story Teller

"THAT'S A rotten portrait, and I refuse to pay for it." With this caustic verdict, Mr. Elemer Kelen turned to leave the studio of the young Hungarian artist, Arpad Sebesy.

The wasted weeks and the five hundred pengös he would lose flashed through the artist's mind. Bitterly he recalled that the millionaire had been too busy to pose more than three times, so that the painting had virtually been done from memory. Still, it wasn't a bad likeness.

"One minute!" he called out. "Will you give me a letter saying you refused the portrait because it didn't resemble you?" Glad to get off so easily, Kelen complied.

A few months later the Society of Hungarian Artists opened its exhibition at the Gallery of Fine Arts in Budapest. Soon afterwards Kelen's phone began to ring. Within half an hour he appeared at the gallery and headed for the wing where a Sebesy painting was on display. It was the one he had rejected.

A glance at the title and his face purpled. Storming into the office of the gallery manager, he demanded that the portrait be removed at once. The manager explained quietly that all of the paintings were under contract to remain in the gallery the full six weeks of the exhibit.

"But it will make me the laughing-stock of Budapest," raged Kelen. "It's libelous. I'll sue!"

"Just a moment," cautioned the manager, and he drew out the letter Kelen had written at Sebesy's request. "Since you yourself admit that the painting does not resemble you," he said coldly, "you have no jurisdiction over its fate."

In desperation Kelen offered to buy the painting only to find the price now ten times that of the original figure. With his reputation at stake, Kelen wrote out a check for five thousand pengös.

Not only did the artist sell the rejected portrait to the man who had commissioned it, but he achieved his revenge simply by exhibiting it with the title: *Portrait of a Thief*.

For five minutes filled with action . . . drama . . . suspense . . . mystery . . . for a story with a surprise ending every time . . . listen to Marvin Miller, the Coronet Story Teller. Tune him in Monday through Friday at 9:55 p.m. E.W.T. on the American Broadcasting Company.

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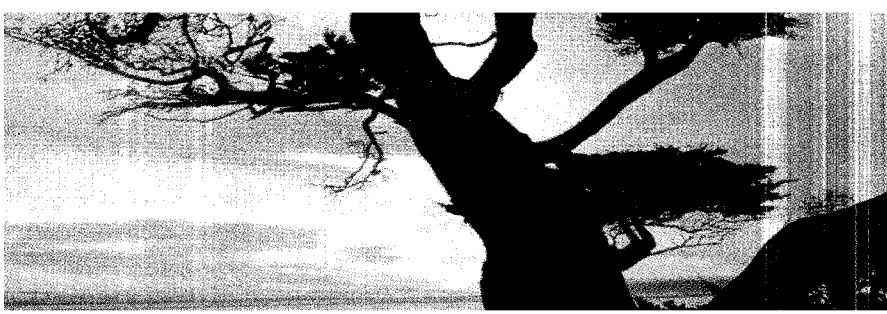

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